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MODERN FRANCE:

ITS JOURNALISM,

LITERATURE AND SOCIETY.

36275

BY

A. V. KIRWAN, Esq.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW;
AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "FRANCE" IN THE ENCY[illegible]BRITANNICA;
"PORTS, ARSENALS, AND DOCKYARDS OF FR[illegible]RY
SYSTEM AND GARRISONS O[illegible]RANCE."

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"France, by the mere circumstance of [illegible]ity, has been, and in a degree always must be, an object of [illegible] with regard to her actual power or to her influence [illegible]

Burke's Works, Vol. V. p. 7.

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LONDON:
JACKSON, WALFORD, AND HODDER,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1863.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

TO THE

COUNT CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT,

EX-PEER OF FRANCE,
ONE OF THE FORTY OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY,
ANCIENT DEPUTY TO THE CONSTITUENT AND LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES,
MEMBER OF SEVERAL LEARNED SOCIETIES,
ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR M. DE MONTALEMBERT,—Some in this country may, perhaps, inquire why I dedicate this work to you. The answer is short and, to my mind, satisfactory. If among my friends and acquaintances on your side of the channel I knew any one more anxious than yourself for the honour, independence, and liberty of France, I should inscribe his name at the head of this page. But although France is fertile in characters instinct with patriotism, the love of country, and the love of liberty, I do not know one who possesses these grand and noble qualities in a higher degree than yourself. You were the first

who had the civil and moral courage, in 1858, to fight the battle of legality with Cæsarism; and your example has done a world of good, not merely in your own country, but in Europe—indeed, throughout the civilized world. Your tone in the legal struggle of 1858, and again in the Electoral struggle of May of the present year, was distinguished by elevation and moral dignity; and in an age of sordidness and sensuality, when the great, the good, and the really enlightened in France have no consolation but in the memory of the past and the consciousness of their own rectitude, you do your best, both by pen, tongue, and personal example, to re-awaken your countrymen to the recollection of their lost liberties and rights. You do not, I think, any more than I, believe in the eternity of a Government which is sufficiently revolutionary to dispense with justice; and you have sufficient faith in the recuperativeness, elasticity, and vigour of your countrymen, to feel assured that they will sooner or later (the sooner the better for France—the better for Europe) escape from the scarcely veiled despotism of a ruler

to whom they have surrendered some of their best rights, and who has confiscated to his own personal benefit their most cherished liberties. The servile manner in which the absolute master of France has been worshipped by the pliant, unprincipled, and unscrupulous tools who are called ministers and functionaries, is enough to turn the strongest head. No wonder that the desires of a ruler so drugged with fulsome flattery should be the only rule of his public and private conduct; yet still, honest men, gentlemen and men of honour, know full well that there are such old-fashioned things as right and justice, and that these grand principles, notwithstanding the weakness and degradation of human nature, are sure in the long run to prevail. *Sursum corda.* There is an awakening hope for France. The thirty or five-and-thirty, independent men returned to the Chamber may soon be reinforced by such able debaters as yourself and the illustrious Dufaure, and our excellent young friends Gigot, Guibourd, and Renault, men who would do honour to the deliberative assemblies of any country. Here we look

on the struggle with hope and confidence, certain that in the end right must prevail over might. Assure yourself, my dear M. de Montalembert, that every intelligent and right-minded man in this country desires the restoration of Constitutional Government in France, not merely in the interests of your country, but of the entire world.

I remain, with sincere regard for your person, and with just admiration of your civic courage and political ability, your faithful friend and servant,

A. V. KIRWAN.

GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.
November, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE rusticating in the country a month ago my publishers proposed to me to print, in a separate form, several articles of mine on France, which had appeared at intervals in the 'British Quarterly Review,' 'Fraser's Magazine,' 'Macmillan's Magazine,' and the 'Reader' newspaper, adding such additional facts and observations as a very recent visit to France afforded to me. I at once complied with their request, adding a considerable quantity of new matter, thus bringing the information down to the present time. Almost everything I have stated has been the result of personal observation or diligent research. Familiar with France from my youth, a considerable portion of my life has been spent in that country, every department of which I have at various times visited, mingling freely among all

classes of the people. Whether I am just in my views, or accurate in my conclusions, it is not for me to say. I dare to affirm, however, that I have given to the reader, without prejudice or passion, the results of my personal experience and observation, and he will estimate both at their proper worth.

GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.
November, 1863.

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JOURNALISM IN FRANCE.

FROM 1635 TO 1846.

THE ancient Gazetier—The modern Journalist—The English Mercury—The Mercure Galant—The Public Intelligencer—The Gazette Burlesque—La Clef du Cabinet des Princes—Le Moniteur—Nouvelles à la Main—Madame Doublet—Marmontel—Madame de Pompadour—Labours of an Editor—Morellet—Raynal—Marivaux—Galiani—Chamfort—Guinguéné—Grimm and Diderot—Suard—The Gazette de France—Mdlle. Panckoucke and her Father—Maret—Geoffroy—The Bertins—Débats—Siècle—La Presse—Le National—La Quotidienne—Le Globe—Le Charivari—L'Esprit Public—La Reforme—La Démocratie Pacifique.

IT were a curious and instructive study to trace the progress of the Newspaper Press of France, from the earliest times down to our own day—to record the history of the ancient Gazetier and the modern Journalist—of the old Gazette of times long gone by, as well as of the modern Journal. In the French of the seventeenth century, the Gazetier signified the Editor of a periodical publication, as well as the Publisher; but the word is not now used in this latter sense, and generally bears an ill signification.

Though any frivolous inquiry into the origin of words, in the present age of facts and realities, be for the most part idle, yet it may be permitted to us to state, that the word Gazetier is derived from Gazette, a denomination

which the earliest journal received from the piece of Venetian coin, 'Gazetta,' which the reader paid for each number in the Piazza de St. Marco, in the seventeenth century. The first regular Journal which modern times has known, however, appeared in England in 1588. It bore the title of the 'English Mercury,' and probably suggested to the French nation the idea of the 'Mercure Français, ou Suite de l'Histoire de la Paix.' This publication commenced in 1605, the Septennaire of D. Cayer, and extended to the year 1644, forming altogether a collection of 25 vols. The curious compilation was, till 1635, edited by John Richer, and continued by Theophile Renaudot.

The 'Mercure Galant,' which gave birth to the 'Mercure de France,' and to the 'Mercure Français' of 1792, commenced in February, 1672, under the editorship of Visé, and subsequently counted among its contributors and editors some of the first names in French history. Another 'Mercury,' not merely gallant, but historical and political, appeared in 1686, under the editorship of Sandras de Courtiltz; and to this periodical the great Bayle did not disdain to contribute. It survived to a good old age, and died in its 76th year, in 1782. The publication of the 'Public Intelligencer' in England in 1661, which met with a success signal and decisive, soon found copyists in France. Loret, in imitating it, composed his pitiable 'Gazette Burlesque,' or 'Muse Historique,' which was followed by the 'Journal des Savans,' beginning in 1665, and continued without interruption down to 1792.

Recommenced in 1797 by Sallo, who took the pseudonyme of 'Hédouville,' it attained its greatest renown about 1816. In any sketch of the history of journals or gazettes, the 'Nouvelles de la République des Lettres' should not be forgotten. This work was originally undertaken by Bayle, Le Clerc, Basnage, and some other illustrious savans, and under their management continued to give that which is oftener sought than found in our own day—a just and impartial account of the works reviewed. Among the political and literary gazettes of a somewhat later epoch, 'La Clef du Cabinet des Princes,' commenced at Luxemburgh, in July, 1704, by Claude Jordan, and continued under the title of 'Journal de Verdun,' because it appeared in that town, had the greatest success. Towards the end of the republic, the celebrated bookseller, Panckoucke, borrowed this title for a well-conducted journal, 'La Clef du Cabinet des Souverains,' a daily paper, to which Garat and Roussel contributed excellent articles.

The name of the 'Moniteur,' so often cited, not merely in France, but in every civilized country in the world, was borrowed from an English journal of that name which appeared in 1759. France, whose object it always seems to have been, 'to tread upon the kibes of England,' possessed in the following year (1760, the year of the accession of George III. of obstinate memory) a Moniteur of her own—a periodical journal, containing moral and political articles. The gravers' and the printers' art did not alone suffice for our restless and volatile neighbours. There were not wanting speculators, scandalous and shame-

less enough to send under an envelope to their abonnés, a manuscript bulletin of all the tittle-tattle trivialness, gossip, scandal, rouéries, and lies of Paris. These letters, called 'Nouvelles à la Main,' were invented by a discreditable demirep, one Mde. Doublet, who kept a regular scandal-shop, where persons of both sexes resorted, and where characters were blackened, and reputations destroyed, as by the *Age* and *Satirist* of our own generation, for any consideration that malevolence might offer or infamy accept.

Some small rivulet of truth occasionally meandered through this vast meadow of médisance; but fiction, not fact, was the dame's staple article. It is certain that this clandestine publication gave some concern to the government; for, on the 6th of October, 1753, the Marquess d'Argenson wrote to the lieutenant of police of Berryer, that the 'nouvelles' could not fail to produce an ill effect, seeing that Mde. Doublet kept a regular registry of scandal, which was not only spread through Paris, but dispersed all over the provinces. The minister went on to state, that though such conduct was displeasing to the king, yet his majesty had requested, before severer means were resorted to, that his minister should see Mde. Doublet, with a view of representing to her that the abuse and the scandal should cease, and that she should no longer permit those who encouraged such infamies to frequent her house. Notwithstanding these threats, the injunctions of the police were not, it appears, obeyed; for, in 1762, the Duke de Choiseul, then minister of Louis XV. complained again to Berryer, and at the

conclusion of his letter of the 24th of March thus expressed himself: 'His majesty has directed me to order 'you to repair to Mde. Doublet, and to announce to her, 'that if any more "nouvelles" are issued from her house, 'the king will cause her to be immured within the walls 'of a convent, from whence she can no longer send forth '"nouvelles," not merely impertinent and improper, but 'contrary to the rules of his majesty's service.' Mde. Doublet persevered, nevertheless, in her course. The police now sought to corrupt some of the habitués of her bureau, and for this purpose pitched on a certain Chevalier de Mouchi, who made a report to the minister to the effect, 'that there was, and had long been at the house of 'Mde. Doublet, a 'bureau de nouvelles,' which was not 'the only one in Paris; that her employés wrote a great 'deal, and profited largely by it.' It cannot be denied that this Mouchi, author of the 'Mille et une Faveurs,' played, in reference to this bad woman, the part of a base informer. He had been received at the officina of Mde. Doublet as a man of letters, and he singled out in his report M. and Madame Argental, Madame du Boccage, the authoress of the 'Colombiade,' Pidanzat de Mairobert, one of the authors of the 'Memoirs Secrets,' better known as the 'Memoirs of Bauchaumont,' the Chevalier de Choiseul, and many medical and literary men among the contributors.

According to the report of Mouchi, one Gillet, valet de chambre of Mde. d'Argental, was at the head of the bureau. This base, unlettered lacquey, after having collected together all that was said in the best houses of

Paris, sent his bulletins (as some infamous Sunday journals in our own day were sent) into the provinces at six and twelve francs the month; his despatches being literal copies of what Madame Doublet circulated through the capital, on the morning of the same day, under the title of 'Nouvelles à la Main.' The more iniquitous and odious the government, the more extensive the sale and distribution, and the more formidable the influence and effect of the publications. In 1771, the Duke de la Vailliere exercised increased severity towards the authors of this scandalous chronicle. M. D. Vergennes proceeded still further, for he would not permit literary men to carry on a correspondence with foreign countries, though the censor, Suard, was ready to certify to their character and conduct. This species of correspondence, wrote the minister, ought to continue prohibited, and those who persevere in it notwithstanding the prohibition, shall be severely punished. Good advice has proved valueless, and rigorous measures can alone prove effective.

We have already spoken of three Mercuries, but have not said a word of one, of which La Bruere was the 'titulaire,' as it was called. This privilege of titulaire or proprietor was worth, to that fortunate man, 25,000 livres de rente, and having died one fine morning at Rome, about the year 1757, while the court was at Fontainebleau, Marmontel, who was there passing an hour with Quesnai, was sent for by Madame de Pompadour, who said, "Nous avons dessein d'attacher au nouveau brevet du Mercure des pensions pour les gens de lettres. Vous, qui les connaissez nommez moi ceux qui en auroient

besoin et qui en seroient susceptibles." Marmontel named Crebillon, d'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. Boissy obtained, through Marmontel's instrumentality, the brevet of the Mercure, but Boissy, though able enough to edit the journal, was incompetent to sustain it for any length of time. He had neither resources, nor activity, nor literary acquaintance, and he could not turn to the Abbé Raynal—for he did not know him—who was the man-of-all-work in the absence of La Bruere. In this emergency Boissy held out a signal of distress to Marmontel, and wrote to this effect, 'Prose ou vers ce qu'il vous plaira tout me sera bon de votre main.'* Marmontel passed a sleepless and feverish night in consequence of this unexpected demand being made upon him, and in this state of crisis and agitation it was, that the idea of a tale first suggested itself. Alcibiade was the result, and at Helvetius' dinner the day after, this anonymous article was attributed by the first connoisseurs of the day to Voltaire or Montesquieu. Such was the origin—and this is a curious piece of literary history—of those very 'Contes Moraux' which have since had such vogue in Europe. Boissy did not long enjoy his brevet. At his death, Madame de Pompadour said to the king, 'Sire, ne donnerez vous pas le Mercure à celui qui l'a soutenu.' The favourite meant Marmontel, and Marmontel obtained it accordingly. Well would it be for princes and people if favourites never less abused their privilege than the Pompadour did on this occasion. The Mercure, when Marmontel undertook it, in 1758, was not merely a

* Memoires de Marmontel, tom. ii. p. 79.

literary journal, in the strict sense of the term. It was formed of diverse elements, and embraced a great number of subjects. It was not simply a gazette, but a register, so to speak, of theatres and spectacles. It entered into a full and generally a just appreciation of literary publications, into the discoveries in the useful arts, into local and social interests, into everything, in fact, but the great cardinal questions of government representation and general politics. It would be difficult to imagine a journal more varied, more attractive, and of more abundant resources, in so far as regarded science, literature, and the fine arts.

But, alas! all is not 'couleur de rose' in the life of a journalist, as the initiated know but too well; and Marmontel confesses that he soon found out that to come to Paris to edit a newspaper, was to condemn himself—to use his own words—'au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes.' Some of the first literary names in France were at this moment connected with the 'Mercure' and its editor. Among others we need only name D'Alembert, L'Abbé Morellet, L'Abbé Raynal, Marivaux, and Chastellux. Nor was this collaboration exclusively confined to Frenchmen. The Abbé Galiani, Caraccioli, and the Comte de Creutz, were among the contributors; and the song-writers Panard, Gallet, and Collé, occasionally lent their blithesome aid.

But this voluminous journal was soon to be suspended by the Revolution, not, however, before its columns had been enriched by the pens of Chamfort and Guinguéné. The former delicate, ingenious, brilliant, and witty writer,

furnished the 'Tableau de la Revolution,' in which the remarkable events of that remarkable time are eloquently retraced. Of these, Chamfort composed thirteen livraisons, each containing two tableaux, and the work was afterwards continued to the twenty-fifth by M. Guinguéné, afterwards ambassador at Turin, author of a literary history of Italy.

We have not spoken of the 'Journal Etranger,' to which the Abbés Arnaud and Prevost, Toussaint Fréron, (the famous Fréron, of whom more anon) Favier Hernandez, J. J. Rousseau, Grimm, and other celebrated men, were contributors. The editorship of this miscellany was undertaken by Suard, afterwards of the Academy, in 1754, and its object was to introduce to the notice of France all that was remarkable in the literature of England, Spain, and Germany. The paper existed until the month of June, 1763, when it ceased to appear. Towards the close of the same year, Suard, and his friend Arnaud, were commissioned by the government to undertake the 'Gazette de France,' each with a salary of 10,000f. A void, however, was created by the demise of the 'Journal Etranger,' which the two friends determined to supply by the creation of the 'Gazette Litteraire de l'Europe.' This new periodical, protected by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, bore no more charmed existence than its predecessor, and when it died a natural death, Suard and Arnaud were paid by their subscribers to the tune of four volumes in advance. Where should we find such easy, gullible subscribers now-a-days in the new world or in the old? And Echo answers, where,

in mournful response to curious and inquiring aspirants to authorship.

Let the meanest among the dregs of the Row and Grub Street, pluck up 'heart of grace,' however; for be it know to all the dullards and dunces for their comfort, that among the most complaisant and contented contributors to this journal were the famous Denis Diderot, and the gentleman philosopher Saint Lambert. Nor were other appliances wanting to success. Suard had married one of the cleverest and most agreeable women of the day, Mdlle. Panckoucke, the sister of the famous printer and bookseller. His house and hearth were patronized by the 'grand monde,' under the title of 'le petit ménage;' and here the munificence of the Prince de Beauvau, and of the Marquis de Chastellux were exhausted, to place the petit ménage, to use the language of the biographer of Suard, 'en état de donner des festins à la haute littérature.' * It is the fashion among some Englishmen to cry up their own country at the expense of France; but where, we would ask, can any Englishman lay his finger on Prince or Marquis who exhausted, not his munificence, but who contributed one hundred pounds, either in gifts or otherwise, to place the 'petit ménage' of an English journalist in a condition to worthily entertain men of letters?

It is not our purpose, and it would far exceed the compass of an article, to go over the journals and newspapers of the Revolution. Most of them were scandalous —many of them were bold—a few useful; but there was

* Vie de Suard, par Charles de Rozoir. Paris, 1839.

one journal which sprung out of this great crisis, which has survived that stormy and terrific epoch, and which has lived to see many great changes in our own day. We allude to the 'Moniteur Universel,' the official journal of the French Government. Born of the first Revolution, and a witness of all the political revolutions which have succeeded it, the 'Moniteur' has had the rare advantage of surviving times of trouble and civil strife, without losing any portion of its high consideration, and without changing either its character or its language.

The founder of the 'Moniteur' was a great and enterprising bookseller, of the name of Charles Joseph Panckoucke, the father of Madame Suard, of whom we have just spoken, and celebrated by the publication of the 'Encyclopédie Méthodique.' Panckoucke had, in a journey to England, been struck with the immense size of the London journals. He resolved to introduce a larger form into France. This was the origin of the 'Moniteur Universel,' which first saw the light seventy-four years ago, on the morning of the 24th November, 1789. But the 'Moniteur,' in its infancy, did not, as the reader may well suppose, possess its present organization. A very small space was allotted to the report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and the debates were often incorrectly given. Shortly after this period, M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and so long the minister of the First Napoleon, and who was editor of the 'Bulletin de l'Assemblie Nationale,' agreed to incorporate his paper with the 'Moniteur,'* and soon

* Souvenirs du Duc De Bassano, par Mde. Charlotte de Sor. Bruxelles, 1843.

after became the first rédacteur en chef of the latter journal. As Maret was an admirable short-hand writer, the paper became, to use the words of his biographer, a tableau en relief. It was not merely fidelity of expression that was transmitted, but the spirit of the debate was embodied, and the gesture and demeanour of the orator described. Something more, however, than mere reports were needed; and a series of articles were determined on, comparing the parliamentary system springing from the Revolution, with the system that prevailed anteriorly. The exact and conscientious Peuchet undertook this difficult task. His articles, under the title of an introduction, form the first volume of the collection of the 'Moniteur.'

From this period the principal and the most precious recommendation of the 'Moniteur' was, and is, that it is a repertory of all the important facts connected with the annals of modern France. The 'Moniteur,' indeed, is the only pure well of undefiled historical truth, though occasionally dashed and brewed with lies (more especially in the Napoleonic times), from which a thorough knowledge may be obtained of the parties and history of France. Tables compiled with diligence, method, and clearness, and published for each year, facilitate the researches of the student, and conduct him through the immense labyrinth of facts which have been accumulated during half a century. Men of extraordinary merit have occasionally co-operated, either as men of letters, or as philosophical writers, or as publicists, in the editing of this remarkable journal. We have already cited the Duke of Bassano,

who was rédacteur en chef, to the end of the Constituent Assembly. Berquin, the author of 'L'Ami des Enfans,' succeeded him at a time when Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe; Laya, the author of 'L'ami des Lois;' Framery; Guinguéné, author of a Literary History of Italy; Garat, who was minister and senator; Suard, of the Academy, of whom we have before spoken; Charles His, Gallois Granville, Marsilly, La Chapelle, and others, enriched the very same pages with their united labours. Under the Convention and the Directory, M. Jourdan performed the duties of rédacteur en chef, and was assisted by Trouvé, Sauvo, and Gallois. Under the Consulate, Sauvo was placed at the head of the 'Moniteur,' and is, or lately was, editor in chief. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that during the crisis of the ministry of Polignac, that weak foolish man sent for M. Sauvo, and handed him the famous ordonnances which produced the Revolution of July, with a view to their publication in the official journal, when the courageous journalist remonstrated with the president of the council, and pointed out to him the folly—the madness—of his course.* The minister refused, even at the twelfth hour, to listen to the voice of wisdom, and our readers know the result. During a period of nearly forty years, M. Sauvo has written in the 'Moniteur' the principal portion of the matter under the head Théâtres, and parties most capable of judging of such matters admit the taste and the tact he has uniformly exhibited in this

* Memoires de Lafayette, par Sarrans. Procès des Ministres de Charles X. 'England and France; or, the Ministerial Gallomania.' —Murray, 1832.

department of his labours, his criticisms being extended not merely to the pieces, but to the actors and actresses. If these essays were published separately, they would form no mean course of dramatic literature. Among the numerous contributors of M. Sauvo, from the Consulate and Empire to our own day, we may mention Peuchet; Tourlet; the learned Jomard; Champollion, of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; Amar; Tissot, of the Academy; Kératry; Petit Radel; David, formerly consul-general in the East; Aubert de Vitry, and Champagnac. The 'Moniteur' is the only journal, it should be observed, which reproduces exactly the debates of the Chambers, for other journals have recourse to analyses and abridgments. The only certain basis of an exact analysis would be the words of the 'Moniteur;' but this journal, contrary to its agreement, which imposes on it the obligation of furnishing proof-sheets to all the journals on the evening of its publication, appears after the latter have been printed off, and cannot consequently be of the least use for an analysis of the debates. It were, perhaps, a piece of supererogatory information to state that the 'Moniteur,' which forms a collection of more than one hundred volumes, is furnished to all the higher functionaries of the state, and is constantly referred to, not only in France, but in every civilized country. It is the best repertory of contemporaneous history, and complete copies of it are therefore very rare, and always fetch a high price.

During the emigration, Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., had a species of Moniteur of his own, under the

title of 'Journal de Monsieur,' in which the Abbés Royon and Geoffroy, the latter afterwards so celebrated as the feuilletonist of the 'Débats,' both wrote; but this paper necessarily expired the moment his majesty landed on the French soil. The Abbé Geoffroy, indeed, played an important literary part after the Restoration; but before we speak of him, it will be necessary that we should enter into the history of that journal, which he rendered so celebrated by his criticisms. In so doing, it is indispensable that we should speak somewhat at length of the very remarkable founders of the 'Journal des Débats,' the MM. Bertin. These two brothers, François Bertin the elder, and Louis Bertin, commonly called Bertin de Vaux, were the men who first elevated journalism in France into a power in the state, and made of newspapers a great instrument, either for good or for evil. François was the elder brother of the two, and continued till the period of his death 'Rédacteur en chef et Gérant,' which mean editor and manager, of the 'Journal des Débats.' Louis, the other brother, after having been fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, was, soon after the Revolution of 1830, sent ambassador to Holland, and elevated to the Chamber of Peers.*

Bertin the elder was a man of large and liberal views, intelligent, instructed not merely in letters, but in politics and legislation—a man of the world, in the best sense of

* Bertin the elder, and Bertin de Vaux, are both gathered to their fathers. Bertin the elder, the father of Louis Armand Bertin his successor, and of the present manager of the 'Débats,' Edward Francis Bertin, died in 1841.

the word, generous, indulgent, and great, not only in accomplishments of the mind, but, what is rarer and better, in virtues of the heart.

Bertin de Vaux, his brother, was an active, indefatigable man of business, and at the same time a distinguished and spirited writer, and a scholar of no mean pretensions, especially in classical literature. Both these remarkable men were born at Paris, of a rich and respectable family. Their father, who was secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, First Minister of France, died young. Their mother, a woman of sense and talent, afforded them the advantage of the best and most careful education. In the Revolution of 1789 they were both young, but the elder was old enough to have witnessed many of the horrors of 1793. He assisted at some of the tempestuous and sanguinary debates of that epoch, and was saved from being a victim by his extreme youth.

It is not our purpose to go over the history of the press during the Consulate. It will be sufficient to state that soon after Bonaparte had established himself in the seat of power, he practically annihilated the decree of the ninth of September, 1789, which declared that the liberty of the press was one of the inalienable rights of men. With one stroke of the pen, the little Corsican despot decided that among the numerous political journals existing, twelve should alone survive, and to these was conceded the exiguous liberty of publishing the list of sales of real and personal property by auction and otherwise, the bulletins and recitals of battles published in the 'Moniteur,' the new laws, and dramatic criticisms on the plays and comedies

of the day. It should be remembered, that in those days the largest journal was no bigger than a quarto sheet, and that charades and rebuses were then more in vogue than political disquisitions. It was in such a season as this that Bertin the elder purchased, for 20,000 francs, or 800*l.*, of Baudoin, the printer, the name and copyright of a 'Journal d'Annonces.' With the sagacity of a man of profound sense, M. Bertin soon perceived that the journal of which he had become the proprietor ought neither to resemble the journals of the ancient regime, such as the 'Mercure de France,' of which we have already spoken, nor the journals of the Revolution, such as the 'Orateur du Peuple,' formerly conducted by Dussault, of whom more anon, nor the journal, reeking with blood, of the cowardly Hebert, called the 'Père Duchesne.' The 'Mercure de France,' though supported by Marmontel, and the beaux esprits of the court, was but a pale reflection of the inane vanity and emptiness of the old monarchy. But the journal of the 'Père Duchesne' was the very reflex of the blood and fury and worst democratic drunkenness of the Revolution. Such journals as either the one or the other were impossible, under a strong and intelligent government. Neither as consul nor as emperor had Napoleon permitted their existence; and even though he had, the nation would not have long supported it. It was a difficult task to hit the House 'betwixt wind and water,' to use the familiar phrase of Burke in speaking of the wonderful success of the wonderful Charles Townshend in the House of Commons, and no less difficult was it for M. Bertin to hit the will of the emperor, and the humour, whim, and

caprice of the good people of Paris. It was, indeed, an up-hill task to make a journal palatable to a successful soldier, who had made himself emperor, and who desired that neither his laws nor his victories should be discussed or criticised. And nearly as difficult was it to conciliate the good will and favourable attention of a people accustomed to the rank and strong diatribes of the democrats. Any other man than Bertin the elder would have given up the task in despair—but the word 'despair' was no more to be found in his vocabulary than the word 'impossible' in the vocabulary of the emperor. To create a journal without freedom of speech was indeed hopeless. M. Bertin spoke, therefore, freely, but he was freely outspoken only of literature and the theatres, holding his peace on higher and more dangerous topics.

The history of the rise and progress of the 'Journal des Débats' is a moral and psychological study, not without its interest. Tact, and management, and moderation, were necessary in order to write at all in that epoch, but the moment Bertin obtained permission to put pen to paper, he used the two-edged weapon so discreetly, that governor and governed were equally content. To use the phrase of Burke, he hit the ruler and the ruled 'betwixt wind and water.' What was the cause of this success? Bertin called to his aid men of science, learning, talent, and art, but all inexperienced in the art of journalism. There was not one among them who had ever before written a stupid leading article, or graduated in the stenographic tribune of the Constituent or National assemblies, like Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and minister; but they were men

of mind and education,—not what in England are called literary men,—*i. e.* men without letters, who have failed in other callings,—but scholars 'ripe and good,' brimful of learning. The greater number of the earlier contributors had been bred in the schools of the Jesuits; some among them were intended for the priesthood, but all were deeply imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome. Among the earliest regular contributors of the new journal were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Delalot. On a second floor, in a small, dingy, damp hole, in No. 17, in the Rue des Prêtres, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where was situated the office of the journal, these choice spirits met. After having traversed a dirty court, whose sweltering walls conducted to the first floor, they groped their way to the second floor, where the elder Bertin sat enthroned in all the pomp of editorial majesty. When the lively, intelligent, witty, and spirituel populace of Paris—for, after all, they are but a populace, but the cleverest and most gifted under the sun—when this mob of something more than fine gentlemen, though less than perfectly reasonable beings, read the first number of a journal written with moderation, yet vigorously; witty, yet with the air of good breeding and good society; learned, yet without the rust of the schools; bitter and incisive, yet without personal malignity—the town was amazed and delighted, as though a new pleasure had been invented, or, what is equivalent in France to a new pleasure, a new sauce. And a sauce piquante certainly was invented, for Julien Louis Geoffroy, the most ingenious critic of that age, and of the civilized French nation, so improved and expanded

the Feuilleton, that it might in his hands have been pronounced a new creation. A distinguished scholar of the Jesuits, at the school of Rennes, in Brittany, Geoffroy afterwards entered the college of Louis le Grand. He subsequently was admitted to the Collège de Montaigu as Maître d'Etudes, and was ultimately named Professor of Rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose. This success procured him the editorship of the 'Année Littéraire,' in which he succeeded Fréron, the redoubtable adversary of Voltaire, after Renaudot the founder of the Journal in France. In the first years of the Revolution his monarchical opinions pointed him out as the colleague of Royou, in the editorship of the 'Ami du Roi;' but in the Reign of Terror he did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and escaped it by hiding his proscribed head in a small village, where he exercised the calling of a schoolmaster. After the 18 Brumaire (18th November, 1799) he returned to Paris, and was soon after chosen as theatrical critic to the 'Journal des Débats.' It were difficult, indeed, within the limits to which we are confined, to explain the immense vogue which his articles obtained. Every other day there appeared one of his feuilletons, of which the occasional bitterness and virulence were pardoned because of the learning and the wit. It was, indeed, the liveliest and most pungent criticism, but frequently partial and unjust. It was, above all, partial and unjust in regard to some of the most remarkable actors and actresses of our own day, as Talma, Madame Contat, Mdlle. Duchenois, &c. The virulent war carried on by Geoffroy, also, against Voltaire,

was indiscriminate and unjust, and in some respects ridiculous. Venality, in respect to contemporary authors and actors, has been more than once imputed to him; and it is openly said in the 'Histoire du Journal des Débats,' that he received cachemires, services in porcelain, bronzes, statues, cameos, clocks, &c. But without giving too much heed to these imputations, it may be truly said, that his constant and unvarying adulation of Bonaparte is not a little disgusting and suspicious. This servile trait in his character is energetically castigated in an epigram, whose coarse, gross energy may be pardoned under the circumstances:

'Si l'Empereur faisait un pet,
Geoffroy dirait qu'il sent la rose;
Et le Senat aspirérait
A l'honneur de prouver la chose.'

Notwithstanding these and other defects, however, the feuilleton of Geoffroy was immensely popular and 'faisait fureur parmi toutes les classes.' The lively, learned, alert, ingenious, mocking manner, of the ex-Abbé had been unequalled since the time of Fréron. The vogue and popularity of the 'Journal des Débats' were, therefore, soon established, and the people, who were beginning to be tired of war and Te Deums, desired no better pastime than to read the account of new actors, new books, and new plays, by Geoffroy and Dussault. An unheard-of prosperity was the result. The 'Journal des Débats' soon had 32,000 subscribers, a number never equalled, we believe, even by the 'Times' * for any lengthened period,

* This, of course, means the 'Times' up to 1846, for since that period, and notably within the last ten years, the 'Times' has sold 50,000 to 60,000 copies.

though surpassed on particular occcasions. Jules Janin relates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for two sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France. The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.; the second was Geoffroy, writer of the Feuilleton of the 'Journal de l'Empire,' as it was originally called, and indeed as it continued to be called till 1805, when it took the name of 'Journal des Débats.' The manner in which the 'Debats' treated public topics was dexterous in the extreme. It was not then possible or practicable, indeed it was dangerous, to dilate openly on politics; but in speaking of the prose and poetry of Boileau and Racine and Fontenelle, the ingenious writers generally insinuated, as it were, 'par parenthèse,' a word or two on great questions of state, by which their political opinions were rather suggested than expressed. Thus was Literature the wicket by which they entered into this vast and fertile domain, which they subsequently made their own in fee. Bonaparte would not at this period have tolerated an opposition to his government and policy, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions—to his ideas of tragedy and of a perfect epic. When he drove Madame de Stael from France, that woman, of a genius so masculine and profound—of feelings so deep and impassioned—the illustrious authoress of 'Corinne' was sustained and comforted by the support of the 'Débats.' Chateaubriand, too, was understood, sustained, and defended, in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' at a period

when Bonaparte would allow no superiority but his own, and it is now a well-known fact that the proof sheets of 'Atala and Réne' were corrected by the friendly, conscientious, and critical hand of the elder Bertin.

The history of the 'Journal des Débats,' therefore, naturally divides itself into two distinct epochs. First, there was the 'Journal de l'Empire,' which at the beginning was more literary than political; and, secondly, there was the 'Journal des Débats,'—the same journal under a new name—which, in becoming openly political, did not cease to be literary. It is hardly possible to overrate the benefits which the 'Journal de l'Empire' conferred on literature and on France. Its editors and contributors were the first to revive sound literature, and a better taste. They raised up and placed on their proper pedestals the ancient models, forgotten, and cast down, without unduly depreciating any innovators distinguished by ingenuity, talent, or learning. The principal writers in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' were Geoffroy, who died in his 70th year, in 1814; Dussault, who in 1793 published the 'Orateur du Peuple;' Feletz, Delalot, Hoffman, Malte Brun, and Fievée.

The articles of Dussault were always signed Y.; but such was the spirit, taste, and immense erudition they disclosed, that they principally contributed to establish the literary infallibility of the journal. M. de Feletz was a man of a different order. He was a gentleman of the old school, polished, perfumed, polite, satirical, witty, instructed, writing paragraphs à la Pompadour, and articles à l'ancien regime. But this veteran of Versailles had

such a varnish of finesse d'esprit, that his collaboration was of the greatest advantage. Delalot subsequently became an eminent member of the Chamber of Deputies. Hoffman, a German by birth, was distinguished by a light, agreeable, transparent style, eminently French. He was a man of real depth and learning, and who gloried in the position of a public writer—a condition of existence he would not have changed with kings or emperors. Distinguished by a love of labour and of letters, he wrote with extreme facility, and could make the very essence of a book his own in a shorter time than any man of his day. He left behind him a noble library, within the four corners of whose walls he had spent the happiest days of his existence.

Hoffmann became connected with the 'Journal des Débats,' then called, as we before remarked, the 'Journal de l'Empire,' in 1805. The connexion was promoted and facilitated by his friend Etienne, formerly secretary of the Duke of Bassano, and who was named by the emperor, 'Censeur du Journal de l'Empire.' Hoffman was possessed of rare qualities. He was learned, not only as a classical scholar, but as a man of science. He was exact and scrupulous in reading and meditating on the works which he was about to criticise. He had a hatred of coteries and cliques, and a love of independence and impartiality. These creditable feelings induced him to leave Paris for Passy, in order that he might live isolated and remote from all solicitation and influence. It was from this his retreat at Passy that he attacked mesmerism and somnambulism, in articles full of wit and talent. It was from

Passy, too, that he wrote that series of criticisms on the works of Chateaubriand, de Pradt, and Madame de Genlis, and those celebrated articles on the Jesuits, worthy of Pascal himself, which raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 abonnés. Such was the effect of good literary management, that at the end of the year 1805, the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs, or 8,000*l.* a-year by their paper. Hoffman continued to write in the 'Débats' till the middle of April, 1828, towards the close of which month he died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. The last time we met him was at the table of a common friend, on Twelfth-day, 1828, since also numbered with the dead. His learning, modesty, and rare companionable qualities, made on us an impression which time has not effaced.

Articles on foreign politics became, from the period of Napoleon's letter, addressed directly to George III. (14th January, 1805,) a principal feature in the 'Journal des Débats.' The greatest number of these articles from 1806 to the end of 1826, were written by the famous Danish geographer, Malte Conrad Brun, more commonly called in France, Malte Brun. Malte Brun was a brilliant but not a profound writer; but it must to his credit be admitted, that he was the first to render the study of geography attractive in France. It is a curious fact, yet perfectly true, and which we may state in passing, that of the three great geographers of whom France is so proud, not one is a Frenchman. Brunn, or Malte Brun, to use his French name, was a Dane, Oscar M'Carthy is of Irish origin, and Balbi is an Italian. Of Fievée, we shall only

say that his literary articles were considered solemn decisions, from which there was allowed no appeal. He passed judgment of life or death on books, like an infallible, immovable judge, and was rewarded by his sovereign with a prefecture. We manage these things very differently in England. No critic, however eminent in England, ever obtained the place of Police Magistrate, from which an unknown Mr. Twyford has been dismissed, or the place of Consul, at Calais, to which a too well-known Mr. Bonham has been appointed by Sir R. Peel. Such were the men who sustained the 'Débats' up to the year 1814, when Geoffroy died, in the 71st year of his age. The gratitude and good feeling of the proprietors of the journal, of which he had been so long the glory and the pride, secured to his widow a pension of 2,400 francs, a sum equal, at that period, to 200*l.* a year in England now-a-days.

We have heard, and believe, that such good and generous things have been done by the 'Times' in reference to old writers and reporters, and in the days of Mr. Perry, at the 'Morning Chronicle;' but we do not believe that in any English journal, however liberal, the example has been as generally followed as it ought to have been.

The death of Geoffroy, and the official occupations of Fievée, obliged the elder Bertin, who had been for some time judge of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine, to look out for recruits. The Restoration had now taken place, and a new era dawned on literature. Men breathed more freely, and dared to utter their thoughts in a some-

what bolder tone. A hundred thousand new ideas, stifled amid the clangour of battle and the din of arms, now found free expression. The reign of terror had passed, and the reign of despotism. Men were sickened with the smell of gunpowder, and fatigued with the sound of cannon. The pen, now that the sword was sheathed, began to be used. Mind vindicated itself against matter —intellect against mere brute force. There was on the throne of France a learned and philosophic sovereign, a gentleman and a man of letters; a royal author, if not a noble one; for Louis the Eighteenth had translated Horace with spirit and fidelity, and was the writer of the 'Voyage à Coblentz,'—not exactly a tour, but a forced march, or flight from France, made by himself on the 21st June, 1791. It was therefore a moment propitious to letters and progress. Chateaubriand gave full rein to his imagination; Lamartine composed his first 'Méditations Poétiques;' Victor Hugo started into literary life, and Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, found hundreds of translators and imitators. The classic taste of the learned and voluptuous old king recoiled from much of the new literature:—but he resolved that, at least, the Muse should be free, that the thoughts of men should range unconfined, and that no padlock should be clapped on mind. The 'Journal des Débats' was the first to understand the new era. Bertin the elder was a keen observer, and he comprehended the distinctive character of the Restoration as readily as he had understood the quality of the Empire. New and fresh, if not young blood, was infused into the editorial department of the paper. Duvic-

quet—the worthy and excellent Duvicquet, so fond of a good glass of Clos Vougeot, and so devoted an admirer of the plats truffés—had succeeded to Geoffroy. But Duvicquet was a rigid classicist, and it was necessary to find some one who would read and comprehend the rising literature of France, and not be disposed to make a holocaust of it. Charles Nodier, a man of an easy and facile character, of gentle manners, of solid learning, a pupil of the school of Chateaubriand, was the censor chosen to stretch out the friendly hand to the new band of innovators. It were difficult to fix on a happier choice. Nodier was not only a classical scholar, in the best acceptation of the word, but a man well read in the modern and living literature of England and Germany. His articles were learned without pedantry, and distinguished by an admirable freedom, freshness, and grace. While Nodier yielded to the spirit of progress in literature, the high political doctrines of the journal were maintained by Castlebajac, Clausel de Coussergues, and the famous De Bonald.

In March, 1815, the proprietor of the 'Débats' followed the king to Ghent, and in the September following was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine. Soon after, he was appointed to the Secretariat Général du Ministère de la Police. Meanwhile the columns of the 'Débats' resounded with the eloquent prose of Chateaubriand, and this was a step in advance of the ultra and excessive royalism of 1841. Men of genius in every walk of life were now encouraged to write in the paper, and in such a season it was that the Abbé

de Lammenais,* since so famous in a democratical sense, composed some remarkable articles, not yet forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The old classical school of literature in France was fast disappearing, and Bertin soon perceived that the classical school of criticism must disappear with it. He again cast about him for young writers, and fixed upon M. St. Marc Girardin, then a nearly unknown young man, but whose 'Tableau de la Littérature Française,' subsequently to 1829, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and who is now one of the most learned professors of the Sorbonne, and M. de Sacy, the son of the celebrated Orientalist, a young and learned advocate, of ripe studies and a pure taste. Both these gentlemen still afford their valuable assistance to the paper, and both are among the ablest writers in France. Previously to this period, Salvandy, the present Minister of Public Instruction in France,† had written some remarkable articles, distinguished by a felicitous imitation of the style of Chateaubriand. From the period of the death of Louis XVIII., in

* Since this was first published, Lammenais has disappeared from the scene. He died in 1854.

† Since this was written, Salvandy has followed his friends, the three Bertins to the tomb. After having been twice Minister of Public Instruction under Louis Philippe, Salvandy never rallied to the Republic or to Cæsarism. He wrote in 1849, and he wrote truly, 'There are men who passionately love liberty, and I am of the number, but those who have liberty for ever in their mouths; they speak of liberty, think they love it, think they wish it, but they confound democracy with liberty. This is not my fashion of viewing things. Democracy can found nothing.' Salvandy died on the 15th December, 1856.

September, 1824, of whose character he gave an admirable sketch, till the present day, M. Salvandy may be considered among the contributors to the 'Débats.' There are few public men in France who have more of the talent of the journalist than Narcisse Achille de Salvandy. To an extreme vivacity of intellect he joins great power of expression, an energy and enthusiasm almost inexhaustible. Some of the best and most bitter articles against the Villèle ministry proceeded from his pen, and he it was who, from his country-house near Paris, dealt, in some very able leading articles, the deadliest blows against the Polignac ministry. To this deplorable ministry the 'Débats' was as much opposed as the 'Constitutionnel,' and both waged an inextinguishable war against the Jesuits.

From the death of Hoffmann, in 1828, Eugene Béquet, the last of the old school, took a more prominent part in the literary department. His productions were distinguished, not more by sound sense than by exact learning, and a pleasant vein of humour.

In 1826-27 the 'Débats' counted not more than 12,600 subscribers. This was not owing to any lack of interest or ability in its articles, for it was conducted with amazing tact and talent; but a formidable competitor had appeared, in the shape of a journal called the 'Globe,' to which some of the ablest and most educated young men of France contributed. Among others, M. de Rémusat, one of the Deputies for Garonne, and minister under Thiers, and M. Duvergir de Hauranne, one of the Deputies for Cher, MM. Duchatel and Dumon, now Ministers of the

Interior and of Public Works respectively, and M. Piscatory, Minister of France, in Greece.

Against that illegal ordonnance of Charles X: which abolished the press, the 'Débats' made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals. In speaking of the tumultuous groups of workmen traversing the boulevards, the writer of a leading political article remarked, '*On s'attendait à des actes énergiques de la part de l'auto-*' *rité, l'autorité ne se fait remarquer que par son absence.*'

When, however, the insurgents obtained the upper hand, the note of the writer suddenly changed, and Lafayette was then spoken of as 'le viel et illustre ami 'de la liberté, le defenseur intrepide de l'ordre, dont l'âge 'ne refroidit pas le zèle patriotique.'

This was in the first days of August, and within seven weeks afterwards M. Bertin de Vaux was named Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Holland. In a very little while afterwards, Armand Bertin,* the present gérant responsable of the journal was appointed 'commissaire' of the Académie Royale de Musique.

After the revolution of 1830 Duvicquet retired to his native place, Clameci, and the feuilleton † of the 'Journal

* Since this was written, Louis Armand Bertin has also departed. He died in 1854, and the 'Débats' is now under the management of Edward François Bertin, the brother of Louis Armand.

† An explanation of the word 'feuilleton' may be needed by some of our readers. Till within the last ten years, that part of the newspaper separated by a line of démarcation from the politics and mere news was called the feuilleton. It consisted of small, short columns, and was devoted to literature and literary criticism and the drama. It was in these columns that the Geoffroys, Hoffmans, and other able and learned men of the day, produced articles worthy

des Débats' passed into the hands of Jules Janin, who had previously been connected with the 'Messager,' the 'Quotidienne,' and the 'Revue de Paris,' and who was then better known as the author of 'L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée,' published in the year previously. The modern feuilleton, under his management, no longer resembles the ancient. Whether it has been improved is, we think, more than questionable, and it certainly no longer possesses the authority which it enjoyed in the time of Fréron, Geoffroy, Feletz, and Hoffmann. The earlier feuilleton was distinguished by learning, judgment, critical acumen, and discretion, and a measured moderation of tone. It was occasionally dry, sometimes smelling too much of the rust of the schools, almost always ignorant of, and invariably intolerant towards, foreign literature. But though it did not exhibit the variety and vivacity of tone of the modern feuilleton, it was devoid of its shallowness, pretension, and parade. The ancient feuilleton aspired to instruct, the modern seeks merely to amuse. If the ancient feuilleton adhered somewhat too strictly to certain canons of criticism, certain cardinal principles in literature and art, the modern has too freely trifled with received notions, too much indulged in paradox, and a laisser aller style. In seeking to avoid a heavy, pedantic

of a permanent place in the standard literature of France. This was the ancient feuilleton, which degenerated in the hands of Janin. Though subsequently sought to be restored to its pristine purity by Evariste, Dumoulin, Saint Beuve, Nisard, Gustave Planche, and others, the ancient feuilleton has now expanded into the 'Roman feuilleton,' in which all sorts of literary monstrosities are perpetrated.

manner, the modern feuilleton has become affected, mincing, and manierée. The ancient feuilleton was too learned and too erudite—the modern is too ignorant and superficial. The ancient frequently dived too deep into the subject in hand for a daily newspaper—the modern almost always skims too lightly over the surface of the subject, if it does not give the real question the go-by.

The great abuser and perverter of the modern feuilleton has undoubtedly been Jules Janin. There is, as it appears to us, in everything that he has written, what has been well characterized a 'marivaudage de bas étage.' He seems always to wish to be saying things uncommonly fine, witty, and clever, and to be fully persuaded that it is his duty not only to write, but to think, differently from other people. To accomplish this, he performs all sorts of mental gyrations and contortions, all sorts of grey-goose antics. Sometimes he is seized with a forced gaiety, which is, after all, but an abortive and lugubrious hilarity; anon he assumes a melancholy, which, if not sickly and sentimental, is put on as a mask to suit the occasion. Jules Janin is just the man who, for effect,—to use the phrase of Curran,—'would teach his tears to flow decorously down his cheeks; who would writhe with grace and groan with melody.' He has sought the pretty, as Longinus sought the sublime. He delights in ingenious paradoxes, which he presents to you in ten different fashions: sometimes all rude and naked; sometimes with a thin robe of gauze; sometimes painted, powdered, and patched, with flounce and furbelow to match. Janin is seldom deficient in delicate irony, but is always full of

mincing airs and graces, and an esprit à-la-mode de Paris. But in his gallon of sugared sack, there is but a 'ha'porth' of bread,' after all. In the stream of pet phrases which he pours forth, there is a tinyness, if not a tenuity of idea. His style might be stereotyped. It would be a great saving to the 'Débats' to have certain fond familiar words always set up, standing in case. Scores and scores of times, speaking of débutantes, he has said: 'Pauvre 'jeune fille aux joues roses aux mains blanches elle si 'pure elle si candide.'

Would he describe an age or an epoch, here are his words:—'Ce XVIII^e^ siècle en manchette, en dentelles, en 'talons rogues, en velours, en paillettes, avec ces mouches, 'son rouge, ce XVIII^e^ siècle si fardé si corrumpu,' &c. This carillon of click-clack, this fredon—to use a musical term—of phrases; this fioritura of variations and doubles, called by musicians 'follia di Spagna,' is very contemptible; but it has had great vogue; for the object of this writer is more to amuse than to inform the reader, more to be playful than profound, more to be satirical than solid or satisfying. It is, therefore, no marvel that Janin has many admirers and many imitators, and is the rage of men, women, and children.

One of the burning and shining lights of the higher feuilleton of the 'Débats' in 1830 and 1831, was Loëve Weymar, who had become known, in 1828 and 1829, by translations from the German. His articles were distinguished by considerable brilliancy, and secured the approbation of the minister of the day. He was, in consequence, sent on a kind of literary mission to Russia.

At St. Petersburgh he married a young Russian lady, with 700 or 800 slaves for a dowry, and is now Consul-general of France in some part of the eastern hemisphere. This is a sort of accident which has never happened, we believe, to any writer in the 'Times' or 'Chronicle,'* literary or political. Ministers in England claim no kindred, and have no fellow-feeling, with the press; and if the 'sublime of mediocrity,' the descendant of the Lancashire cotton-spinner, has anything to give away, he bestows it, not on writers or literary men, but on the stupid son of some duke, who calls him Judas and traitor, or on the thirty-first cousin of some marquess, who tells him, for his pains, that he is no gentleman, and does not know what to do with his hands; or on the nephew of the Countess of Fashington,† who simpers out, with a seductive smile, that the premier is like Thresher's best silk stockings, fine and well woven on the leg, but, after all, with a cotton top.

The 'Débats' was also enriched shortly after the Revolution of 1830, by the letters and articles of Michel Chevalier,‡ an élève of the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' and

* The 'Chronicle,' a journal when this was written the property of Sir John Easthope, a jobber on the Exchange, and a political speculator, is since dead. From the stock-jobber Easthope it passed to the Peelites; then to Serjeant Glover and Mr. Stiff. *Arcades ambo.*

† This is the *mot* of a fashionable countess.

‡ Michael Chevalier having been entrusted with various missions by the government of Louis Philippe, having been made by the king Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Councillor of State, Member of the Superior Council of Commerce, of the Royal Council of the University, and Professor of Political Economy at the College of France, nevertheless soon rallied to Louis Napoleon, and is now

former editor of the 'Globe.' Some of his earliest productions in the 'Débats' were the Letters from America—letters remarkable in every respect, and well entitling this celebrated economist and engineer to the renown he has subsequently attained. On the early freaks of M. Chevalier as a St. Simonian, it is no part of our business to dwell. He has outlived those follies, and is now pursuing a useful and prosperous career, not merely in the 'Débats,' but as a professor in the university; and what is better still, in his profession.

Another recruit obtained in 1830, was our excellent friend M. Philarete Chasles, one of the half-dozen men in France who are learned in ancient lore, and complete master of their native language. M. Chasles is one of

one of the most servile adulators of Cæsarism. In a speech delivered by him on the 9th of September, he stated that the Emperor of the French had given a liberal impulsion to the sovereigns of Europe. This is certainly an assertion made in the most audacious contempt of truth. It was not at the bidding or after the example of the Emperor of the French that the emperor Francis Joseph gave a constitution to Austria, or that the emperor Alexander emancipated the serfs of Russia. Neither was it at the instance of the French Emperor that Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, and Baden, entered in the paths of constitutional government. All these countries, with the exception of Russia, have enjoyed twenty times the liberty of France since the Empire, and it may be doubted whether within the last year there is not as much political liberty at St. Petersburg as at Paris. Before France sets about the quixotic task of giving liberty to other and distant lands, she had better try her hand at securing a small modicum of political liberty and liberty of the press at home. In speaking of the Emperor, in reference to these projects, we may well ask, in the language of Byron,

'How should the autocrat of bondage be
A king of serfs, and set the nations free?'

the very few Frenchmen well versed in Greek literature. He accompanied Marshal Soult to England in 1837, and wrote the articles and letters on his visit which appeared in the 'Débats' at that time. M. Chasles was then also deputed, on the part of the government, to inquire into the scholastic and university system of England; and from conversations we had with him on the subject, we would say that he had a more accurate knowledge on these matters than falls to the lot of the great majority of Frenchmen. M. Chasles' familiarity with ancient literature in no respect indisposes him to the modern; and he is well read in our English historians and poets.

We have now gone through the greater number of regular writers in the 'Débats,' and of these M. de Sacy, M. St. Marc Girardin, M. Philarete Chasles, and others, still afford their valuable aid. At the head of the establishment is M. Armand Bertin, the son of one of the late proprietors and the nephew of the other—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of large and liberal feelings. The great boast of M. Armand Bertin is, that he is a journalist, and nothing but a journalist; and for renowned journalists of all countries M. Bertin has a predilection. With one of the most celebrated journalists that England ever produced, he was on terms of the warmest friendship; and we are ourselves in possession of his last gift to his and our departed friend, the rarest edition of Lucan, according to Brunet, beautifully bound by Koehler, which bears this autograph, 'To my friend Thomas Barnes. Armand Bertin.'*

* Thomas Barnes, for many years editor of the 'Times,' died in 1841.

But the writers who afford a literary support to the 'Débats,' and whose names are not known, or at least not avowed, are of as much, if not more, consequence to the journal, than the regular contributors. There has been scarcely, for the last forty years, a minister of France or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in it; and since the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the Chamber and in the House of Peers. In the Chamber of Deputies alone there are eight or ten members attached to the king personally, aid-de-camps and employés on the civil list, and such of these as are capable of wielding a quill, place it at the service of the 'Débats.' Among the feuilleton writers of this journal, are some of the most celebrated in Paris—as Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, &c. Since the size of the journal has been increased, the lucubrations of Jules Janin appear more rarely, and Theophile Gautier, too, does not seem to write so often; but Alexandre Dumas often fills ten of the smaller columns with the productions of his inexhaustible pen. From two to four columns are generally dedicated to leading articles. The price of the journal is 7 francs a month, 20 francs for two months, 40 francs for six months, and 80 francs for a year. The price in London is 3*l.* 10*s.* the year, 1*l.* 15*s.* the half-year, and 17*s.* 6*d.* the quarter.*

The 'Journal des Débats' is said now to have 9,000 or

* This was so at the period this article was written. The price of the 'Débats' is now reduced, for Paris to 18 francs the quarter, and for the Departments to 20 francs.

10,000 abonnés; and 10,000 abonnés at 80 francs a year, we need hardly say, is equivalent to 20,000 at 40 francs, the price at which the 'Constitutionnel,' the 'Siècle,' the 'Presse,' and other journals, are published. The political articles in the 'Débats' are superior in style and reasoning to anything in the English periodical press.* They are not merely distinguished by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred and polished society. For these articles large sums are paid in money; but they bear a value to the writers far above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the 'Débats' is sure of promotion, either to a professorship, to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état, to a consulship, or, peradventure, to the post of minister at some second or third-rate court—a position attained by M. Bourquenay, a fourth or fifth-rate writer in that paper at the period of the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the 'Times,' little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing counsel, Mr. (now Baron) Platt, a judge; but the 'Journal des Débats' may boast, that it can give power as well as take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambassadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of requests, as well as poets, historians, orators, musicians, dancers, modistes, perruquiers—nay, even to that ninth part of a man called a tailor, or to that eighteenth fractional part of a man, unknown in England, called 'a tailleur de chemises.'

The 'Constitutionnel' was, about twenty or twenty-five

* This was so in 1846. It is *not* so in 1863.

years ago (*i. e.* from 1820 to 1825), the most successful and flourishing, and certainly one of the best conducted papers in France. It had then a greater circulation than any paper in Paris, as the following figures will prove:—

Débats	13,000	abonnés.
Quotidienne	5,800	—
Journal de Paris	4,175	—
Courrier Français	2,975	—
Etoile	2,749	—
Journal de Commerce	2,380	—
Moniteur	2,250	—
Constitutionnel	16,250	—

But the 'Constitutionnel' had, from 1815, two or three staple articles to trade in, of which it made a great literary market. First, there were the Voltairian principles and opinions, which it put forth daily; 2ndly, there were denunciations of the 'Parti Prêtre' and of the Jesuits, and the affair of the Abbé Contrefatto; and, 3rdly, there was the retrograde march of the government, caused by the intrigues of the Pavilion Marsan, which promoted, and indeed justified, a vigorous opposition. The soul of this opposition was Charles William Etiénne, who had shortly before, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, acquired a single share in the paper. Etiénne started in Paris as secretary to the Duke of Bassano, and was named, in 1810, as we have stated, one of the higher political writers of the 'Journal des Débats.' From this position he was removed after the Restoration, and throwing himself with heart and soul into the 'Minérve Française,' produced by his 'Lettres sur Paris,' a prompt and prodigious success.

It was soon after these letters had been collected in a volume, and had gone through several editions, that Etiénne became a shareholder in the 'Constitutionnel.' His lively and piquant articles, full of strength and spirit, soon contributed to raise the paper. These efforts, so every way useful to the liberal cause, had fixed public attention on the most successful writer on that side of the question, and on a man who joined to this renown the additional merit of being the author of some of the very best comedies in the French language; such, for instance, as the 'Deux Gendres,' the 'Intriguante,' 'Une Heure de Mariage,' 'Jeannot et Collin,' &c. &c. The Department of the Meuse selected him, therefore, in 1820, as one of its deputies; and from that period to 1830, he continued to figure as one of the firmest and steadiest defenders of the liberties secured by the charter. M. Etiénne displayed in the Chamber of Deputies, the spirit and taste with which his literary productions are imbued. Some of his discourses produced a prodigious effect on the public mind, and his general political conduct procured for him the warm friendship and esteem of Manuel, who frequently contributed to the 'Constitutionnel.' Within three years after this period, Manuel rendered him a signal service, in introducing to his notice a young and unknown writer, who within ten years was destined to be a minister of France. This was none other than Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had then just published, in conjunction with Felix Bodin, the two first volumes of his 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' M. Etiénne, with the sagacity of a practised man of the world, saw from the first the

talent of his young contributor, and at once opened to him the columns of the 'Constitutionnel.' The articles of Thiers bore the impress of that clearness and logical vigour, of that liveliness and lucidity of style, which constitute his greatest charm. For six years Thiers continued to write in the 'Constitutionnel;' and it was not until August, 1829, when he founded the 'National,' in conjunction with the late Armand Carrel, of which Thiers was chief editor, that he abandoned the small room in the first floor of the Rue Montmartre, No. 121, in which we have often sat in the last days of 1828, when Etienne conducted the paper, and in which very chamber our last visit was paid to M. Merruau—at present, rédacteur en chef—in the month of April, 1846. During the period of Thiers' collaboration, his friend and countryman, Mignet, occasionally wrote articles, distinguished by neatness of style and correctness of view. During the Villèle administration, the 'Constitutionnel' may be said to have attained its highest prosperity. It then numbered nearly 30,000 subscribers, and existed on the cry of 'à bas les Jesuites!' The 'Constitutionnel' of those days had no Roman feuilleton, and lived altogether on its reputation as a political paper. Many were the prosecutions which this journal had to undergo; but the most celebrated, perhaps, was that in which its articles were acoused of 'a tendency to bring the religion of the state into contempt.' It was on the occasion of this suit, that M. Dupin, the friend and counsel of M. Etienne, shut himself up for a month in his study to read theology, in order to be enabled to tear to tatters the 'acte d'accusation,' or indictment, of

the attorney-general. In this he was successful, as was proved by the arrêt, or decision of the Cour Royale, and the triumph redounded to the credit of the advocate, while it greatly tended to increase the circulation of the paper. From the period of the Revolution of 1830, however, the 'Constitutionnel' began to decline, and in 1843, three years ago, it had but 3,500 abonnés. In changing hands in 1844, the new proprietors reduced the price of the journal one half, *i.e.* from 80 to 40 francs, while they raised the remuneration for the feuilleton from 150 to 500 francs. In consequence of this judicious liberality, the most popular writers of Paris contributed to its columns. From the 1st of April, 1845, Alexandre Dumas bound himself to produce only eighteen volumes in the year—nine in the 'Presse,' and nine in the 'Constitutionnel;' and Eugene Sue has also lent his exclusive co-operation to the 'Constitutionnel' for a period of fourteen years, for which he is to receive an immense sum. 'La Dame de Monsereau,' by Dumas, and 'Les Sept Pechés Capitaux,' by Eugene Sue, have both had a prodigious success. The 'Constitutionnel' has agreed to give Eugene Sue 10,000 francs a volume, to take him from the 'Presse;' and Dumas receives a sum very nearly equal. There are half-a-dozen other novels at this moment in publication in the columns of this journal; among others, the 'Cabinet Noir,' by Charles Rabou; and the subscribers are to receive (gratis) all that has appeared in what they call their 'Bibliotheque Choisie.'

In the political department, the 'Constitutionnel' has now first-rate assistance. De Rémusat, ex-minister, Du-

vergier d'Hauranne, one of the most enlightened deputies of the Chamber, and M. Thiers, often lend their able aid. The editor of the 'Constitutionnel' is M. Merruau, an able political writer, and a gentleman of the blandest and most winning manners. It was Merruau who reviewed the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by Thiers, in the 'Constitutionnel.' * The 'Constitutionnel' consists of twenty columns, of which five are devoted to advertisements. The price in Paris is 40 francs a year, and the number of abonnés is 24,000—a number equal to the 'Presse,' but falling far below that of the 'Siècle,' which is said to possess 42,000.

The 'Courrier Français' is one of the oldest of the Parisian papers, but it has undergone many transformations of late. In 1827-28-29, it supported the same cause as the 'Constitutionnel,' with greater spirit, if not with equal talent. When the 'Constitutionnel' had become rather indifferent or lukewarm towards those principles with which its fortunes originated, the 'Courrier Français,' though poor in respect to fortune, as compared with the 'Constitutionnel,' was foremost boldly to attack the ministers, and to defy persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary punishment, whilst the 'Constitutionnel,' like those individuals who have amassed immense wealth, acted a more prudent part, and was content to appear as a safe auxiliary. The principal editor at the period of which we speak, was Benjamin Constant. His articles were remarkable for a discriminating and delicate spirit

* Merruau is now and has been for several years back Secretaire Général to the Prefecture of the Seine.

of observation, for a finesse and irony which, in saying the bitterest things, never transgressed the bounds of good breeding. The charm of his style, too, was most attractive. Shortly before the Revolution of July broke out, Constant had undergone a severe surgical operation, and had retired from Paris into the country; Lafayette wrote to him in these words—'Il se joue ici un jeu terrible: nos têtes servent d'en jeu; apportez la votre.' Constant at once came and had an interview with the monarch now on the throne, who made to him certain propositions, to which Constant replied, 'Je veux rester independant, et si votre gouvernement fait des fautes je serai le premier à rallier l'opposition.'* The faults of the new government hastened his death. He expired within a few months, almost despairing of the liberties of his country. Though the 'Courrier Français' was from 1825 to 1830, supported by the eloquent pens of Constant, Villemain, Cauchois Lemaire, and Mignet who was at one period its editor, yet it never, in these days, numbered above 5000 abonnés. There is no more practical truth in literature than that no amount of good writing will raise the fortunes of a falling newspaper. To write up a failing literary enterprise is a task for the pen of angels, and is almost beyond the power of mortal man. After the death of Constant there were many editors, among others, Leon Faucher, original editor of the 'Temps'—a paper founded by an homme à projets, named Jacques Coste, originally a cooper at Bordeaux, and subsequently one of the editors of the

* We are indebted for these details concerning our lamented friend to Monsieur J. P. Pagès.

'Constitutionnel.' This gentleman, who is an able, painstaking and well-informed man, and who has recently made himself more advantageously known by a work called 'Etudes sur l'Angleterre,' continued at the 'Courrier' till the end of 1842. Under him it represented the Gauche, and he had a merit of operating a fusion with the Centre Gauche; but, notwithstanding this fact, and the occasional appearance of good articles, the fortunes of the 'Courrier' did not improve.* A change in the distribution of parts was next tried. M. Adolphe Boule was named directeur of the journal; M. E. de Reims, sécrétaire du comité du Centre Gauche, chief editor with M. Eugene Guinot as feuilletoniste, but this combination was no more successful than all previous ones. Sometime at the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, the 'Courrier' was sold, and it is now conducted by M. Xavier Durrieu, by M. de Limerac, and by M. Du Coing, the defender of Rosas. The circulation is not more than 3000 or 4000.

The 'Gazette de France,' as we stated at the beginning of this article, is one of the oldest newspapers in France. Under Villèle and Peyronnet, in 1827 and 1828, it was converted into an evening paper, and substituted for the 'Etoile.' It was then the organ of the Jesuitical party, and expressed in all its hideous nakedness the frenzy of the most fanatical ultraism. It had in 1827 no support whatever from private subscribers, but drew all its re-

* After the Revolution of 1848, Leon Faucher was returned to the Constituent and National Assemblies, and subsequently became minister of the President of the Republic, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a man of probity and some acquired knowledge in a thorough *Cuistre* and insufferably pretentious and priggish.

sources from the treasury, where it had powerful and influential friends. The Bishop of Hermopolis—Count Frasynous—at that period Minister of Worship and of Public Instruction, was one of its most able and influential supporters; M. de Genoude,* then a married man, now an abbé and a priest, was the theatrical critic, and M. Benabin, formerly of the 'Etoile,' his associate. Genoude having since become a widower, entered holy orders, and is now a mundane abbé, so devoured by ambition, that he looks to the cardinalate. Though a regular priest, Genoude is a thorough Jesuit at heart, and neither honest nor sincere as a priest or a politician. Like Henry of Exeter, his great object is personal advancement, and he endeavours to campass his ends by all and every means: to-day by flattering the aristocracy; and to-morrow by pandering to the lowest tastes of the lowest rabble. De Genoude pretends to write under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, who lives at Toulouse, altogether retired from public life, but it may be well doubted whether so able a man would commit himself in any way with such a charlatan. It would be unjust not to admit that there are occasionally (there were the contributions of Colnet, from 1836 to 1837) good articles in the Gazette; but, on the other hand, it must be averred that it is generally an unreadable paper, unless to such as are strongly tinged with a Carlist or priestly bias. The great writer and chief support of the 'Gazette de France'—Colnet—died of cholera, in May 1832. The last time we spent a day in his company, was in September 1831.

* Genoude died before the proclamation of the Empire.

We had just returned from Russia, where the cholera was raging furiously, and well remember his making many inquiries as to the progress of the complaint, which had then reached Germany, and which he predicted would soon rage in France. Within four months afterwards it had reached France, and within seven, poor Colnet was a victim to it. Colnet was born a noble, being the son of a garde-du-corps who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy. His first studies were made at the Military College of Brie, then at the Military College of Paris, where Bonaparte and Bertrand were his fellow-students and associates. Neither his taste nor his feeble health allowing him to enter the army, he studied medicine under Cabanis and Corvisart, but expelled from the capital, in 1793, as a noble, he passed more than two years in solitude at Chauny, at the house of a poor apothecary. Returning to Paris in 1796, he established himself as a bookseller at the corner of the Rue du Bac, opposite the Port Royale. He was so prosperous in this enterprise, that in 1805 he was enabled to establish a second shop in the Quai Malaquais. Here, in a little room which he called his cavern, he assembled around him some able writers, a majority of whom were hostile to the imperial government. These half-dozen men were deemed so formidable, that Fouché tried every means to silence or to bribe the chief. But Colnet was as inflexible as incorruptible. During fifteen years, *i.e.* from 1816 to 1831, he laboured at the 'Gazette de France,' signing all his articles with his name; and it may be truly said, that nine out of every ten readers only

took up the journal to read Colnet. His lively and learned attacks against the apocryphal memoirs in vogue about twenty years ago, which he exposed with the hand of a master, induced the Minister of the Interior, Count Corbière, to thank him in a friendly and flattering letter. But we order these things differently in England. A man might now write with the eloquence of Burke, the wisdom of Plato and Socrates, and the wit of Sheridan, and neither the Peels, nor the Gladstones, nor the Goulburns, nor any of the mediocre fry whom we in our besotted ignorance call statesmen, would take the least notice of him. It was not always so. The minister Wyndham, within the memory of living men, wrote to that racy writer of pure Saxon, Cobbett, thanking him for his aid, and saying that he deserved a statue of gold. By the means of translations and open plagiarisms from Colnet, a late Right Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty, and great Quarterly Reviewer, obtained the praise of being a good French scholar and historian. The staple of most of the articles on French literature and memoirs, published about ten or twelve years ago in the 'Quarterly,' was contraband, stolen from Colnet, and smuggled into the Review as though it were native produce. There was not a critic in England to detect or expose this plagiarism, or to prove to our countrymen that there was scarcely an original thought in the articles, all being borrowed or literally translated from the French. The ignorance of France and of French literature in England is astonishing. With the exception of Mr. Crowe, recently foreign editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' we do

not believe there is a single man at the press of England well informed on France and French literature.*

Under the ministry of Villèle, Genoude was made a Conseillier d'État. He then placed the prefix to his name, and obtained, although son of a limonadier of Grenoble, letters of nobility. Now it suits M. *de* Genoude to demand assemblées primaires—or a general council of the nation—in the hope—the vain hope—that the people would call back the elder branch of the Bourbons. This cry has failed to cause any fusion of ultra-royalists and republicans. The people well know that Genoude and his party are not sincere, and that he and they only clamour for universal suffrage, under the impression that power would be transferred from the bourgeoisie to the grands and petits seigneurs and their dependents. M. Lourdoueix, formerly an ex chef des Belles Lettres in the Ministry of the Interior, is supposed to write many of the articles conceived in this spirit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has brought his talent to a wrong market. Theatres are supposed to be reviewed by M. de la Forest, and a few years ago the place of Colnet was filled—though his loss was not supplied—by another bookseller, M. Bossange, author of a theatrical piece.

M. de Nettement, son of the late consul-general of France in London, frequently writes in the 'Gazette de

* The 'Morning Chronicle' has been a couple of years dead, and is now forgotten; but, fifteen or sixteen years before its demise, Mr. Crowe became connected with the *Daily News*, of which he was for some years editor.

France,' and also in the 'Corsaire Satan,' another paper of M. Gehoude. The circulation of the 'Gazette de France' has diminished within the last year. It had, a couple of years ago, about 1,500 subscribers in Paris, and about 4,000 in the provinces, but now the abonnés in Paris are scarcely a thousand, and it is said not to have 3,000 in the provinces. The legitimist press is reported to have lost 4,000 subscribers since the feuilletons of Alexandre Dumas and of that lively writer, Theophile Gautier, have been admitted into it. Both these gentlemen are liberals, and your true Carlist, too much like some of the same breed among ourselves, would scorn to be instructed, and will not deign to be even entertained by the most amusing liberal in Christendom.

The 'Quotidienne' was a most furiously bigoted high church paper in the days of Villèle, and it is so still. It detests the very name of the Revolution, and abhors the memory of all those who remained in France during its progress. In 1827 and 1828, the 'Quotidienne' was written in a most obsolete and barbarous style, by young seminarists who had never seen the world, and who were taught to admire the ages of monks and inquisitors. During the Martignac administration, it was enthusiastically supported by the pure Ultras, at the head of whom were La Bourdonnaye, Delalot, and Hyde de Neuville. M. de la Bourdonnaye, then the leader of the Centre opposition, and afterwards, for a short period, a member of the Polignac administration, frequently wrote in it; and one of the recognised editors at this period was the founder of the journal, Joseph Michaud, author of the

'History of the Crusades.' M. Merle used to write the theatrical, and M. Balzac the feuilletons; but of late, this latter person has ceased to write. The circulation of the 'Quotidienne' is under 4,000.

We are now about to speak of a remarkable man and a remarkable journal—the man, the late Armand Carrel—the journal, the 'National.' Carrel was born at Rouen, in 1800, of a legitimist family. From his earliest youth, though his family were all engaged in commerce, he exhibited a predominant passion for the military profession, and was entered of the college of St. Cyr. While a sous-lieutenant of the 29th regiment of the line, in garrison at Béfort, he took an active part in the conspiracy of 1821, which failed miserably. He was not either discovered or denounced, and proceeded with his regiment to Marseilles.

The war of 1823–1824 had just broken out in Spain, when, impelled by a love of adventure, he resigned the military service of his country, embarked on board a fishing boat at Marseilles for Barcelona, and entered the French regiment of Napoleon the Second. This foreign legion, after much adverse fortune, capitulated to the French troops. The terms of the capitulation included the French as well as the Spanish soldiers. They were, nevertheless, thrown into prison, and ultimately dragged before a council of war. Carrel was tried and acquitted. But this affair put an end to all hope of preferment in the army, or, indeed, to a military career, and Carrel thought of studying the law. But he was not a Bachelor of Arts, or, as the French say, a Bachelor in Letters, and the law, too, he was obliged to renounce. He became the secretary of a

distinguished historian, and in this way it was that his literary and political labours commenced. He wrote a résumé of the Histories of Scotland and Modern Greece for the booksellers; and various articles in the 'Revue Americaine,' the 'Constitutionnel,' the 'Globe,' the 'Revue Française,' and the 'Producteur.' In 1827, he published, in his twenty-seventh year, his 'Histoire de la contre Révolution en Angleterre,' a work of sterling merit, and was rising into the first eminence as author and journalist, when, in 1829, Jules de Polignac was called from the embassy of London, to fill the place of President of the Council of Ministers in France. Carrel's eager mind, weary of what appeared to him the languor and indifference of the other journals, conceived the idea of founding the 'National.' He communicated his intention to Thiers and Mignet. It was agreed that they should each in turn take the place of rédacteur-en-chef, or principal editor, for a year. Thiers, as the eldest of the three, was first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and spirit till the Revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first the 'National' set out with the idea that the dynasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleanism, yet at this period Thiers had never seen the Duke of Orleans, subsequently Louis-Philippe.* The effect produced by the refusal of a budget, and the refusal to pay taxes, was immense—a determination owing altogether to the spirited counsels and articles of the 'National.' The crisis and

* He stated this in his last famous speech, in the month of March, in the Chamber of Deputies.

the coup d'état of the incapable ministry were hastened, if not produced, by this journal.

On the 26th of July, 1830, the editors behaved nobly. At the office of the 'National' it was, that the famous protest was drawn up and signed, which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of resistance. The authors of this remarkable document were Thiers and Rémusat—both afterwards ministers—and Cauchois Lemaire, a journalist and man of letters. To issue such a document was to put one's head in peril; yet it was signed, and speedily, too, by the brave soldiers of the pen. On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the presses of the journal were broken, Thiers and Carrel protesting against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn, after the Revolution had been happily accomplished, to take the conduct of the paper, for Thiers and Mignet had both received employments in the new government. Ably for some time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pacific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from this mission he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also offered promotion in the army; but he rejected both offers, and resumed the editorship of the 'National,' now the firmest as well as the ablest organ of the democracy. In the columns of the journal, which he conducted with such surpassing ability, he never concealed or mitigated his radical and republican tendencies. His idea of a supreme magistrate was, that he should be elective and responsible; that the second chamber should be elective, and the press

inviolable. Political reforms were, in his opinion, the only sure logical and legitimate mode of producing social reforms. To the arbitrary and high-handed ministry of Périer he opposed a vigorous resistance. When the rich banker, merchant, manufacturer, and minister, who had all the arrogance of a nouveau riche, and all the insolence of a vieux talon rouge, wished to proceed to extremities against the press, Carrel said, in the 'National,' 'That every writer, with a proper sense of the dignity of a citizen, would oppose the law to illegality, and force to force—that being a sacred duty, come what might.' The minister hesitated in his plans, and Carrel remained victor. The masculine breadth of Carrel's style—his bold, brave, and defiant tone—which, to use the graphic description of his friend, M. de Cormenin, 'semblait sonner du clairon et monter à l'assaut,' procured him many enemies; and there were not wanting those who speculated to rise in life, by coming into personal encounter with a man so formidable, and filling so large a space in the public eye. Just, generous, disinterested, Carrel was intrepid as a lion—chivalrous, and, like all noble natures, somewhat touchy on the point of honour; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel or squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of whose character all who came in contact with him bowed down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girardin, the editor of 'La Presse.'

Thus perished, in his thirty-sixth year, the founder—the creator—the life and soul of the 'National'—a person

of rare courage—of a bold and manly eloquence—the eloquence of feeling, not of phrases or of words—and a political writer of the very highest order. There was a simplicity, a clearness, a firmness, and a noble colouring and grandeur in all he said and in all he wrote, for he was a man of heart and conviction, simple, sincere, and straightforward. The two greatest geniuses of France—representing the Poetry and Prose of our epoch—followed him to the tomb. His friends Béranger and Chateaubriand wept over his mangled remains, and have recorded —the one in undying verse, the other in imperishable prose—their deep and mournful sense of the loss which France sustained in his premature and melancholy end. Carrel was tall and handsome, with a countenance 'sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.' His air was chivalrous, and that of a soldier, but his manners were somewhat haughty and stern. His habits and tastes were what would be called aristocratic, and he was no lover of equality or of communism. He had engaged, a few months before his death, to write the life of Napoleon, and had he lived would have produced a work worthy of the subject—worthy of himself. It was so arranged, also, that if he had been spared a month longer, the Chamber would have resounded with his earnest and eloquent voice, but the hopes of his friends and his country concerning him were soon to be for ever blighted. Since the death of Carrel the 'National' has been conducted with much less talent, and with a total absence of judgment.* It has ever remained a pure

* Since these lines were written the 'National' has been suppressed by the Imperial Government. Such are the liberality and justice of Cæsarism.

republican paper, and conscientiously so; but it is possible to be purely republican without sowing noxious national hatred, or seeking to set Englishmen and Frenchmen by the ears, as it now does designedly, and with malice prepense. We desire a good intelligence with all the world, but a friendly, a kindly intelligence with France. 'The Douglas and the Percy both together' are more than a match for all the other nations of the earth. The 'National' now reflects the opinions of a portion of the French working classes, but it has not above 3,000 or 4,000 abonnés. In 1836, before Carrel was killed, it had 4,300 abonnés. But though the number of subscribers was then small, the influence of the journal was immense. This is no uncommon thing in France. The 'Globe,' under the Restoration, though far from having so many subscribers as the 'Constitutionnel,' had much more influence—influence not merely upon the men, but upon the ideas of the epoch. A journal may have a great and wide publicity, without a great many subscribers. The publicity of the 'Réforme' and the 'National' is as real and as great as the publicity of the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse.' They may have fewer abonnés, but they have as many readers. It were a great mistake to suppose that the numbers of a French journal subscribed for, or sold, is any test of the number of its readers. The 'Débats,' for instance, has about 9,000 subscribers, and probably not above 20,000 readers, *i.e.* two and a fraction to each paper, whereas the 'National,' with only 4,000 abonnés, probably has 24,000 readers, or six to each paper.

Every Frenchman, high or low, is more or less of a

politician, and therefore newspapers are in greater number, and circulate through infinitely more hands than in England.* This is true of the dearest among them, the organ of every government, the 'Débats;' but it is true in a ten-fold degree, of a paper appealing to popular sympathies and popular prejudices, written in a popular style, and advocating doctrines which obtain a ready acquiescence and favour among the working classes. In every cabinet de lecteur—in every restaurant—in every café—in every gargoté—in every guinguette—on the counter of every marchand de vin—in every workshop where ouvriers are congregated—such a paper is to be found. In the workshop it is read aloud by some one workman, *pro bono publico*—in the restaurant, the café, the gargoté, and the guinguette, it is eagerly passed from hand to hand. Though, therefore, it may be admitted that the 'Débats' has more abonnés than the 'National,' and makes more money, yet the 'National' makes more converts, for its sentiments are diffused more widely and take deeper root. La Roche and Marrast, formerly of the 'Tribune,' conducted the 'National' subsequently to the death of Carrel. Itis now, we believe, conducted by Bastide † and Thomas.

* This was true in 1846, but it is not so in 1863; as, owing to the penny press and the spread of education in England, readers of newspapers have greatly increased, whereas in France they have greatly diminished.

† Jules Bastide, after the Revolution of 1848, was elected to the Constituent Assembly by three Departments—the Seine, the Seine and Marne, and the Saone and Loire. During the whole of the Restoration he was mixed up in almost all the liberal conspiracies, and was a combatant of July. There was no more active Carbonaro from 1820 to 1830, and his purse, as well as his person, was at the

The 'Siècle' is a paper which, though established within the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been the first to start at the price of forty francs a year, at a period when every other journal was published at a cost of from seventy to eighty francs; partly to its being published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition—and partly to its being what the 'Constitutionnel' was, from 1820 to 1825, the journal of the shopkeepers and epiciers. Since it started into being, every paper in Paris, with the exception of the 'Débats,' has lowered its price, and all of them have enlarged their form; but these mutations and transformations have not injured the 'Siècle,' because it represents the opinion of the majority—the opinion, in a word, of la petite bourgeoisie—the small shopkeepers in cities and towns, and the proletaires throughout the country. The 'Siècle' is said to have 42,000 abonnés, and the shares of 200 francs, which have always borne an interest, have been nearly reimbursed to the proprietors, and are now worth five or six times their original cost. Ten years ago there were only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial

service of his political friends. During the reign of Louis-Philippe he was tried for participation in the affair of Grenoble and acquitted. Condemned to death as one implicated in the Paris insurrection on the occasion of General Lamarque's funeral in June, 1832, he escaped from prison and reached London, where he remained for two years. He was pardoned in 1834, and returned to Paris. It was immediately after this he was elected editor of the 'National.' After the Revolution of 1848 he came into power with the coterie of that paper, was Secretary General to Lamartine, and subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs and of Marine.

speculation: these were the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' and the 'Constitutionnel;' but now the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' are the most successful as commercial speculations. To show the vicissitudes of newspaper property in France, it may be here stated, that in 1839 the 'Presse' was sold for 1,200 francs, but in 1841, two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new proprietors.

The editor of the 'Siècle' is M. A. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber; and M. Gustave Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, forms a portion of the conseil de rédaction. The pains-taking and laborious Leon Faucher also writes in the political department. That rather dull, pompous, overrated man, Odilon Barrot, to whose family, comprising brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, and nephews, the Revolution has given 130,000f. a year, and concessions of land in Africa, valued at 42,000f. a year, is the object of the 'Siècle's' idolatry. This is not to be wondered at. Ferdinand Barrot,* brother of Odilon, a writer, and a shareholder in and supporter of the 'Siècle,' received 24,000f. as avocat du Trésor; and on the 1st of May,

* This gentleman, now in his fifty-ninth year, who was substitute of the attorney-general after the Revolution of 1830, obtained from the Government of the Citizen King vast concessions of land in Algeria. He turned round, *volte* face, after the election of the 10th December, 1848, and became secretary-general of the tenant of the Elysée. His devotion was soon rewarded. On the resignation of his elder brpther, Odillon, on the 31st October, 1849, he was named Minister of the Interior, in which position he remained till the 14th March, 1850, when he was succeeded by M. Baroche. But though he left office at home, it was only to accept office abroad. He was named ambassador at Turin, and subsequently to the coup d'état he entered the Council of State. He is now a senator with a good fat salary, and a commander of the Legion of

1845, one of the editors of the 'Siècle' obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honour. No wonder, then, that the writers in this journal call the ex Volontaire Royal, who wept over the boots of Louis the Eighteenth the night of his departure for Ghent, and who received in recompense of his loyal tears, at the period of the second Restoration, as a gift from the king, a place which he afterwards sold to the Jew advocate, Cremieux, for 300,000f.—no wonder that they call this patriotic recipient and dispenser of good fat sinecures, 'orateur eminent, homme politique considerable.' If a pompous and prophetic tone, a magisterial and solemn air, and commonplace ideas and sentiments, suffice to make an eminent orator, and the postponing of electoral reform till liberty is secured by the erection of the enceinte continuée, a considerable politician—then is Odilon Barrot an eminent orator and a considerable politician.

The 'Siècle' has not enlarged its size. It consists of twelve columns, exclusive of advertisements, and is about eighteen inches long, and twelve and a half broad. The feuilleton consists of six columns, and is much better written than any other portion of the paper. Alphonse Karr, the author of the 'Guèpes,' is one of the principal contributors, and Frederic Soulié has sold his pen as a

Honour. Truly M. Barrot has not been very steady to his plighted political faith. He cannot say with the Matron in Virgil—

'Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores,
Abstulit: ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.'

The younger brother of Ferdinand Adolpe Barrot, after having filled various consular places under Louis-Philippe, is now ambassador of the Emperor of the French at Madrid.

feuilletoniste for six years to the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' conjointly. The 'Siècle' has always appeared to us a dull paper—probably it is necessary that the writers should level themselves down to the intellect of the genre epicier —and indifferently written. The review of Thiers' History, which made some noise, was by Chambolle,* the editor, as the review in the 'Constitutionnel' was written by Merruau, the friend of Thiers. But a far more correct, comprehensive, copious, and fairer review of this work, appeared just after its publication, in No. 69 of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' published in the month of April, 1845.

We are now to speak of the oldest of the new order of journals—we mean 'La Presse.' This paper was founded in June, 1836, by M. Emile de Girardin, said to be a natural son of the Count Alexander, or his brother, Stanislas Girardin, by an English mother. The Revolution of 1830 saw Emile de Girardin an Inspecteur des Beaux Arts. Shortly after that event, he became the editor of the 'Journal des Connaissances Utiles,' of the

* Chambolle is an honourable and high principled man, who left the 'Siècle' when he found it going too fast and too far, He then founded a paper called 'L'Ordre,' which ceased to appear after the 2d December, 1851. As deputy of La Vendée, he refused to be present at the famous Reform banquets. In the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies he voted with the party of the Contre Revolution. In the midst of the conflicts of the Assembly with the President, he turned against the Elysée. During the progress of the coup d'état he was imprisoned at Mazas, and condemned with Thiers and Rémusat to leave France. Since that period he has eschewed politics, and was lately secretary of the chemin-de-fer de Ceinture.

'Panthéon Littéraire,' of the Musée de Familles,' and of the 'Voleur;' but all these journals died in quick succession. He then published a book called 'Emile,' which had no great success. This is certainly no proof of want of talent, or, at best, but negative proof, while it affords positive evidence of no common energy, and very great industry. As M. Girardin had no fortune, and had married the pretty Delphine Gay (daughter of Sophie Gay), who had nothing but her pen and poetry, it was necessary he should do something to create an existence, or a name and an existence, if that were possible. Conjointly, then, with an homme à projets, one M. Boutmey, who had invented a machine called paracrotte, or mud-defender, which was to be attached to the heels of pedestrians, and another instrument, called a physiotype, the ingenious Emile launched on the waters of the Seine the project of the 'Presse.' As the journal was larger and cheaper than all other French journals—as it was a joint-stock company on a new plan, as applied to newspapers—as, in a word, there was a garish, slap-dash flourish, and melodramatic charlatanism about the thing, and a certain varnish of cleverness, shrewdness, modest assurance, novelty, and rouérie—the prospectus took; the shares went off briskly; and, lo and behold! the journal was born, a strong and healthy babe, after no long or painful gestation. In 1837, when only a year old, it had 15,000 abonnés; and in 1838, the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. It must, in justice to this journal, be stated that it was the first to teach the French public the use and advantage of advertisements. Twenty years pre-

viously, there were not two columns of advertisements in any French paper; whereas, two years after the existence of the 'Presse,' it could boast of five columns well filled. The mother of Madame Emile de Girardin—Sophie Gay, née Lavalette—had published, under the title of 'Causeries du Monde,' a periodical work, of which she had sold the copyright to Alphonse Karr, the sharp writer of the 'Guepes.' This maternal precedent, doubtless, suggested to the daughter, then of the ripe age of thirty, but of considerable beauty, no mean accomplishments, rare talents, and already favourably known as a poetess, to help her husband Emile in his new avocation. She started accordingly in the 'Presse,' with a series of articles called 'Causeries Parisiennes,' signed the Vicomte de Launay, which had immense success. Many of the vulgar-minded and title-worshipping of our countrymen—and their name is Legion—will suppose that this was from the aristocratic pseudonyme with which the articles were signed; but no human being in France cares a rush for a title, unless the bearer of it has something better to recommend him. In Paris, and, indeed, in all France, society has agreed that—

> 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the *gowd* for a' that.'

If De Béranger, Chateaubriand, and De la Martine, were in a salon in France with the De Montmorencys, the De Levis, the De Guiches, the poets and men of genius would march to the salle à manger before the feudal, territorial, and mentally undistinguished aristocracy; and the place of honour would be assigned them in any

assembly. Not so in free and liberal England. It was not, therefore, because of the aristocratic name attached, that the 'Causeries' were read, but because of the ease, grace, spirit, and talent, which they disclosed. That they were what is called a 'lucky hit,' and pleased readers, there can be no doubt. Meanwhile the paper was practically conducted, and in a most mercantile spirit. The interests of the commercial and shop-keeping classes, as well as of the very numerous class of petits rentiers, were considered, sustained, and pandered to. In the political department, the journal had no very fixed or staple principles, and took for its motto 'Au jour le jour.' As to political creed or conviction, the thing never entered into the head of Girardin, unless as a means to wealth, consideration,—and what the French call, a position. But the man was adroit, confident, ready, and full of resources, and never despaired, even when his prospects were of the gloomiest. With all his address and management, he barely paid his expenses. The Russian emperor and the Russian system of government, however, were without a champion at the Parisian press, and Girardin entered the lists. That this was done from pure love and affection, all Paris believes; for everybody knows, that the Russian emperor never pays literary men either in paper roubles or silver roubles. Whether they are ever paid by him in Dutch ducats, or malachite vases, or bills drawn by the Baron Stieglitz, the Jewish banker on the English Quay, at Petersburgh, is best known to those who pay and to those who receive, what Frederick of Prussia called the 'yellow hussars.' Though variable in other sentiments, feelings, and opinions,

Girardin has ever been true to the monster Nicholas, and his system; and whenever he dares say a word in favour of either the one or the other, he is sure to do so. His pure love for the Cossack might be pardoned, and would be unsuspicious, if it were not contemporaneous with a fierce resentment against England, and the English. There is not a vile or a base imputation, which the 'Presse,' in its murky malignity, does not calumniously cast at perfidious Albion. Inhumanity, savage barbarity, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy, avarice, and corruption, are weekly, if not daily, imputed to us, by a man whose journal is conducted in the most shopkeeping spirit—by a print which seeks to put all classes under contribution, from the autocrat of the Russias to the smallest actor and actress of the Odeon or Porte St. Martin, or to the most miserable tailor who pants for notoriety. If this be doubted, the proofs are at hand. Among the works placed at the head of this article, is a pamphlet, intituled, 'Venalité des Journaux, par Constant Hilbey, Ouvrier.' This poor tailor tells us at p. 12 of his pamphlet, that not only did he pay two francs a line for the insertion of a poem in the 'Presse,' according to the tenour of the receipt in the marginal note at foot,* but that at the request of one of the editors, (Granier de Cassagnaç) who had noticed his volume of poems, he sent that person, who first wished for a silver teapot, value 200

* 'La Presse, Rue St. George, 16.

'Reçu de M. Hilbey la summe de cent soixante francs, pour insertion dans le journal. Nature de l'insertion, poesie: A la Mère de celle que j'aime.

'Paris, 7 Septembre, 1839. 'Le Cassier, PRAVAZ.'

francs, four couverts d'argent and six small spoons. A couvert d'argent, as the reader is aware, means a silver fork, a silver spoon, and a silver-handled knife. Thus was the tailor put under contribution for four silver forks, four silver spoons, four silver-handled knives, and six small spoons, the cost of which, at the very least, must have been 200 francs. This was pretty well for a column and a half of criticism, even though the critic spoke of the author (as he did) in conjunction with Brutus, Cassius, Staberius, Quintus Remius, Quintus Cęcilius, Atticus, Abelard, Cardinal d'Ossat, St. Paul, the Magdalen, and Victor Hugo.

Perfidious Albion should not, however, despair. If she should ever think the advocacy of the 'Presse' worth the having—a not very likely supposition—Emile will take her brief, if the quiddam honorarium be forthcoming. What though he be now the most untiring vilipender of our name and our country—calling us robbers in China, and butchers in India; what, though he be the most curt and contumelious in his epithets of abuse, crying, Death and hatred to the English government! what though he revel in prosperous and well-paid malignity, offer him but the brief to-morrow, and he will straightway become our zealous advocate. The scales will then fall from his eyes, and our sanguinary and sordid policy will not appear so utterly indefensible as it did when he had a retainer from Russia only. The financial prosperity of the 'Presse' is said to have been in a great measure due to M. Dujarrier.

Though M. Emile lived in 1839, 'en grand train,' possessing a fine, well-furnished house; or, to use the

words of Jules Janin, 'aussi bien logé que les agents de change,'* with pictures, livery-servants, carriages, horses, &c.; yet somehow or other there was nothing to justify this; for the journal was sinking by little and little, and the shareholders were perpetually required to pay fresh calls. From the moment M. Dujarrier entered the concern, however, things wore a flourishing aspect; and though the expenses of management amounted to 282,000 francs annually, yet each cinquantième share, originally negotiated at 4,000 £, now sells at from 30,000 to 35,000, albeit the shareholders have yearly received ten per cent. for their money. An unlucky fatality seems, however, to hang over this journal. In 1836, as we before stated, Girardin, the principal editor of the 'Presse,' shot, in a duel, the able and eloquent Carrel; and in March, 1845, Dujarrier, the associate and co-editor of Girardin, lost his life in a duel with a person of the name of Rosemond de Beauvallon, till within the last three weeks an exile in Spain,† in consequence of an arrêt of the Cour Royale de Rouen, which declared that he committed 'un homicide 'volontaire sur la personne de M. Dujarrier, et d'avoir 'commis cet homicide avec premeditation.'

In 1843, at the suggestion of Dujarrier, the 'Presse' published, under the title of a supplement, 'Le Bulletin des Tribunaux,' adding 20 francs to its price. Six thousand additional subscribers were in consequence obtained in a

* Lettre à Mde. Emile de Girardin, par Jules Janin.

† Since this was written, M. Beauvallon has returned to France and taken his trial.—See the 'Journal des Debats' of the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st March; the 'Morning Chronicle' of the 3rd, and the 'Daily News' of the 4th April, 1846.

very few months. The last accounts published by the 'Presse' place its profits at 200,000 francs, or 8,000*l.* a year; and if its agreement with the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' prove a successful speculation, it is estimated that its net profits will be 300,000 francs, or 12,000*l.* a year, at the end of 1846.

To the English reader, some explanation of the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' is quite indispensable. This company farms out the advertisements of certain journals, allowing the proprietors so many thousand francs a year net. To the 'Presse,' for instance, Duveyrier and Co. allow 100,000 francs, or 4,000*l.*; and for this sum, the 'Société Général des Annonces,' as it is called, has a right to so many columns of the journal. The head office of the society is in the Place de la Bourse, No. 8; but there are 214 bureaux d'insertion in various quarters of Paris, or from five to a dozen in each arrondissement, according to its population, commerce, &c. There is a scale of charges peculiar to the society. What are called 'les annonces agrées,' are charged at two francs la petite ligne, or twelve francs la grande ligne, en petit texte. It is a great problem whether this company will be successful—a problem which time alone can solve; but it is the opinion of an excellent friend of ours—the editor of the 'Constitutionnel'—M. Merruau, that the undertaking will be successful. Though the small teasing and worrying usually thrown at the English by the 'Presse,' may have made it popular with a portion of the populace of Paris, yet its greatest success (apart from the roman feuilleton) is owing to its commercial intelligence, to its dramatic accounts of robberies,

murders, fires,' and sudden deaths; not forgetting its chronicle of affairs before the Police Correctionelle.

What is the roman feuilleton, our readers will naturally ask? It is a novel or tale, written in the most ad captandum and exaggerated fashion, from seven to fifteen small columns of which is published daily, with a view to obtain readers, and, by necessary implication, advertisements; for the advertiser will assuredly go to the journal which is most read. The 'Presse' was the first to invent this execrable system, by which literature is made alternately the prostitute and decoy duck of the most sordid venality. Before 1830 the main feature and distinguishing characteristic of each French paper was its political party or colour. The greedy spirit of speculation has changed this. The desire of the traders in newspapers now is by the feuilleton to absorb all literature, unless such as is published in their own pages, and to render such literature as they put forth, tributary to this soul-degrading money-grubbing. 'The great object of the Girardins and Cassagnacs is to get money, money, money. 'Rem quocunque modo rem' is their stereotyped motto. In their anxiety to procure customers—*i.e.* readers and advertisements—they may be likened to the Hebrews of Holywell-street, or the old clothesmen of Monmouth-street and Rag-fair, who, to use the cant of the trade, are of the 'pluck you in' school. The 'Presse' and the 'Epoque' are of the 'pluck you in' and fripier school in literature. In their morality any trick is fair to gain an abonné or an annonce at two francs the 'petite ligne,' or, still better, at twelve francs 'la grande ligne en petit texte.' Journalism and

literature run equal dangers from these tricky tradesmen. In seeking to make newspapers books, and books newspapers, these men destroy the distinctive character and nature of books and newspapers. The book in being cut up into fragments, and written not to portray truth and nature, but to suit the journal and its customers, is written to sample and pattern. At the end of the tenth, or twelfth, or seventh column, as the case may be, there is an interesting situation, where the tale breaks off, on the Monday. The grocer's daughter, the dyer's wife, the baker's cousin, and the priest's niece, are in raptures, and look for the paper on Tuesday with eager expectation. The tale or the novel is therefore like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave, but to sell; not written to represent life as it really is, but to present it as a series of startling incidents and surprising contrasts. It results from this system that as a political authority the journal must be lowered, and as a literary effort the book discredited. Independently of this consideration the public taste becomes as a consequence daily more and more vitiated and perverted. All relish for serious literature, or matured, well reflected productions, is lost. The moral, the political, and the literary views of the question are sacrificed to the mercantile, mechanical, and money-getting. Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses, in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot, with so many pounds of abuse of priestcraft; so many grains of double adultery; so many drachms of incest; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of simple fornication or seductions of soubrettes; and so many

pennyweights of common sense to knead together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, incest, murder, seduction, suicide, fraud, covin, gambling, robbery, and rouerie of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded. The Girardins and Cassagnaçs, notwithstanding all their shrewdness and sharpness, are of that vulgar order of men who think that with money at command they can do anything and obtain everything. Hence it is that the 'Presse' pays nearly 300 francs per day for feuilletons to Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, De Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Theophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau.* But what will be the result in 1848? That each of these personages will have made from 32,000 to 64,000 francs per annum for two or three years for writing profitable trash of the colour of the foulest mud in Paris; marked with the mark of the beast, and furnished according to sample, as per order of Girardin, Cassagnaç and Co. They will have had little labour and much money, it is true; but they will also have for ever lowered their names and fame; and, what is worse, they will have lowered literature and literary men for many a long day to come. To be the hack of booksellers is no doubt to suffer unutterable bondage; but to be the hack of scheming political adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie is the last and worst of human calamities. The literary men of France may well say, with our own Cowley—

* The relation formerly existing between Sandeau and Madame Georges Sand have since been disclosed in print by the man, if the miscreant deserve the designation.

'Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea,
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down,
Come God's sword rather than our own.
In all the bonds we ever bore
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.'

It is not only with existing literary celebrities that the 'Presse' plays these gainful pranks, but the death of men of eminence is speculated upon during their lifetime, and an ostentatious post-obit publication of the memoirs of Chateaubriand, and the souvenirs of La Martine is promised so soon as these illustrious authors shall have ceased to breathe. That the feuilletonists of the 'Presse' are all men and women of genius and talent cannot be denied; but one of them, with all his genius and talent, is an arrant literary impostor and quack. Only think of Honore Balzac, who came to Paris in 1820, a poor printer of Touraine, sporting the 'gentilhomme d'ancienne souche,' and wearing a cane studded with precious stones, worth 80*l*., to which Mde. de Girardin has consecrated a volume. The pretentious, aristocratical airs of this very foolish man, but who as a writer may be called a literary Rembrandt, or Albert Durer, so bourgeoise and Flemish is his style, so detailed and minute his finishing, were properly treated, according to the Gazette of Augsburgh, by a monarch for whom we have no love, but who, for once in his life, was right. After the admirable and truthful book of M. de Custine had laid bare the infamies and atrocities of the Russian system, the Czar expressed a desire that it should be answered by a Frenchman. Balzac, on this hint, started for Petersburgh, and on his

arrival forwarded to his Imperial Majesty a note, of which the following is a copy :—

'M. de Balzac l'écrivain et M. de Balzac le gentilhomme sollicitent de sa Majesté la faveur d'une audience particulière.'

On the following day, one of the gentlemen in ordinary of H.M. suite delivered to Balzac a letter written in the royal and imperial hand, to the following effect :—

'M. de Balzac le gentilhomme et M. de Balzac l'écrivain peuvent prendre la poste quand il leur plaira.'

The fault of Balzac is the incorrigible permanency, notwithstanding ten thousand humiliations and exposures, of a most glowing, yet most despicable vanity. The foolish fellow believes himself poet, historian, metaphysician, statesman, dandy of the first water, journalist, dramatic author, man of family, man of fortune, and, above all, charmant et beau garçon! Not content with becoming one of the cleverest observers and painters of manners of a certain class or classes, he aspires to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand and Metternich combined; as poetic as De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and La Martine; and as fashionable and foppish as the De Guiches, D'Orsays, Septeuils, and Canouvilles. This universal pretension has destroyed the little that remained of De Balzac's waning reputation; and the man whose productions, a dozen years ago, were read in every clime, is now fast sinking into unpitied obscurity.*

'The nations which envied thee erewhile
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile),
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, (alas!)
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.'

* De Balzac died encumbered with debts.

To return, however, to the 'Presse.' For a short time Girardin, the editor, was deputy of the Meuse. At his election, his civil rights as a Frenchman were ungenerously and unjustly attempted to be called in question. For many years the influence of Count Molé was paramount at the 'Presse,' and even still his opinions are visible in some articles; but at present this journal must be considered as the organ of M. Guizot, and of his forty or forty-five personal adherents, who think him the only possible minister. We have said that the 'Presse' is an authority on commercial subjects. M. Blanqui writes much on these topics, and his name is sufficient to create a reputation.

As to general intelligence, this paper is well made up. There is not a fact of the least importance, nor a promotion in the army, or navy, or among the clergy, the municipal body, &c. which is not published. There is not a scientific, mechanical, or commercial discovery, nor an important cause pleaded, nor a change in the value of merchandize or commodities, of which it does not give an account. Yet it is neither a respectable, nor an honourable, nor a truth-speaking, nor a purely, nor honestly conducted newspaper, and it has done more to degrade the press and literature, and to corrupt and debase literary men, than any other journal, always excepting the 'Globe' and the 'Epoque.'

The 'Globe,' commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, when that person quarrelled with his co-editor, Girardin, cannot be said to have died, though it never had above 2,000 abonnés. The 'Globe' fell to 1,800 before it

expanded into the 'Epoque,' which arose from its ashes. Cassagnaç wrote under or conjointly with Girardin in the 'Presse,' but now they are deadliest enemies, and in their war of ribald personalities have disgraced themselves, and degraded journalism.*

Cassagnac was originally the editor of the journal 'Politique et Littéraire de Toulouse,' and transferred his services from this provincial journal to the Parisian press. He is a writer of considerable talent and incontestable sharpness, but prone to personalities and utterly unscrupulous. As to Bohain,† his associate, he is well known—

* Girardin says, that Cassagnaç is an impudent Gascon, who was struck at Toulouse, and flogged in the public street till he took refuge in a diligence; and Cassagnaç replies, that Girardin, sitting by his wife, the pretty and clever Delphine Gay, was struck at the Opera before 3,000 persons. Girardin says, that Bohain, Solar, and Cassagnaç, the proprietors of the 'Epoque,' sent about loads of prospectuses of their journal to the subscribers of other papers by itinerant commis voyageurs; Cassagnaç replies, that the electors of Bourganauf preferred Vidocq, the police spy, to Emile de Girardin, and twits the latter with the affair of the coal-mine of St. Bérain, and asks who pocketed the money. Girardin says, that Cassagnaç ordered gaiters of a particular cut for the colporteurs of his journal, to excite attention, for which gaiters he afterwards refused to pay; Cassagnac rejoins, that Girardin went on a hot July day to his bedchamber, took off his sweltering shirt, and thinking clean linen comfortable, clothed himself in one of his (Cassagnaç's) best chemises. Lest our readers should think we invent or exaggerate, we refer them to the 'Globe,' (now the 'Epoque,') of the 12th August, 1845. Such are the 'faquins de bas étage,' the Peachums and Lockits of the press, who strut and fret their hour now on the great stage of Literature.

† Bohain purchased the copyright of the 'Figaro' from Lepoitevin Saint Alme, having signed the protestation of the Journalists against the Ordonnances of 1830, and was recompensed by the

too well known in our own metropolis, as the editor of the 'Courrier de l'Europe.' The 'Epoque' is an immense journal, the size of a 'Morning Chronicle,' before that journal adopted a double sheet, and consists of ten separate departments; 1. Journal politique; 2. Journal de l'armée et de la flotte; 3. Journal des cultes; 4. Journal des Travaux publics; 5. Journal administratif et commercial; 6. Journal de l'instruction publique; 7. Journal des sciences et médecine; 8. Journal du droit et des tribuneaux; 9. Journal commercial et agricole; 10. Journal littéraire (feuilleton). The price half-yearly is 22f. and the price of advertisements is in proportion to the number of abonnés—one centime for every 1,000 abonnés for the annonces omnibus; three centimes for every 1,000 abonnés for booksellers' and commercial advertisements; four centimes for railways, &c.

Cassagnaç is the political editor of the 'Epoque.' He is devoted to Guizot. Desnoyers is the rédacteur of the feuilleton, at a salary of 8,000f. a year, assisted by Eugène Guinot.

The theatres are under the supervision of Hippolite Lucas, formerly of the 'Siècle.' The rédacteur en chef receives 12,000f. a year; and the feuilleton is paid at 150f. or *5l. 5s.* per day. The circulation of the 'Epoque' fluctuates considerably; but it has never exceeded 3,000.

Préfecture of Charente, from which he was soon dismissed in consequence of the scandals of his private life. He subsequently became a commercial speculator in all manner of schemes literary and political. Ultimately he transferred himself to London, where he conducted for some years the 'Courrier de l'Europe.' He died in this capital in 1856.

'La Democratic Pacifique' is a journal published at forty francs a year, which is not sold, but given away. It is the organ of the Communists, and is conducted by the disciples of Charles Fourier, of whose life and theories we should wish to have given some account, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to us. The doctrines proclaimed are not unlike those of Robert Owen. The founder and principal editor of this journal is Victor Considerant, an élève of the Polytechnic School, and an ex-officer of engineers. He is assisted in his labours by Dr. Pellarin, author of a life of Fourier; by La Vernaud, a native of the Mauritius; De Permont; Victor Daly,* an architect, of Irish origin; Hugh Doherty, a writing master; Brisbane, an American; Weill,† a German; and a John Journet, a working man. The 'Democratic' is, as the reader will see, a universal cosmopolitan journal. There are editors of all countries. Doherty, an Irishman, writes the French language, if not with purity, at least with originality; but when he touches on religious subjects, he is 'fou à liér.' Brisbane has established many Fourierist journals in America, and comes every year to France, but does not write in the French language.

* Daly went to Texas in 1855 to visit the Communist College of Cabet. He has since returned to Paris, where he conducts 'La Revue d'Architecture et des travaux publics.' M. Daly restored the cathedral at Alby. Victor Considerant, the founder and principal editor of the 'Democratic Pacifique,' has also made two visits to Texas with a view to the development of his system. He is a man of sincere convictions. He is at present living in Belgium.

† Weill has since become a legitimist, 'pour n'être pas (as he said himself) de l'avis de tout le monde,' and has written considerably in the 'Gazette de France.'

Weill, the German, is a tailor by trade, and a Jew by religion. He is a self-educated man, and writes French like Doherty, more originally (so to speak) than correctly. He is a lively, active, turbulent man, who would play an important part in any civil commotion. Journet is a working man, who travels through France from end to end, proclaiming the doctrines of the sect. He is dressed in a paletot à capuchon, and wears a long beard, like all good Fourierists.

Every Wednesday evening there is a soirée at the office of the 'Democratic Pacifique,'—a soirée of men only—where the initiated talk and weary themselves and others, and drink large tumblers of eau sucrée and rum cobbler. Sometimes the soirées are diversified by a wonder in the shape of a musician, a traveller, a somnambulist, or a mesmerist, who relieves the natural dulness of the assembly. Several eminent avocats and hommes de lettres are members of this sect, and among others, M. Hennequin, the son of unquestionably the most learned advocate in France. We may be thought to have paid too much attention to the reveries of these enthusiasts, but the professors of these doctrines may play a most important part in France before the end of 1850.

As the 'Epoque' rose out of the ashes of the 'Globe,' so did the 'Esprit Public' out of the ashes of the 'Commerce.' The 'Commerce,' some years ago, was the property of our friend Mauguin,* who purchased it, it is believed, at the request, if not with the money, of the

* Mauguin, after having long occupied a leading place at the bar and in the Chambers, died a few years ago overwhelmed with embarrassments. His widow received a pension from the Conseil

ex-King of Spain. It was then a journal avowedly in the interest of the Bonaparté family; but after the insane attempt of Prince Louis, at Boulogne, in August, 1840, this cause seemed hopeless, and the abonnés of the 'Commerce' rapidly declined. The pecuniary embarrassments of Mauguin induced him to part with the property to a proprietary imbued with Napoleonic ideas. Subsequently, M. Guillemot, who had managed the 'Capitole,' the avowed organ of Prince Louis, became the editor. It then passed into the hands of the eloquent and philosophic De Tocqueville, deputy for La Manche, and author of the very able work, 'De la Democratie en Amerique.' It represented the jeune gauche in opposition to the gauche Thiers. Not proving successful, however, it fell into the hands of M. Lesseps, who had formerly been secretary to M. Mauguin. M. Lesseps * is a middle-aged Basque, smart, self-willed, and with some talent as a writer, but the 'Commerce' did not, under his auspices, improve. In fact, it was a journal which had obtained a bad name, and, as we before observed, it requires the pen of an angel to write such a journal up. On the 1st of August, 1845, the paper was put up to auction at 100,000 francs, but could find no purchasers. It was ultimately sold at 6,000 francs, or 240*l.*, with a burden of debt of 400,000 francs, or 16,000*l.* of our money.

de Discipline of the advocates of Paris. The daughter of Mauguin is well married.

* Charles Lesseps, born in 1809, is of the same family as Ferdinand, of Isthmus of Suez celebrity. As a journalist, M. Lesseps has ceased his vocation, being now editor of the 'Biographie Universelle' of Michaud.

Out of the débris of the 'Commerce' arose the 'Esprit Public,' of which Lesseps is the acknowledged editor. It is the cheapest daily journal in Paris, being published at a cost of twenty-eight francs, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* yearly. Its *capital social* is fixed at 500,000 francs. As the 'Esprit Public' has been barely six months in existence, it is difficult to pronounce on its chances of vitality, and no easy matter to obtain an accurate account of its *bonâ-fide* circulation. We believe it to be very small—in fact, of the *infiniment petit.*

'La Réforme' is a journal of extreme opinions, appearing every day. It pays considerable attention to provincial questions, and to matters connected with electoral reform. Godefroy Cavaignac was, till his death, the editor; but it is now chiefly sustained by the pens of Guinard, Arago, and Etienne Arago. It is understood that Ledru Rollin, the advocate and rich deputy for Sarthe, pays the expenses. Dupoty*—the unfortunate Dupoty, formerly editor of the 'Journal du Peuple,' and who, under the ministry of Thiers, was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quenisset—wrote, and, it is said, still writes in the 'Réforme.'

The 'Univers' is a daily paper quite in the interests of the Jesuits. The editor is M. Jules Gondon, author of a pamphlet on the recent religious movement; and M. Louis Veuillot, author of 'Rome Moderne.'

* Dupoty has renounced politics, and now, 1863, occupies himself with the study of the Natural Sciences.

The 'Nation' is a three-day paper, which appears every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at a cost of twenty-five francs the year. The programme of this paper is as follows :—

SOUVERAINETÉ NATIONALE.

ORDRE, LIBERTÉ, GLOIRE.

La loi se fait par le consentement du peuple.
En fait et en droit, les Français ne peuvent être imposés que de leur consentement.
L'impôt doit être voté par ceux qui le paient.
Tout contribuable est électeur, tout électeur est eligible.

The 'Nation' therefore proclaims electoral reform in the largest and widest sense—for all, in a word, who pay taxes—*i. e.* eight millions of Frenchmen; but, knowing that M. de Genoude, of the 'Gazette de France,' is the editor of this journal, we confess we look on the programme with more than suspicion. M. the Abbé de Genoude, however, makes every effort to push the paper, as he also does to push the sale of his translation of the Bible, in twenty-two volumes! But though the 'Nation,' like the 'Figaro' of Bohain, of 1841, is to be sold in the shop of every grocer and baker of Paris and the banlieu, yet it has been found that this forced sale does not answer the expectations of the projectors.

There are in Paris a number of papers specially devoted to law, the fine arts, &c., but it cannot be expected that we should enter at any length into the literary history and circulation of these periodicals. The 'Journal des Tribunaux' and the 'Courrier des Tribunaux' are both conducted by advocates, and have a very large circulation.

There are also a number of small satirical papers, conducted with infinite talent, wit, and esprit—as the 'Figaro,' the 'Charivari,' the 'Corsaire,' the 'Corsaire Satan.' Articles have occasionally appeared in the 'Figaro' and 'Charivari' worthy of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, or Champfort; but although these journals have existed, almost at our door, for a period of more than twenty years, no attempt was made to imitate them in England, till our facetious contemporary, 'Punch,' entered the field. There are also a number of small theatrical journals, but on these it is not needful to dwell.

No account of the French press can aspire to the praise of fidelity or correctness without making mention of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' one of the best-conducted periodicals in the world, and of as much authority in France as the 'Edinburgh Review' or 'Quarterly Review' in their very best days—in the days of Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Horner, and Canning, Walter Scott, Southey, and Gifford. This periodical was established by Count Molé, and the first literary men in France write in its pages. The proprietor of this review is the patentee of the Theatre Français. Within the last three or four years, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has assumed a political character. The 'Political Chronicle,' which excites much attention, was, a couple of years ago, written by a very overrated, and eminently servile, Genoese, named Rossi,* now envoy of France at the court of Rome. A

* Rossi was sent Ambassador to Rome by M. Guizot, and was there assassinated in 1848. He was a highly unpopular man in France, and his name was detested in Italy,

personal favourite of Louis Philippe, and a friend and formerly brother-professor of Guizot, this very ordinary person has risen, without commanding talent of any kind, to some of the highest employments in the state.

The 'Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence' has been eleven years established, and is also a well-conducted miscellany. It is published under the direction of Troplong,* Giraud, and Edouard Laboulaye, members of the Institute; Faustin Helié, chef du Bureau des Affaires Criminelles; Ortolan, professor at the Faculty of Law; and Wolowski, professor of Legislation Industrielle au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

It were no easy task to fix with precision the number of journals at present existing in Paris—a capital in which newspaper births and deaths are equally sudden and unexpected, and in which the journal of to-day may be dead to-morrow, and the journal of to-morrow may jump, *uno flatu*, into a prosperous manhood—but the following résumé approximates nearly to the truth:—

There are daily Journals of admitted repute . . .	21
Smaller satirical Journals	6
Journals not daily (such as weekly, monthly, &c.) .	27
Journals Religious and Moral, of which twelve are Protestant	24
Journals of Legislation and of Jurisprudence . . .	38
,, Political Economy and Administration .	3
,, History, Statistics, and Travels . . .	12
,, Literature	44
	175

* M. Troplong has served every Government in France for the last thirty years. He is now President of the Senate.

Brought forward	175
Journals of Fine Arts, Painting, and Music	9
,, Theatres and Theatrical Matters	2
,, Mathematical and Natural Sciences	13
,, Medicine	28
,, Military and Naval Art	12
,, Agriculture and Rural Economy	22
,, Commerce and Industry	23
,, Public Instruction	7
,, Women, Girls, and Children	20
,, Fashions	11
,, Picturesque Sites, Landscapes, &c.	4
,, Advertisements	17
	343

This astonishing number comprises Paris only, for the departmental press, ten years ago, counted 258 journals, which the statists thus divided :—

Political and Administrative Journals	153
Literary Miscellanies	4
Newspapers solely devoted to Local News	101
	258

Provincial journals have, since 1836, considerably increased. Two or three departments which were then without broad sheets have now obtained them, and we should probably not err in stating that the provincial journals of France now amount in round numbers to 280.

The Chevalier F. de Tapies has calculated that in 1835 there were 82,208 'broad sheets' printed. This number, multiplied by 1500, the medium circulation, would give a result of 120,000,000 of printed papers ; and as it is no extravagant supposition that each newspaper has at least five readers at home and abroad, we conclude that there must be 600,000,000 of readers of French newspapers

in and out of Europe. The same ingenious statist to whom we have before referred calculates that the matter of 20 volumes in 8vo. is daily published in Paris, by the journals, and that the French press produces, in the year, 2,500,000 pages. Not content with these particulars, he further informs us, that 500,000 reams of paper are destroyed every twelve months by the pens and ink of the gentlemen of the press, and he goes on to add (for which many of our readers will think that he ought at once to be sent to Coventry), that if all the sheets were folded together, so as to form an immense riband—these are his very words—this filet of fustian and feuilleton would thrice go round the broad circumference of the habitable globe.

It remains for us now, before we conclude, to make a very few remarks on the character of the French journals and journalists, as contrasted with the press of England.

The different rank held in their respective countries by the French and English journalists has been matter of comment and remark, not merely to enlightened men, but even to the observer the least instructed and most superficial.

'In England,' says Mr. H. L. Bulwer,* writing in 1836, 'a paper has immense consideration, but the editor, however respectable, little. You rarely hear him spoken of,—in few cases is he known, unless petted on some accidental occasion by public abuse into notoriety. As for newspaper writers, they are generally held below surmise. We do not think it worth while even to guess who they are.'

* The Monarchy of the Middle Classes, 1836.

This was perfectly true ten or twelve years ago, and it is true now to just the same extent. In England now, as then, in consequence of the newspaper stamp tax, of the system of government, and the state of property, it requires an immense capital to establish a newspaper, and a still greater capital to start a competitor to an established favourite journal. These are the circumstances which in this money-getting money-worshipping country render the firm,—the establishment,—the company—the fraternity of tradesmen bound together by the strong links of sordid self-interest,—and able by their dividends to keep their carriages, horses, livery servants, &c. peradventure to become senators and persons of some small title—these are the circumstances, we say, which render them powerful, and the editors, writers, and contributors, the very reverse. The proprietors are respected, flattered, and feared, because they have a two-edged weapon at command, and swordsmen prepared to use it at their bidding. The writers are, for the most part, neither respected nor flattered—however they may be occasionally feared—because there is not one one among them worth even 1,000*l.* a year, for they chiefly live 'au jour le jour.' Everybody has heard of Mr. John Walter, and of Sir John Easthope—both are rich and prosperous men—one is, and the other was, an M.P.; but who has ever heard, within the last five years, of the editor of the 'Times' or 'Chronicle,' or of the names of the writers in these papers? Yet the editors of the 'Times' and 'Chronicle' must be, undoubtedly, men of talent and information, and some of the writers are among the ablest

men in England. Who, however, knows them as writers? In England, a newspaper is powerful first, and chiefly, as a successful commercial establishment, having large capital at command, which capital enables it to obtain correct, copious, and early intelligence; and secondly, by its articles, or, in other words, by the literary ability of its writers. A daily paper in England may be powerful, and of great circulation, when most indifferently written, but a daily paper may be written with the eloquence of Burke and Macaulay combined, and fail from lack of readers, unless it have a great capital to sustain it; in other words, is enabled to obtain correct, copious, or exclusive intelligence.

Mr. Edward Baldwin,* the proprietor of the 'Morning Herald,' acting on this view of the matter, is said to expend 10,000*l.* a year for the overland Indian mail, while it is clear that the tenth of this cannot be paid for leading articles, if these latter be estimated at their proper value. In France, ten or twelve years ago, a daily newspaper depended altogether—and in a great degree it still depends, though not by any means to the same extent as formerly—on the goodness of its writing. In France, good writers are indispensable to good newspapers; in England, though highly desirable, they are not absolutely indispensable. It is impossible to establish a daily newspaper in England without an immense capital; but, heretofore, a daily newspaper might be

* Mr. Baldwin sold his interest in the 'Morning Herald' and 'Standard' newspapers, some ten years ago, to Mr. Johnstone of the Bankruptcy Court.

established in France without any very considerable capital, and may, to a certain extent, still be established, if there be superior talent engaged in the 'rédaction.'* In England, on the contrary, the money and the management are the main-springs of success in this field of enterprise. In France, generally speaking, the talent and the political opinion are the real motive forces; whereas money and management, though also necessary, are yet subsidiary to talent and political opinion. In France, talent commands money; in England, money commands talent. Hence newspaper writers are *somebodies* in France, and *nobodies* in England.

The recent laws directed against the press in France have, however, rendered the establishment of newspapers much more expensive and difficult than formerly. To secure the payment of the highest fine, the security, or cautionnement, for a journal has been raised to 100,000 francs, or 4,000*l.* and the responsible editor must be proprietor of one-third of that sum. In a country where capital is so limited, the necessity of paying 4,000*l.* operates very unfavourably to enterprise in journalism, and may be considered almost as a prohibition, when it is remembered that this money is at the mercy of a Government whose judges may interdict the publication of the paper after two judicial condemnations. But notwithstanding the sinister influence of this law, and the efforts used by the Government to corrupt public writers,

* This of course applied to the Government of Louis Philippe and to constitutional France. Under Louis Napoleon, no one can set up a newspaper without the authorization of the Government.

these combined causes do not operate to raise the rich proprietor of a journal above the poor but able writer, as in England. The main cause of this lies in the social habitudes and institutions of France, which are more favourable to talent, and far less favourable to the power and influence of mere wealth, than the social system of England. Ministers in France seek to bribe and debauch writers in newspapers, and too often succeed—ministers in England, if there be a favour to confer, or a good thing to bestow, confer it on the proprietors of journals, not on the writers of them. In England, the proprietor of such a paper is made a deputy-lieutenant, the proprietor of such another is created a baronet, the proprietor of a third is appointed a local magistrate. In France, it is the writers, and not the proprietors, who are rewarded; and the Bertins are no exception to this rule, for they were far more celebrated as writers than as proprietors. Fievée, Etienne, Keratry, and Chevalier, with many others, were made councillors of state, while at least twenty other writers were made prefects, sub-prefects, maître des requêtes, &c. The number of newspaper writers who have taken a still higher flight over the heads of proprietors, and attained ministerial 'portfeuilles,' or the peerage, is by no means inconsiderable. Chateaubriand, Salvandy, Thiers, Duchâtel de Rémusat, Villemain, Cousin, and many others, may be numbered. Thus is a homage paid to talent, both by Government and people in France, which in England is reserved for wealth or title. The late Mr. Thomas Barnes, of the 'Times,' though not a man of genius, like Chateaubriand, nor a man of such

varied attainments as M. Guizot, was yet far superior, both as a scholar and a writer, to all the other French newspaper writers who attained the rank of minister. But Mr. Barnes was born in a wealth-worshipping and aristocratic land; never was an M.P.—never was a privy councillor—never was a minister in a country which has had a Knatchbull, a Lincoln, and a Spring Rice in the cabinet, and an Addington, a Goderich, and a Peel for prime ministers.*

We do not deny, with all these facts before our eyes that the influence of the press in France has diminished, and is daily diminishing; but this is owing, in a great degree, to the abuse of its power and the prostitution of its office. The greater portion of the French press raised no warning voice against the embastillement of Paris, whilst all the journals, excepting two, were in favour of a scheme which, without being formidable to the stranger, may, in the end, prove the grave of French liberty and the tomb of free discussion. The press of France, too, cried for war when all the best interests of the nation demanded peace. The press of France cried for glory and conquest when railways stood still, and the internal communication of the country was disgraceful to the age in which we live. The press of France called for an increase of sailing ships, and for an increased steam navy, when the greater number of the communal and vicinal roads of France were impracticable, and while her

* This system still continues. We now see a Milner Gibson a Cabinet Minister, while Mr. Roebuck, a man of first-rate ability and integrity, has never held any office whatever under Government.

luxurious capital remained unsupplied with water. The press of France called for an increased war expenditure in Algeria, and disaster and disgrace have been the result. The press of France called for hostilities with England at a time when every sane man in England and France wished for peace, and when hundreds of thousands of pounds of English capital had been, on the faith of the subsistence of friendly relations, invested by Englishmen in French railroad speculations. The press of France, with one or two exceptions, has for fifteen years remained silent on electoral reform, at a time when the electors are only a few hundred thousand among a population of thirty-four millions. These are a few of many grave and serious errors, not to say crimes and misdemeanors, which must be laid to its charge. A long time —a very long time—must elapse ere the French press regains the ascendancy which it possessed, and properly possessed, before the Revolution of 1830.

The press of England, with all its faults, is free from these grave errors; and the daily press of England, and indeed, the whole press, daily and weekly, with one infamous exception, is free from the odious personality which has marked the literary rivalship and encounter of Girardin and Cassagnac. The press of England is free, too, with one or two, exceptions, we believe, from the charge of personal corruption. No one would sell praises, as M. Constant Hilbey says M. Viollet sold them, at so much the line, in the 'Patrie,' in 'La France,' and in 'Le Droit.' It is true, Viollet received nothing for himself from the hands of the poor tailor, but he had,

says Hilbey, a *remise* or per centage on each insertion. There is no respectable journal in England which would sell a whole feuilleton to this same Hilbey for 150 francs, as he avers the 'Droit' did, in page 31 of his pamphlet.

Hilbey flies at much higher and 'nobler quarry' than the 'Droit.' He avers in all the permanency of print, and with all the convenient certainty of time and place, necessary in an English indictment, that one De Moléon, who lives at 26, Rue de la Paix, offered to have his book reviewed in the feuilleton of the 'Débats' for 460 francs—an offer which the tailor refused, inasmuch as he could have the thing done by an écrivain fort connu; trop connu même!—(does he mean the famous J. J. of the 'Feuilleton'?) for 500 francs.

This statement has been published for months, and has never been, that we are aware of, contradicted by the 'Débats.' If any man had said such a thing of our 'Times,' how the calumniator would have been handled next day in *Sterling* Saxon. The aspiring tailor also gives, at page 53 of his pamphlet, a list of the sums paid to the 'Siècle,' 'Courrier Français,' 'Commerce,' 'National,' and 'France,' and we do not believe that his statement has been impugned by any one of these journals.

But with all its grievous errors and imperfections, and occasional corruption, both political and personal, the newspaper press of France has obtained, and must ever maintain, unless it shall most grossly degrade itself, and wilfully continue to pervert its functions, a large place and a high position in the literature of the country. The instrument by which, as De Tocqueville says, the same

thought can be presented to a hundred thousand minds at the same moment, is a noble instrument, and should not be trifled with, or misused, or perverted. A grave responsibility weighs, indeed, on the conductors of this great engine. For the abuse of their power they must answer, sooner or later, at the bar of public opinion.

The press of France, unlike the press of England, is distinguished by a strong esprit de corps. They are a formidable body, not so much because they are men of undoubted ability and information—though these qualities are not without their influence—as because they are a compact and serried body, and feel that a stain cast upon a brother of the craft is a wound inflicted on the whole corps. Their union is their weapon and their strength, and by it they vanquish all opposition, and rise to 'pride of place and power.'

No pampered proprietor, the spoiled child of blind Fortune, would attempt to ride the high horse with men of this stamp; for Paris is the limbo of proprietors, and the heaven of editors, contributors, and public writers. England, on the contrary, is the paradise of proprietors, and the inferno of editors and writers. The press in England has made the fortune of many of its proprietors, and sent many of its contributors to the rules of the Bench or to the prison of the Fleet. The press in France has made the fortune of its best contributors, and ruined, in a pecuniary sense, the proprietors. Coste and Bethune have made the fortunes of hundreds of literary men, but have lost their own. Till there is more union, more esprit de corps, and a kindlier and a better spirit amongst literary men in

England, proprietors must continue to have the upper hand, to assume the airs of grand seigneurs, and occasionally to maltreat writers and contributors.

There are in France, as in England, various classes of persons, and of different degrees of merit and intellect, connected with the public press. Some there are, dull and heavy, who would fain soar into the higher regions; but the public soon whispers in the ear of these mistaken men, if it has not been previously hinted by the rédacteur en chef, or principal editor,

'Tu n'as point d'aile et tu veux voler! rampe.'

Others there are (to use the words of Voltaire, in the same poem): *

'Malin, gourmand, saltimbanque indocile.'

But these soon find their level, and sink into obscurity, or are ignominiously dismissed.

Some there are, like the Abbé Trublet, dull dogs, mere delvers, who go on and on, compiling and compiling, and supply their want of mother wit by the 'trover and conversion' of the wits of others.

'L'abbé Trublet alors avait la rage
D'être à Paris un petit personnage
Au peu d'esprit que le bon homme avait,
L'esprit d'autrui par supplément servait.
Il entassait adage sur adage;
Il compilait, compilait, compilait
On le voyait sans cesse écrire, écrire,
Ce qu'il avait jadis entendu dire.'

But these 'piocheurs,' the Trublets and troubles of our

* La Pauvre Diable.

epoch, are not valued more than our intrepid penny-a-liners, and give place to sharper practitioners, who have learned:

> '—— comment on depécait
> Un livre entier comme on le récousait,
> Comme on jugeait du tout par la préface.

This class of critics is greatly in vogue at the 'Presse' and 'Epoque,' and among the younger and more unprincipled journals; but an honest, able, and learned critic, in every first-rate journal in Paris, will soon obtain, whatever Madame Emile Girardin, in her 'Ecole de Journalistes,' may say to the contrary notwithstanding, the complete mastery.

The bitterest and the severest things that ever have been said against French journalists have been said by this lady and her then friend and ally, but now bitter enemy, Granier de Cassagnac. Both were then (1840), as they are now, of the school of the 'broadsheet,' but they spared not their common mother, but laid bare her faults without charity, without filial tenderness, without shame as without regret. Yet, in the whole circle of the French press there were not two persons who ought to have been more cautious and circumspect and chary of giving offence to the family of journalists than these, self-same Girardins and Cassagnac. Out of the reach of danger (as they supposed), they were bold; out of the reach of shame, they were confident. But they reckoned without their host, for Jules Janin, to his eternal honour be it said, stepped forward in defence of the press, and in one of the neatest pieces of polished sarcasm that even the language of Vol-

taire can boast, told this lady, with scalding yet polite bitterness, the revolting truth.

There are now in Paris, as in the time of Mercier, a species of half authors, of quarter authors, of literary metis, and quarterons, who disembogue their small verses, or venom, their stupid prose, or their colourless criticism, into obscure or small journals, and who give themselves, in consequence, the title of men of letters. These creatures are like some of the same species at home, all pretension from head to foot, and for no other reason; that anybody knows, but because of their unmistakeable nullity. They are always declaiming against an arrogant mediocrity, and they are themselves at once arrogant and mediocre. Many of them, like the ex-journeyman printer, Balzac, make a parade of their birth, often more *natural*, yet less equivocal, than their talents. To hear them as they enter a drawing-room, with self-satisfied air repeat their names with a sounding De before them, one would think they were of the flower of earliest chivalry, and descended in line direct from the first Christian baron, or of that famous house of the De Lévis, which claimed kindred with Noah and the Virgin Mary.* To believe these men of pure 'blue blood,'

* In the family of the De Lévis there is a picture of the deluge, with one of the race holding up his hand, in which is contained a roll, whereon is inscribed, 'Papiers de la Maison de Lévis.' In the family gallery there is also another picture of one of the members of the house meeting the Virgin. The female De Lévis (for it was a religieuse) is proceeding to uncover her head, when there is written, as proceeding from the mouth of the Virgin, these words: 'Couvrez vous, ma très chere et sainte cousine, car je sais bien le respect que je vous dois.'

made of 'the porcelain of earth's best clay;' they are indifferent to money, and don't write for it. But if they said their lucubrations did not sell for money, they would be nearer the truth.

There is no capital on earth where good newspaper writing is better paid for than in Paris, and no capital where better newspaper writing is produced, if there, indeed, be any capital where so good is fabricated.* The leading articles of the leading daily journals of London, such as the 'Times,' the 'Chronicle,' and the 'Daily News,' are written with great strength, vigour, and boldness of tone, and occasional felicity of expression; but being, for the most part, composed on the spur of the moment, they bear about them, occasionally, marks of haste, and incorrectness, and inelegance, impossible to avoid under the circumstances. The French leaders in the 'Debats' and the 'Constitutionnel,' are written more carefully, and in a more chaste and classic style. The writers in French papers have sometimes twenty-four hours, sometimes forty-eight hours, and often a week, to prune, to elaborate and to polish, and they are therefore in a condition to profit by the advice of Despreaux.

> 'Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage;
> Polissez-le sans cesse, et le répolissez;
> Ajoutez quelquefois et souvent effacez.'

The wonder, therefore, is, not that the French editors

* This only applies to the newspaper writing down to 1848. Since the Empire, there has been little good writing, unless in the feuilletons. Nothing is more insipid, more vapid, dull, spiritless, and stupid than a French newspaper.

write so well, but that the English writers, compelled to labour 'currente calamo,' produce so frequently articles of first-rate excellence, whether as regards subject, composition, arrangement, or disposition of the parts. It is the common practice in London to lay the proof of the first part of a leader on the table of the writer before the last slip of MS. is out of the writer's hands; yet some articles written in this breathless haste are as fine productions as ever issued from the press.

The bitterest calumnies have been heaped upon journalists and newspaper writers in France. We have admitted that they are not faultless; but, speaking generally, we say without hesitancy, that they have shown themselves the enemies of abuses, and the firm friends, sustainers, and protectors of public liberty; that notwithstanding the calumnies of the worthless, the fears of the timid, and the frowns of the powerful, the writers in the French press have generally asserted the indefeasible right of their countrymen to equal and impartial government, to equality before the law, to the free expression of opinion, and to that perfect religious toleration, or rather freedom inconsistent with a dominant sect, or a dominant priesthood, or a dominant race of any kind. The author of a recent work,* who has had opportunities of knowing the state of public opinion in France, not merely from his acquaintance with the monarch, but with eminent men of all parties, and who is well informed in French history and literature, remarks, that the press in France had vast influence on

* 'History of Civilization.' By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. Longman and Co., 1846.

public opinion, from the year 1825 to the Revolution of 1830. Had Mr. Mackinnon extended this vast influence over a period of ten years antecedent to 1825—*i.e.* from 1815 to 1830, he had been nearer the truth. He is perfectly correct, however, when he says, that since 1830 the influence of the press has been gradually lessening from the increased number of publications, and the spread of education among the community, which now exercises its own judgment. He might also have added that the influence of the press has declined from the abuse of its own power, and from the multiplication of journals, some of which are conducted without talent, and many of which are conducted without principle. Mr. Mackinnon has proved that in America the influence of the press has diminished in proportion to the number of papers; and in France, the power of the press for political purposes is likely to be found in the inverse ratio of its extension.

More than seventeen years have elapsed since the first article was written. There have, necessarily, been many changes since that period. In less than two years after the article appeared the Revolution of 1848 broke out, a revolution which not only superseded the dynasty, but totally and radically changed the form of government. But notwithstanding the errors and faults of Louis Philippe's government, it must be admitted, that during his reign France enjoyed as great a degree of prosperity, and a greater degree of personal, political, and civil liberty, than the nation ever possessed at any former period of its

history. There was then full and complete liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, and liberty of the press within the limits of the law and constitution, nor were there arbitrary deportations to Cayenne. Now there is not liberty of speech either in private or in public, in the Senate, or in the Legislative Chamber, or in the streets. The head of the younger branch of the Bourbons had his faults, but he was neither a cold-hearted nor a cruel man, he was neither a dissembler nor a hypocrite, and assuredly he was no tyrant. If he had been a tyrant and a despot—if he had held the reins of government a little more firmly, and put 'bit and bridle,' to use the words of the Psalmist, into the mouth of the nation, he would probably have died on a throne, and have reigned for eight-and-twenty instead of eighteen years, and as a prosperous and successful king.

The Monarch of the Barricades governed by means of a party system; but it was his foolish pride to plume himself on having destroyed the good understanding between statesmen of eminence by the allurements and seductions of office. He sought to sow jealousies and mistrusts among public men, that he might destroy their party and political combinations, and thus erect on the ruins of parliamentary leagues his personal and dynastic system. To some extent he accomplished his views, but in so doing the press of France was not gagged or silenced, and speech, whether for purposes of attack or defence, was perfectly free. Neither the press nor speech are free now. What are the results? that journalism has become tame, servile, and stupid, that political disquisition is extinct, and that parliamentary oratory is a thing of the past.

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Nor were these the only merits of the king. Not only did he not trench on free discussion, but he preserved the peace of Europe and of the world for a period of eighteen years. Since he is gone, France, without liberty of the press or of discussion, has been involved in half a dozen wars—the Crimean war—the Italian war—the Cochin Chinese war—the Mexican war—beside the armed occupation of Rome, and the occupation of Syria. Could these measures have been entered on and persevered in with perfect freedom of the press, or genuine parliamentary freedom? The history of every country where these blessings of constitutional government prevail would prove the contrary. It is said by the apologists of the Imperial system, that though peace was maintained in the days of Louis Philippe, it was preserved at the expense of the dignity of France. But it would not be easy to prove this assertion. Though the character of the monarch was cautious, and a timid policy suited his position and temporizing character and found favour with the middle classes, on whose support Louis Philippe chiefly relied, yet the representatives of the monarch in London, in Spain, in Greece, and in several of the other courts of Europe, held a firm language, and MM. Guizot, Bresson, and Piscatory struggled as earnestly and vigorously for the prevalence and predominance of French interests and views as any of the most ardent diplomatists of the Empire or the Restoration. They never met with so signal and humiliating a soufflet as the Emperor Napoleon has since received from Prince Gortschakoff. Louis Philippe himself in a degree had many of the feelings and failings of the 'bour-

geoisie.' He was frugal, he was social, he was garrulous, he was vain, he was industrious, he was fond of labour, and he had a thorough hatred of fanaticism, of persecution, and of priestcraft. But, like the 'epicier' of Paris, he wanted elevation of character, and did not take large views of things, but was governed too much by family interests. The fatal mistake of the king arose from his vanity and inordinate self-esteem. He attempted not only to govern, but to reign—not only to be sovereign, but to be the chief and only minister of France. At home and abroad this led to a system purely personal, and the press, which had full licence, daily proclaimed that the honour of the country and its best interests were sacrificed to considerations purely personal and dynastic. The 'National,' the 'Siècle,' the 'Presse,' the 'Courrier Français,' the 'Corsaire,' the 'Figaro,' the 'Reforme,' the 'Democratic Pacifique,' and the other organs of the advanced democracy and republicanism, urged that the monarch was a lover of peace not so much from any high or holy principle, as from the pusillanimous fear that war would put an end to his dynasty, and hazard if not wholly overthrow his projects for the aggrandizement of his house. They insinuated that the question of personal advantage was paramount with the Citizen King above the question of the public weal, and they pointed out that in pursuing his selfish schemes he cared little for the national honour. This reproach had some show of colour, as the lawyers say, but it was not substantially true. Yet no journal or journalist was prosecuted for the almost baseless assertion. If such a charge were made now against the French Emperor, what would

be the consequence? The journal would be at once suppressed, and the journalist would be fined and confined and perhaps banished France, or deported to Cayenne. It is not to be denied that Louis Philippe took a most narrow, personal, and miserable view in the case of the Spanish marriages, and that he ruined himself by losing the English alliance. But has not his successor, who is mantled with the Imperial purple, pursued his own selfish and dynastic interests with as much pertinacity and zeal, and with more effect? Did not a much greater man than either of them pursue his own selfish and personal interests to the ruin of France—nay, till the capital of his country was occupied and put under contribution by all the nations whom he had spoliated and oppressed, and by the troops of one nation whose territory he had essayed to invade but never invaded?

It cannot either be gainsaid that the Citizen King gave undue prominence to what are called material interests, and that he encouraged all manner of speculations, many good, a few bad, and some indifferent. But the same reproach may be cast in the teeth of imperialism. Louis Philippe extended canals, built bridges, opened new roads, improved and beautified Paris, gave encouragement to railroads, and favoured the introduction of English capital and science to create them. But the successor of Louis Philippe has followed in his predecessor's footsteps in this regard, and has surpassed his predecessor in the development which he has given to all kinds of speculation and projects, as will appear in the article on the Bourse and its Speculators. It has been urged that Louis Philippe encou-

raged speculations of a more questionable character, projects which compromised the resources and burdened the finances of France. The fact is true to a certain extent, but let him only who is without sin cast a stone at the deceased monarch. It is not for the patron of his uterine brother, the Duke de Morny, of the Perieres and other hommes à projets to make complaints on this head. If there was under the reign of Louis Philippe corruption and gambling in the funds in high places; there is so under the Emperor. Delinquencies as bad as those of Teste and Cubieres occurred between 1852 and 1862. If there were the mines of Gauhenans in 1847 we have had five-and-twenty such scandals since. We have had the affairs of Carpentier, Grellet, Gautherot, the Napoleon Docks, the Ship Canal to Paris, Gas Companies, Roman railroads, and ever so many others.

Corruption, it cannot be denied, became more prevalent during the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, simply because the national wealth increased and the taste for luxuries and material enjoyments increased pari passu. But the taste for luxuries and extravagancies is fifty fold greater now than in any epoch between 1830 and 1848. The taste for purely sensual and material enjoyments now predominates over every other taste. All that pertains to the sustenance of life and to household affairs is 40 or 50 per cent. dearer than in the days of Louis Philippe, and the expense lavished on female and male attire is positively fabulous. Fortunes are exhausted in the fitting up of boudoirs for the demi monde, and in the purchase for them of horses, carriages, milords, wagonettes, and char à bancs.

The personal character of the Citizen Monarch had much influence on the politicians around him, and so has the personal character of the present Emperor of the French. Louis Philippe was a temporizer, a man of expedients, wily, subtle, self-seeking, and somewhat insincere. The result was, that the politicians around him were debased, intriguing, evasive, shifty, insincere, and servile; 'omnia serviliter pro dominatione,' was their stereotyped motto. The king was fond of talk and of exercising influence. He was proud of his intimate knowledge of the statesmen of Europe, and to please him in this regard, more than one of his ministers gave in to his views. His personal hatred of Viscount Palmerston rose to the dignity of a 'grande passion.' When he talked of this minister, he lost all his shrewdness, tact, and common sense: 'Il parlait dans l'air,' and stoutly maintained that our then popular Minister for Foreign Affairs, and our now popular Premier, was 'un être corrompu.' There was not one of his servants, not even the fantastic Salvandy the Malvolio of ministers, who believed this baseless fable, but some of them affected to believe it. The reason why they gave in was that the old man was systematic and self-willed to obstinacy, and in nothing was he so self-willed as in cherishing and hugging to his bosom his baseless antipathies. 'Where is the experience,' he used to say to Narcissus Salvandy (as he was called), 'where is the experience equal to mine?' '*Votre majesté*,' was the reply, '*est d'une experience incomparable même inimaginable.*' In personal expenditure and in dress the king was thrifty. He was sparing of paper

and loved to wear old shoes. More than one of his ministry imitated these foibles to please him.

Louis Napoleon, unlike the King of the French, is a man profuse in his expenditure of the nation's money. It has been truly said—

'Le pays seme,
L'Empereur récolte,
Les Courtisans mangent

The civil list of Louis Philippe was 12,000,000 frs. while that of the emperor Napoleon III. is 25,000,000 frs. The personal expenditure of Louis Philippe was 160,000 frs. while that of Napoleon III. is 320,000 frs. The king's privy purse was 300,000 frs. while that of the emperor is 600,000 frs. The aide-de-camps of the king cost 360,000 frs. while those of the emperor cost 720,000 frs. The clothing and living for the household of the king cost 200,000 frs. while that of the emperor costs 400,000 frs. Linen and washing for the household of Louis Philippe cost 100,000 frs. that of the emperor is double, 200,000 frs. The stable of 300 horses cost, in Louis Philippe's time, 900,000 frs. now it costs 1,800,000 frs. The Intendance Générale cost, in 1847, 480,000 frs. now it costs 960,000 frs. Travelling expenses in the olden time were set down at 1,000,000 frs. now they cost double that sum. It has been computed by an ingenious statistician, that the cost of an emperor is 114 frs. a minute, 6,849 frs. an hour, 164,383 frs. a day, 1,250,000 frs. a week, 5,000,000 frs. a month, and 60,000,000 frs. a year.

This boundless expenditure might be overlooked, if the

people enjoyed personal or political liberty, freedom of speech, freedom from arbitrary arrest, or a habeas corpus. But they enjoy none of these blessings, and France is, apparently, as far removed as she was in 1789, seventy-four years ago, from the blessings of freedom. There is, however, an awakening of public spirit, and there is wide-spread discontent among the educated intellect of the country and better classes, whose interests are sacrificed to those of the army, and of the working classes.

JOURNALISM IN FRANCE.

FROM 1848 TO 1863.

EXCESSES of the French Press before and after 1848—The writers of the Present and the Past—Reorganization of the Moniteur—Feuilletonists—Fialin's (calling himself De Persigny) Rise—Gautier, Dumas, Hetzel, and Stahl—Véron, Cassagnac, etc.—Paulin Limayrac—Spirit Rapping—De Girardin—Writers in the Siècle—About—The Chroniqueurs—The Gazette, Pays—Charivari—Journalism and Literature—Flaubert—Mde. Bovary—The French Academy.

EVERYTHING relating to the history, social life, domestic institutions, and moral and literary progress of the French people, must be interesting to Englishmen. The intercommunication between the two races has now, owing to the perfection of steam and rail, become so frequent, that the habits, teachings, and tones of thought of the French must have much more influence on us for good or for evil than at any antecedent period of our history. Formerly, and indeed within the memory of men still in their prime, the intercourse between England and France was solely confined to the higher, or to a select few among the better middle classes. But within the last seven or eight years, persons of all conditions travel to the capital and through France, and hundreds of thousands of individuals who twenty years ago never journeyed beyond the limits of their native county, have taken

more than one trip to Paris. Artisans and working men have gone thither in cheap excursion trains, and the class of Englishmen who formerly in the summer months proceeded to Margate, Ramsgate, Southend, and Brighton, there to spend their annual holiday, now extend their peregrinations to Paris, Versailles, and Fontainebleau. It is true, few of these persons concern themselves with, for few of them understand, the language or literature of France. But there are other classes of our countrymen who travel with different views and objects, and whose visits across the channel have been steadily augmenting since 1855. The student classes belonging to the learned professions, and to the fine arts, now, owing to the quickness and small cost of the journey, visit France in tenfold the numbers they did formerly, and most of these already possess some acquaintance with the language and literature of our neighbours. Within the last three years, however, a much more numerous class than the students of the schools have betaken themselves to travelling in the land of Gaul. The treaty of commerce, and the abolishing of passports, have put the commercial, manufacturing, and shopkeeping classes throughout our realm in motion; and there is hardly a mercantile or manufacturing house of any eminence in any of our great cities and towns, or in the staples of our industry, that does not send its junior partners or 'commis voyageurs' to Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, or Marseilles. This crowd of active, vigorous, and pushing men, are all great readers of newspapers, and it is not unimportant to consider in a political and moral sense, how their minds may be affected by French jour-

nalism. French journals, too, though still far from circulating largely amongst us, now in their decadence circulate more largely in clubs, coffee-houses, reading-rooms, and hotels than at any former period, and have had no inconsiderable effect on the writings and tone of thought of a portion, we mean the cheap portion, of our own metropolitan and provincial press. It therefore behoves us to examine and scrutinize, more closely than we have hitherto done, this French journalism, and to consider whether it is really worthy of the more extensive diffusion and acceptation which it has recently obtained amongst us from circumstances wholly irrespective of, and unconnected with, its literary, political, or economic merits.

Seventeen years ago, when the monarchy of the junior branch of the Bourbons was still in existence, and France enjoyed the blessings of a Constitutional Government, we endeavoured * to give an account of the versatile, vigorous, brilliant and clever journalism which then existed in France, and which, though in the main ably and eloquently fulfilling its mission, was not without its errors and its faults.

The chief of these faults was a spirit of clamorous and factious exaggeration, a spirit of vehemence and passion, to which Frenchmen have at all times been far too prone. The press of Louis Philippe's time, while ably using, sometimes abused and misused its high office, and in this wise lost ground among the higher *bourgeoisie* and better classes. But with all its faults of omission and

* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI. for February, 1846 : Art. 'Journalism in France.'

commission, the press of the Restoration of the Government of July, and of the earlier days of the Republic —in other words, the press of 1815, of 1820, of 1830, of 1840, and 1848—was a great and free instrument, often passionate, often prejudiced, often perverse, often mistaken, often factious, occasionally corrupt, but in the main active, energetic, useful, clever, brilliant; exercising, we admit, however, a too inordinate and overwhelming influence. That the French press sometimes abused this influence, we do not deny; that it occasionally roused and stimulated the people to frenzy, and sapped the foundations of authority, cannot be questioned or gainsaid; but it must, at the same time, be admitted that the press of France from 1830 to 1848 was a great intellectual instrument, wielded by writers of no common order, writers possessing readiness, ability, dialectical skill, and all the advantages derived from education and culture. The moral element, the sense of a conscience, and the sense of a responsibility commensurate with such enormous powers, were often wanting; but at all events there was a free stage for all doctrine and dogmas: every shade of opinion was represented, and if any noxious notions were ventilated by the 'National,' the 'Reforme,' or the 'Democratie Pacifique,' these found a corrective in the measured articles of the 'Débats,' of the 'Constitutionnel,' or the more advanced 'Siècle.' If Ultramontanism, intolerance, bigotry, and superstition found refuge and utterance in the 'Gazette' and 'Quotidienne' of twenty years ago, there were the 'Courrier Français,' the 'Globe,' the 'Presse,' the 'Corsaire,' and the 'Figaro,' to supply the corrective.

In the interval between the 24th February, 1840 and 1850, this state of things was wholly changed. After the 24th of February, 1848, there sprung up within six months a host of journals of all sizes, opinions, and views, advocating the extremest and wildest doctrines. It will hardly be credited now, but the fact is nevertheless true, that between February and August, 1848, there started into being no less than 283 journals, daily, three-day, and weekly. Some of them lasted for a few months, but the majority perished within a week of their birth. Every second man you met in the streets in the closing days of February and the commencing days of March, 1848, had the ambition to become a journalist, seeking and hoping by this means to propagate his opinions and to rise to place, power, wealth, and fortune. Nor was it the stronger sex only that was bitten with this mania. Many women aspired to become journalists, among the more remarkable of whom were Madame George Sand and Madame Adele Esquiros, the wife of M. Alphonse Esquiros, a gentleman who then founded a journal called 'L'Accusateur Public,' the organ of the 'Club du Peuple,' of which he was president. Since those delirious times Monsieur and Madame Esquiros have, like scores of journalists of that epoch, greatly modified their opinions, being no longer Red Republicans; and Madame George Sand, in the era of Ledru Rollin, the editor of 'Le Bulletin de la République, and a contributor, with Barbes and Pierre Leroux, to 'La Vraie République,' has long since retired to her estate at Berri, in the country, where she writes comedies, romances, and apologetic discourses

in favour of an emperor and a strong government. What has come of Madame Eugénie Niboyet, who fifteen years ago edited a daily political and socialist paper called 'La Voix des Femmes,' we have no precise means of knowing; but the probabilities are, that she has also become as imperialist as M. Amadée De Césena, who, in the same year of 1848, was editor of a democratic journal called 'Le Triomphe du Peuple.' The cheap democratic and socialist papers of 1848, advocating the wildest and the most mischievous doctrines, did more to destroy the prestige and power of French journalism than any of the severe laws passed against the press in the days of Charles X. To the excesses of that press may be fairly attributed the declining power of French journalism, and the success of the 'Coup d'Etat' of December, 1851.*

* Among other journals that appeared in 1848 was one called 'Le Christ Républicain,' published on the Sundays and Mondays. The following were the words of the advertisement :—

'Le Citoyen Declesques fait savoir au public qu'il vient d'inventer "Le Christ Républicain" brevété sans garantié du Gouvernement. Toutes les personnes qui veulent s'associer à l'exportation et prendre part aux bénéfices sont priées de s'addresser au citoyen, Ridel, administrateur, Rue du Petit Lion, St. Sauveur, à Paris.'

Another of the journals of this period was 'L'amiable Faubourien : Journal de la Canaille,' with this device—

'La grande populace et la sainte Canaille,
Se ruaient à l'immortalité.'

A third was called 'Les Bohemiens à Paris ;' a fourth, 'Le Bonnet Rouge : Journal des Sansculottes ;' a fifth, 'Les Boulets Rouges,' with the epigraph—

'Abolition des sinécures et des privileges ;'

a sixth, 'Les Cancans de la Semaine ;' a seventh, 'La Carmagnole,' in which the aristocrats were dedicated to ridicule, 'Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira ! Les aristocrats au ridicule ;' an eighth, 'La Conspiration

It cannot be too often or too loudly proclaimed in England, that low-priced journalism in France has not only tended to lower the standard and staple of the article produced, but has also had the effect of powerfully contributing to produce a state of things in which the will of one man alone predominates in a nation of thirty-eight millions, millions who, fifteen years ago, enjoyed the blessing of Constitutional freedom. The fearful licence, the misuse and abuse of the printing-press of 1848, could not, we admit, have continued under any well-constituted government; but there was a mean between this unlimited licence and that systematic repression and coercion, that terrible system of warnings, which renders the existing press of France a mere machine in the hands of the Executive Government. The law of censorship, as resorted to in the time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. considerably interfered, no doubt, with the freedom of the press; but there then existed in France a House of Peers and a Chamber of Deputies, in which opinion was perfectly free, and where all subjects pertaining to the commonweal might be discussed without limit or control. No minister in the worst days of the worst cabinet of

des Poudres;' a ninth, 'Diogene sans Culotte,' with the motto—

'———Ai-je vu des Coquins,
Des Coquins et des sots des sots et des Coquins.'

There were also two journals called 'Le Gamin de Paris,' one of which contained an energetical defence, 'de ce bon M. Caussidière, et de Louis Blanc, calomnié.' It was stated in the programme of this journal, 'Les lazzis du Gamin de Paris sent des pavés.' There were also two journals called 'La Lanterne,' one 'qui voulait mettre tout le monde à la lanterne non pour pendre, mais pour éclairer,' and the other, which called itself, 'Organe de la jeunesse Republicaine.'

Louis XVIII. or Charles X. would of his own mere motion, after three warnings, dare arbitrarily to suppress a journal, thus confiscating the property of perhaps twenty or thirty families, and throwing out of bread some hundred or two workmen, including compositors, pressmen, folders, porters, and distributors. Acts like these have been the fruits of Imperialism only. In 1811, without any other reason than his supreme will, the 'Débats' was pitilessly confiscated by the first Napoleon, in order that he might place at the head of this valuable property 'des hommes en qui il puisse avoir confiance.' Everything that was found in the office and printing-house of the 'Débats' was seized on with a strong hand. The types were seized; the furniture was seized; the printer's ink was seized; the store of paper, laid up for months in advance, was seized; and even the money which was found 'en caisse' was permanently and dishonestly appropriated. The third and fourth articles of the decree authorizing this shameful act of robberry and plunder, signed by Napoleon I. and countersigned by Maret, Duke of Bassano,* run in these words :—

'Art. 3. Sur les vingt-quatre actions huit séront attribuées a l'administration général et perçues par notre Ministre de Police. Leur produit sera affiché à servir les pensions qui seront données par nous sur le produit des dites actions, à des gens de lettres à titre d'encouragement et de récompense.

'Art. 4. Les seize autres actions séront distribuées par nous à des personnes pour récompense de services rendus.

'*Signé*, NAPOLÉON,

'Le Ministre Sécretaire d' Etat, BASSANO.'

* The act is the more disgraceful as Maret had been in early life a newspaper reporter and editor. His hands, on this occasion,

More than one pendant from this disgraceful and dishonest act might be found in the annals of the Second Empire. It will suffice, however, to mention here the arbitrary suppression of 'L'Univers,' an Ultramontane journal. We are ourselves no admirers of M. Louis Veûillot, the editor of the defunct paper, or of the Ultramontane opinions which he represented and advocated with such eminent ability; but differing wholly from his views, we yet think it is not because an individual or a government dislikes or dreads a man's opinions, that the one or the other is to destroy his property and his means of livelihood. The press in France now, in truth, lies bound and bleeding at the feet, and is completely at the mercy of the Government. No man can obtain permission to set up a journal unless he be favourably looked on by the authorities; and editors, managers, writers, and feuilletonistes are openly nominated and dismissed by the Minister of the Interior. No man, indeed, can set up as a printer without a Government 'brevet;' and under these circumstances it is vain to expect independence, or ability, or dialectical skill among journalists. These qualities are not called into action. It is complete devotion, entire servility, utter abnegation of all independence and self-respect, and prostration of the will and understanding, that are in request. The press of France since the Revolution of 1848 has been daily and yearly sinking in repute and consideration. Its political articles are valueless, and even its literary and critical articles are not what they

were fouled with confiscation, and the words plundering and dishonest instrument of tyranny should be inscribed on his tomb.

were in the days of Louis XVIII. Charles X. and Louis Philippe, or, singular to say, what they were in the days of Louis XVI. There is no literary critic under the Second Empire possessing the combined wit, subtlety, and clearness of Chamfort, or the varied accomplishments of Guingenée. There are no such literary censors as the Abbé Geoffrey, Colnet, and Feletz; no such political writers as Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Royer Còllard, Etienne, Thiers, Mignet, Salvandy, and Armand Carrel. All the ablest leader-writers and critics of the present day were formed under the extinct Constitutional system. De Sacy, St. Marc Girardin, Cuvillier Fleury, and Prévost Paradol—who has recently been so much before the public—all learned to think and to write during the eighteen years when France possessed freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of discussion. Even the literary critics and feuilletonistes, such as Nisard, Sainte Beuve, Jules Janin, and Théophile Gautier, all men now past the meridian of life, were formed and fashioned during the reign of Louis Philippe; and it may be said of any journalists who have acquired fresh renown since the 'Coup d'Etat,' that they were already celebrated before 1851.

Probably the ablest writer among the more modern journalists is M. Louis Veûillot,* the Ultramontane

* Louis Veûillot was born at Boynes en Gatinais, Loiret, in 1813. He is the son of a poor cooper, who, not finding work in his little village, came to Paris in 1818. The eldest of four children, Louis was sent to the 'École mutuelle,' and was thence transferred to the office of an attorney, where, instead of engrossing, he educated himself, so that at the age of nineteen he was enabled to earn his

champion, whose organ was suppressed by the Imperial Government: but Veûillot was a distinguished journalist so far back as 1843, and had antecedently attracted the attention of the late Marshal Bugeaud, whom he accom-

living by his pen. He entered the office of the 'Esprit Public' as literary man of all work. Having written in several provincial journals, and tried his hand at light literature, and song-writing with success, he was on the point, to use his own words, of becoming one of the condottieri of the press, when, in 1838, one of his friends, M. Olivier Fulgence, proposed to him a tour in Italy. He arrived at Rome during Passion week. The ceremonies of the Roman Church made a profound impression on him. He was presented to the Pope, and from this period devoted himself to the defence of Roman Catholicism. He has written books of piety, religious romances, as well as poetry. While at Perigueux he made the acquaintance of the late Marshal Bugeaud, who took him with him to Algeria, where he became his secretary. It was his experience in Africa that induced him to give to the world his book 'Les Français en Algérie,' and to publish those peculiar views in the 'Univers' as to soldiers and priests, the two pivots on which he would make Catholicism turn. On his return from Africa he was named Chef de Bureau, in the Ministry of the Interior. At the end of eighteen months he resigned his place to become a writer in the 'Univers Religieux.' He soon became the life and soul of a journal which not only was the organ of the most vehement passions and prejudices of Ultramontanism, but a literary power on that side of the question. So vehement were Veûillot's attacks on the university, to which he declared an internecine war, that he was condemned to some months' imprisonment in 1844. In the campaign of the Sonderbund, he ranged himself, as it may be supposed, decidedly on the part of the Catholic party. At first he hailed the Revolution of 1848 as a Providential event, but soon opposed the men and measures of that epoch. A little later he broke with MM. de Montalembert and Falloux, who were too liberal for him. On the subject of the study of the ancient classic authors, Veûillot did not scruple in the 'Univers' to denounce those prelates who were not implacable adversaries of Cicero and Demosthenes. This

panied to Africa as private secretary in 1842. Probably the three writers who of late have attracted most public attention, are M. De la Guerronière, M. Guéroult, and M. Granier Cassagnaç. All these men had been journalists under a Constitutional Government. La Guerronière was formed under Lamartine. Cassagnaç was a writer in the 'Débats' so far back as 1833, and in the 'Presse' from 1844. As to Guéroult, he was more than thirty years ago a writer in the 'Temps,' which he soon after quitted for the 'Débats.'

In a former number* we gave an account of the ancient 'Moniteur' under the First Empire and Restoration, to which we would invite the reader's attention for matter

drew on the editor the censure of the Archbishop of Paris. Veûillot, nothing daunted, appealed to the Pope, nay, he proceeded to Rome to plead his own cause, and, what is more wonderful, gained it against the bishops. But several of the hierarchy, and among others M. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, expressly interdicted the reading of the 'Univers' by his clergy.

It must be admitted that Veûillot is a man of vigorous faculties. He writes his own language with precision and force. But if he has all the strength and more than the elegance of Cobbett, without his diffuseness, he has also all Cobbett's coarseness and want of courtesy. He is the 'Bretteur' and 'Brailleur' of the French press, and may be described in the lines of Pope—

> 'Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
> And raging seas produced thee in a storm,
> A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
> So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.'

The personal appearance of Veûillot is not prepossessing. His features are thick, vulgar, and lumpish, and his demeanour rude and unpolished. But he is a vigorous dialectician, and wields his pen with skill.

* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. vi. May, 1846.

which has now passed into the domain of history. Of the 'Moniteur' under the Second Empire we now propose to speak. For nearly forty years before the 'Coup d'Etat' the 'Moniteur' had been the organ of successive Governments, and it still continued the organ of the Government of 1851. But its form was then changed. It was at once, at the good-will and pleasure of the Executive Government, doubled in size, and made the official journal of the Empire. That the increasing needs of the age required some extension of form in the official organ may be at once conceded; but it would be difficult to prove the necessity for doubling the 'Moniteur' in size. Doubled, however, it was, while the price, in order not to be behind the class of cheap journals, was fixed at forty francs a year, twenty francs for half a year, and ten francs for three months. An official and a non-official part was also created. In the former is found everything relating to the Executive Government: the laws authorizing loans in different departments, the decrees nominating senators, ambassadors, judges, prefects, and functionaries whether civil or military, the nominations and promotions in the Legion of Honour, &c. &c. In the official part, too, mention is made of the diplomatic missives and letters which the Emperor has received from foreign Sovereigns and Governments, of the treaties he has concluded, and the like. Promotions in the army and navy are also recorded in this portion of the official paper. In the non-official part are to be found, foreign correspondence and news, what in France are called 'faits divers,' or miscellaneous paragraphs, the prices of stocks, provisions,

produce, &c. There is also in the non-official part of the 'Moniteur' what is called the bulletin, containing the latest news. The Bourse accounts also occupy a considerable portion of the non-official part; and the last page is filled with advertisements, in which all the artifices of type are placed in requisition to puff off the wares—'Dentifrices,' 'Lits en fer,' 'Appariels Rogier Mothes e tutti quanti.' During the period the Senate and Legislative Corps are sitting, sometimes as many as forty columns of the journal are dedicated to a report of the speeches; while on other occasions the 'procès verbal' does not amount to more than fifteen or twenty columns. Following the reports are the Blue-book documents, and 'projets de loi.' All this mass of matter renders the 'Moniteur' a very bulky, indeed, a very heavy affair; but as the journal is indispensable to all public functionaries, it has a very wide circulation. We stated in No. VI. of this review, that M. Grun,* the successor of M. Suavo, had assumed the editorship of the 'Moniteur' in 1840; a position which he occupied to the close of 1851 or the beginning of 1852, when the Imperial Government determined to reorganize the paper. M. Julien Turgan was then named

* Alphonse Grun was born at Strasburgh, in 1801. He was admitted a member of the Paris bar, and during fifteen years contributed to the 'Répertoire' of Dalloz. He published beside many legal works between 1828 and 1831. When he had been some time editor of the 'Journal Générale de France,' M. Guizot made him editor of the 'Moniteur' in 1840, a position in which he continued till 1854. In 1856 he was named Chief of the Legislative and Judicial Section in the Imperial Archives. He is a man of taste, learning, and agreeable manners.

manager, conjointly with M. Paul Dalloz, one of the branches of the family of Panckoucke, the original proprietor. By another decision of the Government, the official journal was placed under the control of the then Minister of State, M. Fould, who was to receive from all the other Ministers details of their official acts, with a view to their insertion in the Government organ. It was also determined to reduce the price of the journal from 120 francs to forty francs a year, though the size of the paper was actually doubled. The result was beneficial; for the circulation, which antecedent to 1852 was little above 2,000, increased to 20,000, and amounted to 25,000 when any interesting event occurred. As soon as this extension of circulation was accomplished, the 'Moniteur' became an advertising medium; and it is now sought for as such, especially for what are called 'les annonces judiciares,' railway advertisements, 'messageries Impériales,' &c. It should also be stated that the advertisements are not farmed out to contractors.

The editorship of the non-official part of the journal is confided to MM. Turgan and Dalloz,* who are 'secrétaires de rédaction,' and to MM. Lerique and Bontal. The theatrical feuilleton is written by Theophile Gautier; and among the littérateurs who lend their aid as critics are Sainte Beuve, Merimée,† Nisard,‡ and Edouard Thierry.

* Dalloz is an advocate and son of the celebrated author of the 'Repertoire de Jurisprudence Générale.

† Merimée, born in 1803, is a senator and member of the French Academy.

‡ Nisard was born at Châtillen-sur-Seine, in 1806. He was a distinguished pupil of the College of St. Barbe, and in his twentieth

Since 1852 it must be admitted that several eminent littérateurs have contributed to the 'Moniteur,' among whom we may name About, Banville, Léon Gozlan, Arsene Houssaye, Léouzun Leduc, Henry Murger, Merimée, Horace De Viel, Castel, and others; but such is the effect of an autocracy and of a repressive Government, which seeks to regulate everything, and to clap a padlock on the human mind, that these writers have produced nothing great in conception or durable in repute. It seems to be happily a law and necessity of its existence, that despotism can only produce a frivolous or a purely sensual literature. The governing power in France, since 1852,

year joined the staff of the 'Débats.' After the Revolution of 1830 he was for some time attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Notwithstanding the brilliant position he occupied at the 'Débats,' he left it for the journal of his friend Armand Carrel, who, though a Republican in politics, was a classicist in literature. Struck by the talent and ability of Nisard, M. Guizot, when Minister of Public Instruction, appointed him Maître de Conference of French literature at the Normal school, in preference to M. de. St. Beuve. He remained invested with these functions during a period of nine years. In 1836 he was named Chief in the office of the Secretary of the Minister of Public Instruction, and became in the same year Master of Requests at the Council of State. In 1842 he was elected to the Chamber, and ranged himself on the Conservative benches, but he only spoke on questions connected with public instruction. In 1843 the Minister, Villemain, named Nisard to replace Bernouf, in the professorship of Latin Eloquence in the College of France. This was the only employment from which he was not removed in the Revolution of February, 1848. In 1850 he was admitted a member of the French Academy. During the events which took place from 1848 to 1851 he held himself aloof from politics. In 1852 he obtained the position of Inspecteur-Général de l'enseignment Supérieur, and at the same time was named to the chair of French Eloquence, vacant by the retirement of M. Villemain.

has been aptly compared to the camp of Wallenstein. It is an assemblage of drill-sergeants, of soldiers, of monks, of priests, and of 'vivandières,' largely 'dashed and brewed' with an element that did not exist in the days of Wallenstein; namely, the stock-jobbing and speculative element, as represented by Morny, Fould, Perière, and a host of Councillors of State and 'maîtres des requêtes,' who only desire to grow rich speedily without labour, by any and by every means whatever. Most of these favourites of fortune are persons risen from a low, some of them, indeed, from an ignoble condition, and at bottom they have an envious, mean, and jealous spirit. They dearly love a strong government; and they exult in a despotism, because a despotism secures the success of material interests, and prefers the reign of large returns and good dividends to the recognition of public rights. Officials such as these care nothing for a charter, for a bill of rights, for a habeas corpus. They care not for human progress or human development, in which they have no faith. Such Utopias have no attractions for them; and if they were commended by a British statesman or philosopher, your French official would pertly and jauntily answer, 'Heureusement nous ne rêvons, plus, mais nous calculons à merveille.' Men of this stamp desire to use literature as a handmaid and helper in the accomplishment of their nefarious designs. They wish to clothe it in the livery of authority, to give it assigned and allotted tasks, and to get as much out of it as possible 'à bon marché.' Under these circumstances it is vain to look for great conceptions from literary men who condescend to be mere hacks, and who are content to treat

the largest questions and the greatest problems in which humanity is concerned in a Cæsarian spirit; in an aspect having reference to one man only, to the foundation of whose dynasty not merely the interests of France, but the safety and independence of Europe, are to be subordinated and, if needed, sacrificed. The reckless adventurer Fialin,* now calling himself Persigny, whom a strange caprice has made Home Minister, will tell Europe that Frenchmen can print anything. To this we reply in the brillian words of Beaumarchais: 'Pourvu que nous ne parlions en 'nos écrits ni de l'autorité, ni du culte, ni de la politique, 'ni de la morale, ni des gens en place, ni des corps en 'crédit, ni de l'opéra, ni des autres spectacles, ni de 'personne qui tienne à quelque chose, nous pouvons tout 'imprimer sous l'inspection de deux ou trois censeurs.'

* Fialin, formerly an attorney's clerk, and quartermaster in a cavalry regiment, having played all sorts of antics as Minister of the Interior, suspending journals and suppressing them in the most arbitrary manner, with a view to intimidate and overbear public opinion, has now been created a duke. The road to honours and preferments is now the same as in the days of Juvenal:—

'Aude aliquid brevibus gyris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.'

Fialin, calling himself Persigny, however, is an angel of light compared with De Morny, the uterine brother of the Emperor. Fialin is a believer in the Emperor and the empire. He has at least opinions and convictions, but De Morny only believes in gold. Fialin is not a jobber in the funds, or sordid like the President of the Legislative Chamber, who believes que l'argent est la chef de tout—

'Vous savez mieux que nid, quelque soient nos efforts,
Que l'argent est la clef de tous les grands ressorts,
Et que ce doux métal, qui frappe tant de têtes,
En amour comme en guerre, avance les conquêtes.'

It will be answered that the Editors of the 'Moniteur' have given their readers what the readers best like. They have supplied them with the novel of 'La Mouche,' by Alfred De Musset, with the 'Mariages de Paris,' by About, with short pieces by Champfleury and Henry Murger. The fact undoubtedly is so; but this fare is mere syllabub and whipped cream; it is what is called at London suppers, 'trifle;' it is milk for babes, and not meat for men.

The typographical arrangements of the 'Moniteur' are excellent. In three hours a single 'Moniteur' can be set up, in five a double number, and in eight hours a triple supplement, which triplicate is often needed while the Chambers are sitting. When the copy of the debates, certified by the President of the Senate and of the Legislative Chambers, reaches the office of the 'Moniteur' between nine and midnight, the Journal is out at six in the morning.

There are eleven proprietors of the 'Moniteur,' who all, except M. Turgan, are the descendants of the Panckoucke and Agasse families. M. Paul Dalloz, the joint editor with M. Turgan of the 'Moniteur,' is the son of Victor Dalloz, who has incorporated his name with the 'Répertoire de Jurisprudence.' Paul Dalloz was admitted a member of the French bar, and has often treated questions of law and jurisprudence in the official journal. The leading articles of the 'Moniteur,' if such they can be called, are tame and spiritless affairs. The only things worth reading in it, beyond official facts, are the criticisms, tales, sketches, and detached pieces of Théophile Gautier,

Sainte Beuve, Prosper Merimée, and the theatrical criticisms of Edouard Thierry.

Théophile Gautier, one of the principal feuilletonistes, was bred an artist, but his studies have been various, desultory, and diversified. He is a man of attainments in surgery, anatomy, and physiology, and is no mean astronomer. As a writer he excels in grace of style and artistical arrangement. His MS. copy is said to be wonderfully clear and clean—a model of caligraphy. On M. Turgan, the Editor of the 'Moniteur,' remarking to him that there was not a single erasure in his MS., Gautier rejoined, 'Pourquoi veux tu qu'il y ait des ratures sur ma 'copie puisqu'il n'y en a pas dans mon cerveau.' He is a man of simple habits, living in a small house at Neuilly. He inclines to be stout, wears a beard, and allows his hair to fall down his shoulders.

Sainte Beuve,* the author of the 'Causeries de Lundi, another of the 'Moniteur's' contributors, is a man of more learning than Gautier, and one of the ablest of the analytical critics of France. He was originally intended for the surgical profession, but soon left it for literature. He has written much literary matter in the French journals. His contributions to the 'Moniteur' chiefly consist of portraits and accounts of sittings of the French Academy. He has been an Academician since 1845, and a Professor at the College of France. His chief defect is a want of earnestness and warmth. He is too cynical and sceptical.

* St. Beuve is a man of learning and 'esprit,' and who can well examine a work analytically, but he is wholly without political opinions or convictions. He appears to think that, all other modes of government having disappeared, the empire must be endured.

The compositors at the 'Moniteur' Office are all said to be model printers, such as the 'Times' possesses. There was a disastrous fire at the office of the 'Moniteur,' in 1857. The library of the editor, and all the type, cases, and MSS. were then destroyed.

The feuilleton of the Monday in the 'Moniteur' is generally written by Théophile Gautier. The handiwork of Sainte Beuve may be found in the last page, where he has two or three columns assigned to him for literary criticism. It is in this species of effort that Sainte Beuve gives proof of the highest analytical faculty. He willingly seizes, as his peculiar prey, on any novel in which the interest chiefly turns on the tender passion.

We gave antecedently a history of the 'Débats' down to 1846. It will not be necessary to go again over that ground. Between 1846 and 1848 the 'Débats' might have done a real service to the monarchy and to the minister if it had held a different language towards M. Guizot. But instead of warning a man who, with all his ability and learning, has always shown a lamentable ignorance of public opinion and of the feelings of Frenchmen; instead of holding forth against corruption and in favour of electoral reform—the 'Débats' sustained the minister in his system of dogged and arrogant resistance. Men were in its columns denounced as factious who only desired a moderate extension of the suffrage and the correction of all proved abuses. Even on the 7th of February, 1848, when M. Guizot was fast hurrying on the monarchy to destruction, his favourite journal spoke of his voice as 'toujours triomphante,' and

of his spirit and courage as 'toujours indomptable.' Better inspired, and with more foresight, the 'Débats' might have prevented the catastrophe of the 24th February. Had it held an indignant language in the cases of Drouillard, Teste Cubières, and Pellapra, had it spoken of the Praslin affair in tones of solemn monition, the Monarch of July might have been warned and saved. It cannot be denied that the events of July, 1848, in destroying a system so loudly vaunted by the 'Débats,' dealt a heavy blow and great discouragement to the great Conservative organ. But the paper by degrees recovered some portion of its vitality, and prudently, if not valiantly, put forth its opinions. On the 10th of December, 1851, the 'Débats' did not support the candidature of the present Emperor, because neither Louis Napoleon Bonaparte nor any of the candidates possessed its sympathies. After the 'Coup d'Etat' its editors and writers persevered in this expectative policy of abstention, advocating nevertheless, at all seasons, moderate and liberal views. On the policy of the Italian war and on the Italian question its writers were divided in opinion. One section of them wished to defend the temporal power of the Papacy, the cause of the King of Naples, and, further, to become the advocates of Austrian dominion in Italy. The other section was the less numerous, but it comprised the manager, Edward Bertin, John Lemoine,* Louis Alloury,† and M. Young. On the

* John Lemoine, born in London, of French parents, in 1814, is acquainted with the English language and literature.

† Louis Alloury is an advocate, and was for some time 'devil' to M. Dupin.

American question the 'Débats' has sided with the North. This was to be expected from its Orleanist sympathies. For nearly ten years after the establishment of the Empire this paper was the only journal which had not received a warning. This affords a proof of the caution and dexterity with which its writers and conductors wielded the pen; for it should be stated that the Government journals did not always in this respect escape. At length, however, the time of the luckless Orleanist print arrived, and the blow fell on M. St. Marc Girardin, one of the ablest and best writers in France. The minister who gave the warning was the devoted but brainless Fialin, now known as Persigny, who, as we have said, has been raised in a few years, by a strange course of things, from the position of a 'maître de logis' and absolute poverty, to be Minister of the Interior. Christmas Eve of 1861 was the day chosen for the first warning which stands recorded in the archives of the Home Office. A second warning has since been given the paper, because of M. Prévost Paradol's articles on the elections. St. Marc Girardin, originally a 'maître d'étude' at the College of Henry IV. has been two-and-thirty years a journalist, and he still continues to lend his able assistance to a paper of which he is the oldest contributor but one, M. Sylvestre De Sacy.

Of M. De Sacy we have spoken on a former occasion; but we may say here that he still continues, after more than five-and-thirty years' labour at journalism, to favour the 'Débats' with his 'Premier Paris.' He has recently published a collection of his leaders, under the title of

'Variétés littéraires;' and in the preface to this work he says, 'Le même travail a rempli toute ma vie; j'ai fait des 'articles de journaux et je n'ai pas fait autre chose. 'Encore n'ai-je travaillé qu'à un seul journal, le "Journal 'des Débats." J'y travaille depuis trente-quatre ans; en 'quatre mots voilà tout mon histoire.' De Sacy and St. Marc Girardin are the oldest and certainly the ablest writers connected with the 'Débats.' There is scarcely a great question on which these two men have not written and recorded their opinion. De Sacy began his career by defending the conciliatory ministry of Martignac. To the Polignac ministry, which succeeded it, he was an implacable adversary. The main praiseworthy and lifelong object of M. De Sacy has been, to contribute to the solid foundation of constitutional government in France. De Sacy is now in his sixty-third year. Passionately attached to literature, and above all to classical literature, he abandoned Themis to give himself wholly up to letters and journalism. His favourite authors are Horace and Montaigne; and during forty years he is said never to have left home without a volume of Mde. De Sévigné's Letters in his pocket. He has been an Academician since 1854.

St. Marc Girardin is of the same age as De Sacy, and has been quite as long engaged on the 'Débats.' He is an excellent scholar, and obtained, conjointly with Philarete Chasles,* the prize of eloquence from the French Academy

* Philarete Chasles is a good scholar, and understands well English and German literature, but he has written too much, and '*de omnis abili*,' and thus lessened his authority.

for his 'Eloge de Bossuet.' He replaced Guizot in his Chair of History at the Faculty of Letters many years ago, and was elected Deputy for Haute Vienne in 1837, a position which he occupied till the Revolution of February, 1848.

The Directeur Gérant, or manager, of the 'Débats,' M. Ed. Bertin, is of the same age as the two preceding. He is a man of taste and erudition, an antiquary, and a lover of books. He is the owner of a rare and costly library, and possesses some of the earliest editions of classic authors.

Another old and distinguished contributor to the 'Débats' is Cuvillier Fleury, now in his sixty-second year. This gentleman was 'Préfet-général des Études' at St. Barbe from 1823 to 1829, and had the Duc d'Aumale for pupil. He afterwards became 'Secrétaire des Commandments de S.A.R.' For more than thirty years his articles in the 'Débats' have been marked by good sense, good taste, and remarkable talent. They have been lately collected in a volume, under the title of 'Etudes historiques et littéraires,' and have gone through several editions. Of Philarete Chasles and Jules Janin we have spoken in a former article; and it is not necessary to say more of the latter now than that his faults and mannerisms seem to have intensified with increasing age. Jules Janin, like all men who have written too much, repeats himself over and over again, and now twaddles more than is agreeable to his readers. He has within latter years grown immensely stout and unwieldy, but still looks the picture of self-satisfied good-humour. Of late years the 'Débats' has acquired severa

new writers. Among the more distinguished of these may be named Prévost Paradol, Weiss, Taine, Bersot, Horn, &c. Prévost Paradol, who has recently been a good deal before the public, and who, on the subject of the elections, wrote an article which called down on the 'Débats' a second warning, is an able writer, possessing strength, flexibility, and grace. He is in the flower of his age, being in his thirty-fourth year. His father was an officer of Marine Artillery, and his mother a distinguished actress of the Comédie Française. He was educated at the College Bourbon, where he carried off several prizes. In 1851 he obtained, for his Eloge of Bernardine St. Pierre, the French Academy's prize of eloquence. He filled the Chair of Literature at the Faculty of Aix in 1855, and in the following year joined the staff of the 'Débats,' of which he is one of the best writers.

Théophile Gautier and Alexandre Dumas have for some time ceased to write in the 'Débats.' The place of both has been well supplied by Hetzel, who writes under the name of P. J. Stahl. Hetzel, originally a bookseller and publisher, is a man of wit and talent. In 1848, when engaged in trade, he was selected as Chef de Cabinet at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He subsequently became secretary to General Cavaignac, whose confidence he obtained, and whose political opinions he shared. He was exiled after the 'Coup d'Etat,' and did not return till after the Amnesty, when he resumed his avocations as a publisher. He is the author of several remarkable works; among others, 'Théorie de l'Amour et de la Jalousie,' l'Esprit des Femmes d'Esprit.'

The office of the 'Journal des Débats' still continues, where it always was, in the Rue des Prêtres, Saint Germain. On the first floor are the bureaux d' l'administration, on the second the offices of the editors and writers. Under the First Empire the 'Debats' attained to a circulation of 28,000: in 1830 its circulation was 12,000, and at this figure it still continues. It is, beyond all doubt, the first journal in France: indeed, we may say it stands first in the first rank of Continental journals. It may be described as an Orleanist paper of moderate and conservative views.

Of the history of, and contributors to the 'Constitutionnel,' from its foundation to 1846, we have given an account elsewhere.* It will only, therefore, be necessary to speak of the paper from that time to the present. In consequence of discussions among the shareholders antecedent to 1846, the sale of the 'Constitutionnel' had rapidly diminished. In 1843 it had fallen as low as 3,720, and soon afterwards it was determined to sell the property by auction. Two parties looked to purchase it: one of them, the notorious schemer and speculator Dr. Louis Véron, proprietor of the 'Pâte de Regnault;' the others, Jay and Etienne, writers in the journal, and Panckoucke, one of its proprietors, as well as the principal proprietor of the 'Moniteur.' Fate, unfortunately, would have that the trading and speculating Doctor should be successful. On the 15th of March, 1844, he purchased the 'Constitutionnel' for the sum of 432,000 francs, and reduced the price to forty francs per annum. Véron at

* See the preceding Article.

this period was a partisan of Thiers, and placed the 'Constitutionnel' very much at the disposal of the ex-Minister, who appointed M. Merruau editor. 'Il n'y avait au journal,' says Véron himself,* 'qu'un seul mot d'ordre, auquel tout le monde obéissait : M. Thiers le veut.' This was so well understood, that the Doctor was called at the office 'le père aux écus.' All this, however, soon changed. The 'Roman feuilleton' was then coming into vogue, and the success of the 'Mysteries of Paris' had given immense popularity to the name of Eugène Sue. Véron, like an artful, money-seeking tradesman as he was, waited on the novelist, offered him 100,000 francs for the 'Wandering Jew,' and a bargain was instantly concluded. The sale of the 'Constitutionnel' increased prodigiously by this arrangement, and the Doctor was delighted with his bargain. New blood was introduced into the political department. De Rémusat and Duvergier d'Hauranne furnished leaders occasionally, and Boilay, Cauvain, Cucheval Clarigny, and Granier Cassagnac, became regular contributors. We are now in 1848, when the money-getting Doctor took it into his head to believe that he, too, had the talents of a political writer; and taking pen in hand, he indited one and signed it. The *bourgeois* of Paris was now beside himself. No sooner did M. Véron see his name at the end of an article than he became radiant with joy. The hope of being a great writer, and a considerable politician, at once elevated his crest. This hope he nourished for a twelvemonth before finally breaking with M. Thiers. The rupture took place on the 10th of

* 'Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris.'

November, 1849, *à propos* of the message of the President of the Republic and the change of ministry. M. Véron himself relates the circumstances. He says that there had not an article been published in the 'Constitutionnel,' touching the election of the President, at that period, that was not approved of by M. Thiers, and that it was he who decided the 'Constitutionnel' to support the candidature of Prince Napoleon. The praises showered on the Prince were, M. Véron alleges, inspired by M. Thiers. If this be true, what are we to think of the blindness and ingratitude of those ministers of the then Prince, now become Emperor, who did all they could to prevent M. Thiers from being elected one of the members for Paris on Saturday, the 31st of May? We are ourselves no admirers of the political character or conduct of M. Thiers; but without in any way identifying ourselves with the principles or political conduct of the ex-ministers, we may take an opportunity of stating that he did more than any man in France to revive that insane Bonapartism, that worship of blood and slaughter, popularly called Chauvenism. This, however, availed M. Thiers nothing with M. Fialin, now calling himself De Persigny. Neither the despatch of the 'Belle Poule' to St. Helena to fetch home the Emperor's bones, nor the deification, in defiance of truth and history, of the Imperial policy, in the 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire,' condoned the fact of M. Thiers having more than once served the House of Orleans. M. Véron tells us that M. Thiers, profoundly moved by the events of June, wished to sell out all his stock at the Bourse. More confident, his agent de change

replied, 'Napoléon nous sauvera.' 'En aura-t-il le pouvoir,' was the answer of M. Thiers. From the day of this answer, says the sordid and sensual Véron, M. Thiers ceased to inspire the 'Constitutionnel,' and the paper, under the tutelage of its ancient patrons, and by the aid of the vigorous (it is Véron who so calls it) pens of Granier De Cassagnaç, Boilay, Cucheval Clarigny, and Cauvain, became the journal of a solution. The law of the 31st of May, of which M. Thiers was the promoter, was violently attacked in the 'Constitutionnel,' and the rupture was thus complete between the Place de St. George and the journal of the Rue de Valois.

Independently of Cassagnaç, Boilay, Clarigny, and Cauvain, a clever man of the name of Malitourne, now Librarian at the Arsenal, lent his aid to the paper. M. De Castellane, a cavalry officer, wrote on military subjects; and M. Burat, Professor at the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiérs, dealt with economical doctrines in a Protectionist sense till the conclusion of the treaty of commerce in 1860. It was in the 'Constitutionnel' that M. D. Sainte Beuve commenced his 'Causeries de Lundi,' which were so generally read and relished not merely in France, but by literary men in most European capitals. The dramatic feuilleton acquired a great repute under Hippolyte Rolle, who found an able successor in Auguste Lireux. The Neapolitan Fiorentino conducted the musical feuilleton from 1849 to 1853, when he went to the 'Moniteur,' where he wrote under the name of De Rovray. From 1855, without leaving the 'Moniteur,' he resumed his labours, and wrote the dramatic and musical reviews in

the 'Constitutionnel.' But notwithstanding all that the self-seeking charlatan Louis Véron did for the Prince President in 1849 and 1850, under the new laws passed in regard to the press in 1852, the luckless Doctor, on the 7th and 8th of June of that year, drew on himself two 'avertissements.'

It was now the empiric began to understand the difficulties of his position, and consented to listen to the propositions of Mirès, the Jewish speculator in gas, coal-mines, Roman railroads, journals, and newspapers. Mirès, who had already become proprietor of the 'Pays,' purchased the 'Constitutionnel' for 1,900,000 francs, founding the Company of 'Journaux réunies' with a capital of three millions. This change in the proprietorship and joint-stock operation (these Jews can do nothing without a joint-stock or limited liability company), introduced modifications into the literary staff. A Sardinian calling himself Amédée De Césena, (who has a brother calling himself Sebastian Rheal), was named chief editor, and M. Cucheval Clarigny retired. It may not be unnecessary to remark here, that this Césena, who now adopted Cæsarism in all its monstrous pretensions to unlimited power, had in 1849 founded a Journal called 'Le Triomphe du Peuple,' of an ultra-revolutionary character. The new arrangement did not, however, last long; for De la Guerronière, now a senator (but who was a democratic journalist under Lamartine in 1848, and Commissary of the Republic in Correze—such are political Frenchmen), was ultimately named political editor both of the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Pays,' and both jour-

nals remained under his direction for about eighteen months.

It was on the 12th of November, 1858, that a writer of the name of Grandguillot (of whom much has been said of late) became one of the writers in the 'Constitutionnel.' This young man had been a tutor to a French, and subsequently to a Russian nobleman, with whom he made the tour of Europe. His articles pleased the proprietors of the journal, and, what was more important, the higher authorities, and he was soon appointed Editor of both the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Pays.' People out of France were, however, unable to recognise ability in the blind 'dévouement' of M. Grandguillot, who appeared only to be deeply penetrated with the views of a character in the 'Amphitrion' of Molière: 'Quand quelq'un nous emploie on doit, tête baissée, se jeter dans ses intérêts!' All these details are, we admit, very uninteresting; for none of these writers have shown any earnest ability, or obtained any European renown. It is, however, necessary to trace their progress as one of the phases of Cæsarism in France. At the close of 1861, when the Vicomte d'Anchaud became 'Directeur Gérant' of the 'Constitutionnel,' he proposed to the literary quack Véron to join him, to which Véron answered in these words:—'Monsieur,—Pour la séconde 'fois depuis 1848 je me verrai chargé de la direction poli-'tique et littéraire du 'Constitutionnel.' Dévouement 'mais indépendence absolue telle sera ma ligne de con-'duite.—L. Véron, Député du Corps Législatif.'

In January, 1862, three little months after this period, a notice inserted in the paper announced the retirement of

the Doctor, and the appointment of M. Paulin Limayrac as chief editor, a position which he still holds. M. Paulin Limayrac is a very small man in physical stature, smaller than Thiers, and nearly as small as Louis Blanc, and his mental stature is much upon a par with his physical. His articles are a mere 'fatras' of words, savouring of the rankest 'flagornerie.' Anything more base and servile than this adulation of Cæsarism it is impossible to conceive. Yet there was a time when M. Limayrac did not exhibit this glozing servility: that was when he wrote in the 'Courrier Français,' under the direction of M. Xavier Durrieu, and in the 'Presse,' under M. Emile De Girardin. The 'Constitutionnel,' like the 'Moniteur,' 'Débats,' and 'Siècle,' is a morning journal. It is one of the best printed of the Parisian papers, and the number of its subscribers is said to amount to 24,000. The most distinguished writers in the literary department of the 'Constitutionnel' are M. Sainte Beuve, M. Etienne, and M. Louis Enault.* It is now, and has been for more than eleven years, a ministerial journal. The advertisements of the 'Constitutionnel' are in every form of type, being generally from eight to ten columns. They must produce a large sum annually; it is said more than £20,000 per annum.

We will now say a few words of the 'Patrie.' This is undoubtedly the most popular evening paper in Paris,

* Louis Enault is an advocate, and was born in Normandy in 1824. In 1848 he was imprisoned as a Legitimist, and on his release travelled for three or four years. He is now a littérateur by profession.

though it is not by any means the best written. It first appeared in November, 1841; and during the two-and-twenty years that have elapsed since its first publication its circulation has steadily increased. It started with the pretension of being the faithful representative of national interests; and this it still professes to be, guided only by a desire for the national weal of France. Englishmen, at any rate, cannot give it credit for these transcendentally patriotic views, for it is the bitterest enemy of our country and institutions. It never allows an opportunity to escape of expressing its jealousy and mistrust of us, whether in reference to Poland, to Greece, or to Egypt. Ireland is uniformly alluded to in its columns as suffering from the most barbarous oppression. On one occasion some transactions between an Irish landlord and his tenants were greatly misrepresented in the columns of this print. The true state of the case was immediately placed before the editor, accompanied by evidence which had been laid before the House of Commons. The reply of M. Delamarre was, that he regretted having given a false impression of the affair in question, but that the 'mot d'ordre' was to write of Ireland as one might with truth of Poland. The editor having thus received his instructions from Government, he could not in an individual instance alter his general tone. Notwithstanding, however, its assumed independence, the 'Patrie' is really as servile to the Government as most other papers.

The editor, M. Delamarre, a former 'garde du corps' of Charles X., although imperious in his dealing with literary men, supplely cringes, according to reliable accounts, to

the meanest official of the Government, more especially when he wishes to obtain any concession from the Cabinet. His own life has had many phases, and has been a chequered one. Originally a 'garde du corps,' he became a merchant, then a banker, next a Governor of the Bank of France, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1844 he purchased the 'Patrie' for 60*l.*; that is to say, he paid at the rate of one franc per head for each of the subscribers, which then amounted to 1,500. Within nineteen years the number of subscribers has increased to such an extent, that 40,000 copies are struck off daily, and the value of the paper is said to amount to 80,000*l.* M. Delamarre occasionally signs an article of no literary or political merit and of doubtful interest. His 'lubie,' as they say in France, or his hobby, as we should call it in England, is the very important one of supplying Paris with an increased quantity of water, and cheap bread and victual. Philanthropic as his motive may be in thus endeavouring to attract public attention to so evident a necessity as the water supply, the subject is scarcely one of sufficient general interest to make it palatable when repeated weekly. The 'Figaro' has made many a jest on this pertinacity of the Proprietor of the 'Patrie' in the matter of water; as, for instance, 'Nous sommes fatigués d'entendre parler des eaux *de la mare*.'

The money laid out on the 'Patrie' is enormous; but it is the especial fancy of the proprietor to lavish his money, in this respect, on his literary offspring. He, therefore, profusely spends his fortune in keeping up the paper. He fancies himself thereby invested with a real political

importance. He holds a literary levee, to which writers whose articles have been elsewhere refused, young authors who are too happy to give their works gratis, or the 'heinously unprovided,' or poor devil authors, are compelled to resort, although they are almost all prepared for the ungracious reception that inevitably awaits them. From what we have heard it would appear as though M. Delamarre is anxious to seize an opportunity of showing how much richer and greater a personage he is, how much more of a Grand Seigneur, than his contributors. M. Jourdain, in the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' says, 'Je ne vois 'rien de si beau que de hanter les grands Seigneurs; il 'n'y a qu'honneur et que civilité avec eux.' To be sure M. Delamarre is not a Grand Seigneur of the time of Louis XIV.; but a man of high breeding is always civil and courteous, and all the more so to those who are not blessed with the gifts of fortune. M. Delamarre professes to be a devout Roman Catholic; yet he is a fervent believer in magnetism, spirit-rapping, and table-turning. When his conscience is heavy or his mind embarrassed, instead of consulting his father confessor he has recourse to the process set in vogue by the spirit-rapper Home. We have heard it related, on good authority, that the proprietor of the 'Patrie' dismissed one of his writers, the hat of the ex-guardsman and ex-Governor of the Bank of France, under the influence of some spirit, good, bad, or indifferent, having by a jerk expressed strong doubts respecting the capability of this contributor. A clever friend of ours, who had the privilege of being introduced to the manager of the 'Patrie,' noticed no other peculiarity

in M. Delamarre's hat save that it then remained firm and motionless on his head; an act implying mere rudeness in France than it would imply in England. 'La Patrie' has the merit of publishing correct information, and is noted for giving the news of the day before any other paper. The number of persons employed in the printing, editing, and publication départments amounts to three hundred. The premises occupied by it forms, like the 'Times' office in Printing House Square, a complete square of buildings, running on one side along the Rue des Jeûneurs, and on the opposite Rue du Croissant. There are three printing machine each strike 10,000 copies an hour; 2,100 reams of paper are consumed monthly, and the stamp duty paid to Government amounts every year to £25,000. Each separate copy is sold at three sous by the newsmen, who purchase it at the office for twelve centimes. Among the literary and political contributors the names of Cucheval, Clarigny, H. Berthond (Sam.), Louis Bellet, Edouard Simon, and Edouard Fournier, are prominent. La Guerronière and Limayrac were last year among the principal writers of the 'Patrie,' but they have now quitted it. La Guerronière has founded a journal of his own, called 'La France,' of which we shall have occasion to speak anon. The advertisements in the 'Patrie' produce an annual sum of £16,000. They are inserted in all varieties of type. The sole proprietor of the journal is M. Delamarre; so that from the profits of his paper, irrespective of other sources of emolument, he has a handsome annual income. M. Delamarre is—like all men who have been in finance, banking operations, or trade—fond of increasing his

capital. His motto is that of Turcaret: 'Enrichissez-vous.' This class of men have, in every country in which they have become proprietors of newspapers, done no service to journalism.

In the days of Perry, among ourselves, journalism was inseparably united with principle and party; and the consequence was, that the opinions of the 'Morning Chronicle' were then looked up to with respect. From the period that Sir John Easthope, a thriving stock-broker and jobber, became proprietor of the 'Chronicle,' the character and tone of the paper were lowered; and it at length sank to the lowest abyss of degradation in becoming the property of a Glover and a Stiff. The spirit of gain, the quintessence of mercantilism, have done much to lower the French press. The Havins and Delamarres, and more still the Vérons, have done much to render the press an affair of £ *s. d.*, totally irrespective of principle, party, and national interests. A cloud of Jews, such as Mirès, the Perières, and twenty others, have become traders and traffickers in journals. Every honest man who remembers what party journalism was in England and France five-and-thirty years ago, will say, with La Flèche, in 'L'Avare,' of Molière, 'La peste soit de l'avarice et des avaricieux.' The press has its train of 'chroniqueurs' and its 'romanciers,' among whom the late Paul D'Ivoi (Charles Deleutre) and Henri D'Adugier are prominent; and it also has its 'chroniqueuse des modes:' Madame Lascaux, who was baptized by M. De Villemessant as the Vicomtesse De Rénneville, a name which she has rendered very popular in the 'beau monde.' Madame de Lascaux—or, to speak of her in

a better known name, Madame la Vicomtesse De Rénneville—is distinguished for what ladies call a 'délicieuse toilette.' When she went to offer Villemessant, of the 'Figaro,' an Italian legend which was to make the fortune of the journal, he observed she wore a dress of 'gris perle,' of exquisite taste. 'How beautifully you dress,' said the editor. 'Could you not give yourself to us as a "chroni-'queuse de modes" rather than as the writer of "Le Verrier 'de Murano"?' (the Italian story). She did so, and gave those 'causeries' on fashions which caused such a flutter among the milliners. It were devoutly to be wished that Madame Lascaux would turn her pen against crinoline; for the French, like the English women (and more's the pity), 'portent une crinoline aussi large que d'ici à Pâques.' The 'Patrié,' it should be stated, is a ministerial journal.

We have said so much on a former occasion touching the history of the oldest of the new order of journals, the 'Presse,' that we need not touch on the subject now more than very briefly. The paper was founded in 1836, by Emile De Girardin, a natural son of M. le Comte Alexandre De Girardin by an English mother. It was originally a garish, slapdash, sensation journal, melodramic and quackish; but as it possessed a varnish of cleverness, and was brimful of that daring impudence which is called modest assurance, it was eminently successful. When only a year old, in 1837, it had 15,000 subscribers, and in 1838 the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. The 'Presse' was the first to invent the Roman feuilleton, by which the literary appetite became vitiated, and all taste for serious or well-reflected productions became lost.

The early life of Girardin was a chequered one. He was in a Government office, in the office of an 'agent de change;' he was named an 'Inspector des Beaux Arts;' but none of these things satisfied him. He became the founder and proprietor of a journal called 'Le Voleur,' which was successful, and of another journal called 'La Mode,' which failed, though Balzac, George Sand, and Eugène Sue originally contributed to it. He founded the 'Journal des Connaissances utiles,' the 'Almanach de France,' and many other periodicals. He became a deputy, a speculator in mines, and the founder of the 'Panthéon Littéraire.' These efforts disclosed energy and perseverance, as well as the desire and the determination to be successful. It was in this frame of mind that M. Girardin determined to launch a new journal, to be called the 'Presse,' at forty francs per annum, instead of eighty francs, the usual price. The new journal did not succeed so rapidly as the 'Siècle,' but it succeeded. When six months old it had 9,000 subscribers, when twelve months old 13,000. After a time this successful speculation was dissolved and the copyright of the journal sold. It was purchased by De Girardin, in conjunction with Dujarrier, for a sum of 2,833,812 francs. From this period Emile De Girardin identified himself more and more with the Journal, and by his great energy powerfully contributed to increase its circulation. He secured the aid of the ablest and most popular feuilletonistes: De Balzac, Custine, Alex. Dumas, Gautier, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, Madame Sand, and others. In the political department he wrote himself, with a good deal of rough vigour and shrewdness and bitter personality,

relished by the 'bourgeoisie' of Paris; but sober men were not seriously impressed with the sincerity of M. De Girardin's political convictions, and conscientious men called him a political 'sauteur.' But the man had energy, daring, and a happy audacity, and these qualities often carry an aspirant further than learning, depth, and the finest moral sense. Girardin undoubtedly gave expression to the popular will in resolutely opposing the ministry of Guizot; and this contributed not a little to the success of his paper.

This will be proved by the following figures: in 1840 the sale of the 'Presse' was 13,483, in 1845, 22,971; and in 1847, 23,800. After the Revolution of February, 1848, the sale of the 'Presse' increased enormously. His first cry was 'Confiance, confiance!' his second 'Résistance, 'résistance!' In truth, nobody knew what Emile De Girardin was driving at. It was well enough, nay, highly proper, to oppose the absurd and wicked measures of Carnot, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc; but when the editor of the 'Presse' directed his batteries against a man of the probity and patriotism of General Cavaignac, who had saved society in the sanguinary days of June, men of honesty were confounded and amazed, and suspected an 'arrière pensée.' Be this, however, as it may, there must have been some overwhelming reason for interfering with the liberty of the editor of the 'Presse.' On the 25th June the chief of the Executive power, General Cavaignac, ordered his arrest. He was conveyed to the Conciergerie, where he was 'mis au secret.' His correspondence at the post and elsewhere was seized, and the 'Presse' was sup-

pressed. After eleven days of detention the journalist was at length liberated. As to his journal, after forty-two days of suspension, it was again allowed to appear unconditionally on the 5th August; and one of the earliest uses made of his liberty by this versatile publicist was to put forth and sustain the candidature of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The ardour which De Girardin exhibited in his support of the now Emperor of the French operated on the provincial press of France, and powerfully contributed to the success of the prisoner of Ham. In 1851 Girardin placed himself in opposition to a power which he had mightily contributed to create, and on the 2nd December of the same year he suspended the 'Presse' for ten days, of his own volition, as a measure of precaution. On the 9th January, 1852, notwithstanding the services he had rendered the Emperor, he was forced by decree to remove from Paris. He took up his residence at Brussels, from which he returned in March, resuming his place as journalist. But on the 9th April he received a 'premier avertissement,' or first warning, from M. De Maupas. Four months later a second warning followed; and a third came in its turn, for an article headed, 'Pourquoi la République a cessé d'exister.' In 1854 a fourth warning came, signed by Fialin, calling himself Persigny, for the publication of a letter of Daniel Manin. Officiously warned, a short while afterwards, not to continue a series of articles under the title of 'L'Ornière des Révolutions,' Emile Girardin retired from the active direction of the 'Presse.' A short while afterwards he ceded to M. Millaud, for 800,000 francs, his forty shares in the newspaper with which he

had been so long connected. M. Millaud, at this period a banker, had begun life as a journalist, having founded a newspaper called 'La Liberté,' and also the 'Journal des 'Actionnaires.' The first measure of Millaud was to increase the size of the 'Presse.' This was a judicious measure, and all appeared to be going on swimmingly, when, on the 4th December, 1857, the 'Presse' was suspended for two months for an article written by M. Peyrat.* Such an arbitrary measure was most prejudicial to the interests of the paper, for by the mere fact of suspension the sale fell from 36,900 to 23,000. How can liberty, or truth, or justice flourish in a nation in which such things are calmly tolerated? Acts like these have made a deep impression on the collective character of Paris journalism, which has now fallen immeasurably below the level it occupied in the reign of Louis Philippe. It is natural it should be so. To discuss political or even literary topics with effect, one thing is necessary, and that is perfect liberty; and this Frenchmen do not enjoy. A journal may be extinguished, and the property of thirty families may now be confiscated, at the nod and beck of any minister. French liberty at the present moment is a mere statue, copies of which are to be met on the shelves of some 'bric-à-brac' warehouse, of some old curiosity-shop. But the original mountain nymph sweet Liberty is in the keeping of M. Fialin Persigny, ex-Quartermaster of a cavalry regiment, but now Secretary of State for the Home

* Peyrat contributed to the 'Tribune' and the 'National' in the days of Carrel. For some years he has written in the 'Presse' with vigour.

Department.* He has confined this beautiful damsel, and stopped her up in the underground cellar of one of his nominees and myrmidons, the Sieur Boitelle, Prefect of Police, in front of whose strong walls a gendarme constantly mounts guard, *a solis ortu usque ad occasum*. Like the chameleon, which borrows its hue from that of the objects which surround it, so most of the French papers are more or less influenced by the colour of the flag which floats from the dome of the Tuileries or the Home Office. Another circumstance which prevents France from having a free and independent press, is the obligation under which authors are of attaching their names to every line they may write. The French press has, to our thinking, diminished greatly in power since a law was passed compelling all writers to sign what they published. The violation of privacy, the personalities and egotisms, the virulence and bombast, which are to be met in French journalism now, are but the natural result of having thrown aside the incognito. Since men sign their articles, also, it must be admitted that French papers represent individual ideas more than they do the opinions and interests of a great party.

In 1859 M. Millaud sold the 'Presse' to M. Solar. It is now divided into 1,000 shares, representing thirty-five proprietors. Its daily sale amounts to 25,000: 14,000 for Paris, and 11,000 for the provinces. The sale in the streets amounts to 10,000 per day.

* Persigny is now out of office, and without functions of any kind. If old Saint Simon 'Duc et Pair' were to rise from the dead, how he would turn up his nose at the sight of this parvenu!

While we write, Emile De Girardin is again wielding his grey goose quill energetically in the 'Presse,' pretty much in the way he has done for the last quarter of a century; but none of his political aides-de-camp appear to show any very eminent ability. In the literary portion of the 'Presse' the names most prominent are Paul De St. Victor and Louis Figuier; and in the feuilleton are those of George Sand, Léon Gozlan,* Paul Féval,† Théodore De Banville, and Charles and Francis Victor Hugo. The 'Presse' is an opposition paper.

The 'Siècle' is a paper which has been established about twenty-eight years. It was the first journal to start at the price of forty francs a year, when every other paper was published at a cost of eighty francs. The literary portion of the 'Siècle' largely contributed to the extension of its sale. The daily feuilleton enlarged the number of male, and wonderfully increased the number of female readers. At the period of its starting, the literary portion of the 'Siècle' was produced by men of great talent and repute. It counted among its early contributors Villemain, Charles Nodier, Alphonse Karr, P. Lacroix, Jules Sandeau, and many others, the editor for this department being Louis Desnoyers. This last gentleman is still connected with the paper, but his staff is not

* Gozlan, born in 1806, was the son of a rich shipowner, and early in life made various voyages as super-cargo. He then engaged in commerce, but became ultimately a littérateur. He has written a multitude of romances, tales, and novels.

† Paul Féval was admitted to the French bar, a career which he soon relinquished for a place in a banking house, and this he again surrendered for literary life, in which he has succeeded.

now so brilliant as it was a quarter of a century ago. It principally consists of Ed. De Biéville,* G. Chadenil, and Hippolyte Lucas. The political director of the 'Siècle' is a fortunate man, rather below than above the average of journalists, who rejoices in the name of Leonore Joseph Havin. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, and was bred an advocate. But he never practised at the bar of Paris, and owed to his countryman Dupont De l'Eure his nomination as 'Procureur du Roi,' substitute at Avranches, and 'Juge de Paix' at Saint Lo. Havin was sent to the Chamber of Deputies as member for Avranches in the session of 1831. Timon called him the 'Aide-de-camp Parlementaire' of Odilon Barrot, and intimated that he exhibited shrewdness and mother wit. But no human being ever supposed he possessed any of the higher faculties of the human mind, or considered that he was a man of superior parts or of high principle. But he was a worldly and a self-seeking man, and he pushed his way on. By the exercise of plausible dexterity he was elected four times Secretary of the Chamber. But in 1848, when fortune had turned against Louis Philippe, he was one of the deputies who asked the king to withdraw the ordinance appointing Marshal Bugeaud commandant of the military forces of Paris. In the Constituent he was six times Vice-President and twelve times President of the Committee of Administration. But the filling of these offices affords no proof of the ability or talent of M. Havin.

* De Biéville is a nom de plume, the real name is Louis Desnoyers, who was an actor and manager, and is the author of several theatrical pieces.

There was, however, one thing to be said in his favour. He was the friend of Louis Perrée; and after the lamented death of this man he was pointed out as the fittest person to succeed him as manager of the paper. In this capacity he has contrived to steer his bark through a difficult navigation, and has never struck on the rock of an 'avertissement.' This is a proof of moderation, no doubt; but moderation, as Rochefoucault happily says, is not a love of temperance, but a fear of being sick. The truth is, that Havin is a regular Vicar-of-Bray sort of man. When the Orleanists reigned and were powerful he was an Orleanist; and shortly after the Monarchy had ceased he said he wept bitter tears on its fall. But when the Republic got a little stable he was an excellent Republican so long as the Republic lasted. On the establishment of the Empire he held aloof for a time, but at length accepted Government aid as a candidate for Thorigny-sur-Vire, supported by Mocquard,* the Emperor's private secretary and the prefect of the department. Now that the Empire is a little at a discount, Havin talks loudly of his independence; and with his usual good luck has contrived to get returned for the first circumscription of Paris and for the Pas de Calais. As a political writer M. Havin is a complete nullity. The leaders in the 'Siècle' are chiefly written by Louis Jourdain (a Jew), Emile De la Bedollière, Léon Plée, and Husson. None of the articles are above mediocrity, and most of them very much below it.

The circulation of the 'Siècle' amounts on ordinary

* Mocquard is a man of talent, and has written with success for the stage. He was an advocate, but was disbarred.

days to 55,000, and on Sundays to 60,000, owing to a larger sale in the public streets. Thirty thousand copies of the paper are circulated in Paris and the 'banlieue.' Thirty-eight porters distribute the paper; there are thirty compositors, seventy-two folders, and twenty machine-feeders. The advertisements of the 'Siècle' are very numerous and in every variety of type.

The 'Opinion Nationale' is quite a new journal. On the 10th of May, 1859, M. Guéroult, through the medium of Prince Napoleon, asked the Emperor's permission to establish a paper. His Majesty transmitted his good-will and pleasure thereon, à la manière de Louis XIV. to the then Minister of the Interior, M. De Padoue. The son of the old Imperialist Arrighi (for the Emperor is surrounded, in the second and third generations, by the descendants of men who rose by the favour of his uncle from the humblest positions) wished, like every ministerial understrapper risen to a position for which he is by nature and education unfitted, to impose certain conditions. M. Guéroult declined to be fettered by any conditions whatever, and nothing was done in the business till after the Italian campaign. When the subject was a second time mentioned to the Emperor he granted the authorization required, not in obedience to any law, or any article of the Constitution, but *ex mero motu*. This was in the month of August, 1859, and the new journal appeared on the 1st September. M. Guéroult described his paper as less an opposition journal than 'un journal d'avant garde,' looking to possible solutions, seeking thereby to draw the Government into the right track. Experience has proved

that the idea was not a bad one. The 'Opinion Nationale,' commencing with a capital of 375,000 francs, after a three months' existence counted 6,436 subscribers, and had attained, on the 1st June, 1860, to a circulation of 18,828. The leaders in the new paper were short, and the topics treated various. Instead of diffuse and wordy 'Premiers Paris,' called, in the 'langue d'argot' of the press, 'tartines,' there appeared daily a number of 'entre filets,' wearing an air of business and actuality. Among the earliest writers in the 'Opinion Nationale' were MM. Saulcy and Babinet, of the Institute, and M. Anselme Petetin, who strenuously contended for the annexation of Savoy. The paper had not been three months in existence when it received its first 'avertissement' from M. Billault, ex-Republican, for an article on the Roman question signed Alex. Boureau. On the 20th June, 1860, a second 'avertissement' from the same minister followed, on the question of Naples. The 'Opinion Publique' has a circulation of 25,000. M. Adolphe Guéroult, the editor, is a man of experience in journalism, but, like hundreds of others, has boxed the compass of political opinion. He is fifty-four years of age, and in early life was a St. Simonian. So far back as 1829 he wrote in the 'Globe' and the 'Temps,' and in 1836 was correspondent in Spain for the 'Débats.' Nor is he without experience of foreign countries. In 1842 he was named Consul in Mexico, and in 1846 Consul at Jassy, in Moldavia. From this situation he was relieved by the Republican Government. But this dismissal, to his credit be it said, did not induce him to turn on those who deprived him of office. He placed his pen at the

service of the Revolution, and became a contributor to 'La République,' where he remained till the suppression of the journal. The other leader-writers of the 'Opinion' are Bonneau, Sauvestre, P. Stephen (Carraby), and others. In the literary part of the 'Opinion Publique' Edmond About has largely figured; and he is a host in himself. About, it has been truly said, has many readers and few friends. This is because, like a celebrated writer in England, he is cynical, sceptical, and wants heart. But his style is admirable. It is clear, sharp, pungent, abounding in vivacity and 'esprit.' About lives, and moves, and has his being among a people who in sixty years have proclaimed thirteen Constitutions and twenty Governments; and under these circumstances it is not wonderful he should be sceptical. He lives among a people who have no belief in human purity or human virtue, who laugh at consistency and deride principle. Is it any wonder he should be cynical under this condition of existence? He lives among a people—one of the most intelligent, and decidedly the most agreeable and amusing, in the world—who, calling their companions 'Mon chér,' and writing to their acquaintances 'Mon bon ami' and 'Mon cher ami,' have no idea of friendship, and who, with all their 'esprit,' and agreeability, and desire to please, are eminently sordid and incurably selfish. Under these circumstances is it any wonder that, being a Frenchman, naturally 'né malin,' and a Greek by education, he has no heart? The wonder, indeed, would be if he had a heart. It has been said by a great observer, that 'chacun dit du bien de son cœur et personne n'en ose dire de son esprit;'

but we fancy Edmond About would be very little obliged to, and very little thank any one, who spoke well of his heart rather than of his wit and cleverness. In clearness and piquancy About resembles Voltaire. A wonderful felicity of phrase and clearness of narration sparkle through his pages. But if he were less satisfied of his own brilliancy the reader would be better pleased and more contented. Yet with all his intrepid assurance, not to say undaunted impudence, it must be admitted that he is a great master of diction, one of the greatest in modern France. It is a remarkable fact that the only literature which France now possesses under the Empire is expended, not to say wasted, in tales, romances, feuilletons, and chroniques, which are published in newspapers. All the best writers in France, with scarcely an exception, have for the last quarter of a century written more or less of leading articles: De Broglie, Guizot, Thiers, Villemain, Cousin, De Barante, De Lamartine, De Rémusat, De Montalembert, Mignet, Victor Hugo, and ever so many others. But as able, and some of them more instructed men than these have been constant writers and contributors, not merely of leaders, but on history, literature, ethics, criticism, &c. We would name De Barante, De Sacy, St. Marc Girardin, Nisard, Sainte Beuve, Merimée, Ponsard, Augier, Octave, Feuillet, and De Lamartine, all of whom are of the French Academy. In truth, most of the literature published since the Empire began, in 1852, has been collected reprints of articles from newspapers. It is thus that volumes upon volumes have appeared of Lamartine, Hugo, De Balzac, Eugène Sue, De Sacy, Alexandre

Dumas, Saint Marc Girardin, Sainte Beuve, Nisard, Théophile Gautier, Cuvillier Fleury, Arsene Houssaye, Alphonse Karr, Edmond About, Prosper Merimée, and others. There are few or no serious works of history, criticism, memoirs, sketches, or tales, as in the days of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. All or nearly all literature is now absorbed in the Roman-feuilleton, the chronique, the tale, or the romance, prepared for one of the great organs of publicity. In speaking, therefore, of the existing Paris press, and in tracing its history and the history of its writers, we are really giving a tableau of French literature in 1863.

We will now speak of the youngest journal in Paris—'La France.' 'La France' has been scarcely more than six months established. Its editor is M. de la Guerronière, a showy and superficial writer, who formed himself on the model of M. de Lamartine, and who was at one period of his life a Legitimist, and at another a Republican, as he is now an Imperialist. M. de la Guerronière is supposed to be supported by the Empress, who, to use a French phrase, 'donne dans la dévotion,' by some ladies about the Court, by some male and female courtiers, and by some even of the ministry. He is also supported by some of the higher clergy; but his journal, so far as the nation is concerned, is an anachronism. It is the journal of a clique, the journal of the back stairs; and we cannot think it can ever acquire a large circulation, or exercise a considerable influence. The Editor is a mere 'rhéteur,' with much more sail than ballast to his cockboat, and one day or other he will lurch over. Meanwhile he has

contrived to get made a senator, and with fat places and good emoluments he has put money in both pockets; while Lamartine, his patron of fifteen years ago, who is a man of genius, and has really rendered important services to France, is in a state bordering on indigence. The writers in 'La France' are as yet unknown to fame. Few have heard of the Garcins, or Renaulds, or Mr. J. Cohen, who is, from his name, an unmistakable Jew. 'La France' has few advertisements, and some of these are given in the largest type, at once with the view of pleasing and inviting customers.

'La Gazette de France' is an evening Legitimist journal. It is one of the oldest newspapers in France, and under the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. played an important part in journalism. The Abbé de Génoude, its former editor, is gathered to his fathers. Lourdoueix père, his successor, has followed him to the tomb, and Lourdoueix fils has been removed from the career of journalism by an incurable malady. Gustave Janicot has succeeded to the editorial chair by the very legitimate influence of the shareholders, and the union of services and talents. He is a man of about thirty-five, a Limousin by birth, and being the son of an Italian mother, combines Italian perception with French vivacity. He was for a long period secretary to the Abbé de Génoude; so that in his earlier years he was 'rompu aux affaires de la presse.' He is not very much of a scholar, or very much of a thinker; but he is a person of a vigorous and an original turn of mind. His articles are not long or wordy, and are generally readable, which is more than

can be said for nine-tenths of the leaders of 1863. Janicot has for aides-de-camp Charles Garnier, who distinguished himself at the siege of Gaeta, and Léon Lavedan. Literary criticism is confided to Armand De Pontmartin, a man of cleverness and talent, and the theatrical feuilleton to T. Béchard, the author of 'Des Declassées,' who is very competent for his work.

The 'Gazette' is an evening Legitimist paper. Its circulation is not large, nor its advertisements numerous. The 'Pays' is an Imperial paper, not presenting any very salient features.

The 'Temps' is an opposition paper, which has existed for about three years. The editor is M. Neifftzer, who for many years was one of the principal, and we may add one of the cleverest and best writers in the 'Presse.' On leaving the 'Presse' about seven years ago, he founded the 'Revue Germanique;' and in 1860 or 1861 he launched the 'Temps' one of the largest of the Parisian journals in point of size, and far above the average in point of talent. In addition to these papers, there are the 'Gazette des Tribunaux,' devoted to law and police, and the 'Droit,' a paper, as its name imports, of a professional character. There are also the satirical papers, the 'Charivari,' and 'Figaro,' of which it will be necessary to say a few words.

The 'Charivari' is a very witty and clever paper, excelling in epigram, in light satirical verses, and in caricature. Some of the wittiest and most brilliant pens in France have been employed in its service. Among its earliest contributors were Louis Desnoyers, Altaroche,

and Albert Cler; and it is not so very long ago that M. Fortoul, Minister of Instruction and of Public Works, F. Boilay, Secretary of the Council of State, and Charles Ballard, Secretary of the President of the Senate, were regular members of its staff. Among its caricaturists were Philipon Gavarni and Cham (the Viscount De Noé). In 1851 the 'Charivari' had the good fortune to be ably defended by the Republican advocate M. Billault,* at present one of the speaking ministers of Louis Napoleon, Emperor, in a suit in which the notorious Dr. Véron was plaintiff. Nothing could at that moment exceed the ardour of this Republican patriot. He promised to guard the sacred temples, and to cherish the celestial fire of freedom. From that moment forecasting men marked him as one of the earliest courtiers and fawners upon Cæsarism. The lines of Horace are especially applicable to these pseudo-patriots :—

'Qui sibi promittet, cives urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre in honestus
Omnes mortales curare et quærere cogit.'

There are various theatrical papers, such as 'L'Orchestre,' 'L'Entre Acte,' 'Le Vert-Vert,' 'Le Figaro Programme,' containing a list of the characters and actors, or complete playbills of all the theatres. These little journals frequently contain amusing and witty matter.

There is one Sunday paper in France, which is called 'Le Courrier du Dimanche.' It is ably written, and some of the first men in France contribute to its columns.

* Since this was written, M. Billault is no more.

We need only name Villemain, perpetual Sécretary to the Academy; M. D'Haussonville, son-in-law of the Duke De Broglie; and M. Prévost Paradol of the 'Débats.' 'Le Courrier du Dimanche' is an opposition paper.

If England has its 'Bell's Life' for sporting, so has Paris had for the last ten years 'Le Sport,' which appears every Wednesday. The 'Directeur Proprietaire' is M. St. Albin Lagayere, and the cost of subscription is twenty-five francs a year to France, and twenty-eight francs beyond the frontiers. The editor of the 'Sport' is M. Eugène Chapus, who has succeeded in these functions M. Dillon, an Englishman, who was killed in a duel about a year ago by M. Grammont Caderousse. The 'Sport' gives an account of all races, handicaps, coursings, and steeple-chases, about to take place in England and France. The 'courses à venir' are duly notified beforehand, and reports are given of the races which have taken place since the preceding Wednesday. The 'Sport' is also the official chronicle of the Tattersal Français, Rue Beaujon, Champs Elysées established by an Imperial decree of the 19th September, 1855. The 'Sport' also contains accounts of yachting, hunting, boating, and all that relates to manly sports. It also contains numerous advertisements of horses, dogs, and hounds for sale, from a coach or landau, to a pony-chaise or panier vis-à-vis. In its last page will be found advertisements of 'chateaux and forests' to sell. The 'Sport' has a large circulation among the younger and wealthier classes of Frenchmen, and it is under the especial patronage of the Emperor, who is a great amateur of field sports.

The 'Petit Journal pour Rire,' published at two sous, of which the editor is M. Nadar, is amusing for its illustrations. The 'Passe Temps,' published on Wednesdays and Saturdays for a halfpenny, contains tales and novellettes. The 'Petit Journal pour Rire' at a penny, which mocks at the fashions and toilette of Paris, is well worth the money.

'Le Roman' at a halfpenny, which contains literature, music, history, voyages, biographies, and tales with illustrations, may be had for three francs the year. The 'Journal de Jeudi,' 'Roger Bon Temps,' and 'Le Siècle Illustré,' containing tales, all sell at the same price. 'Le Journal Amusant,' published at seven sous, shows up English phizzes and fashions with amusing severity. Of the 'Hanneton,' the 'Tintamarre,' and 'Le Boulevard,' it will not be necessary to say a word.

The French press, both daily and weekly, makes the most absurd blunders in English proper names, and also in English quotations. Within a few days it has called Mr. C. Bentinck, M.P. for West Norfolk, Lord Bentinck; and Mr. Trelawney, Mr. Trelaunie. The 'Siècle,' in a sporting article, calls the Maid of the Oaks, the Maid of the Caks; Bamstead Downs, Banlead Downs. We might fill ten pages with mistakes of this kind, and with a recital of gross mistakes in the chronology, history, and customs of our country.

The 'Figaro,' a paper given to satire, gossip, and scandal, appears twice a week. The editor is M. De Villemessant, with whose name Paris has resounded during the last six months. Among the regular con-

tributors to 'Figaro' are Jouvin Bourdin and Monselet; but Edmond About, Théodore De Banville, and the late Paul D'Ivoi, frequently wrote in it.

There are weekly papers, such as the 'Illustration' and the 'Monde Illustré,' on which we do not mean to dwell. There is also an English paper in France which has existed since 1814, and which was founded by an old Italian, named Galignani, who was patronized and supported by the elder branch of the Bourbons. Antecedently to 'Galignani's Messenger,' there existed for a short period a journal called the 'Argus,' conducted by the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, afterwards editor of the 'Anti-Gallican,' and 'British Monitor.' So long as Goldsmith found it his interest to praise the French government, the paper was allowed to appear under his auspices, but having been gained over to the interest of England and the Allies, he was removed from the editorship, and a creature of Bonaparte replaced him. The 'Argus' of course expired with the system which gave it birth. On the return of Louis the XVIII. however, in 1814, permission was given to Galignani to publish an English paper, and the 'Messenger' was the consequence. Simultaneously with his newspaper, the Italian established an English News-Room and Circulating Library, at spacious premises 'entre cour et jardin,' No. 18, Rue Vivienne. Thither the immense number of English, who flocked to Paris after the peace, repaired. They subscribed to the News-Room; they subscribed to the Circulating Library; they purchased stationery and books of this thrifty tradesman, so that his resources immediately and largely increased.

With the increase old Galignani commenced a system of piratical publishing on a large scale. The works of Byron, Scott, Moore, Sheridan, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Southey, were then in great vogue. Galignani, without paying these celebrated authors a farthing, commenced issuing pirated editions of their works, and by this process, which extended over a period of more than forty years, made a very large fortune. A month after any new work appeared in London, it was re-issued in a complete form by this Italian in Paris, and sold at half and sometimes a third of the original price. After the death of old Galignani, his sons A. and W. Galignani continued the practice, and it is not wonderful that they are both exceedingly rich men. Indeed, they are said to be worth 12,000*l.* a year each. One of them has a splendid château near Paris, where he occasionally gives entertainments.

The 'Messenger' is a paper altogether made by the aid of scissors and dictionaries. It is composed of leaders, of extracts and cuttings from the 'Times,' 'Post,' 'Daily News,' 'Herald,' and the other morning, evening, and weekly, London, and provincial papers. Under the head Paris is given translations from the 'Moniteur,' 'Débats,' and other Parisian journals. German and Italian news is translated from the German and Italian newspapers. About twelve columns of 'Galignani' are given to English, Scotch, and Irish leaders, and news, and English leaders, and about nine to the news and leaders from the journals of the Continent and America. Five or six columns are allotted to advertisements during

the parliamentary session, and a large number of columns during the recess. For now nearly half a century 'Galignani's Messenger' has lent itself to every form or change of government in France. Old Galignani, the Italian, professed to be a royalist 'quand même,' and his sons in 1829, were *ejusdem farinæ;* but this did not prevent them, in 1830, from lending the government of Louis Philippe a support which was continued for eighteen years, or from turning a sheep's eye glance at the Republic. The support tendered, however, to the Republic was very transitory and temporary; for the scissors and paste men, and the men with English, French and Italian dictionaries under their arms, only cut out and translated articles favourable to the Club of the Rue de Poictiers and the Burgraves, as they were then called.

To the Prince and the Emperor, Galignani was more gracious, and now there is not a fulsome panegyric on the author of the 'Coup d'Etat' that is not transposed by the scissors and paste men to the columns of the 'Messenger.' Truly, as Molière said, 'Les flatteurs cherchent à profiter 'de l'amour que les hommes ont pour les louanges, en leur 'donnant tout le vain encens qu'ils soulaitent et c'est un 'art ou l'on fait comme on voit des fortunes considérables.' 'Galignani,' in the thirty-four years between 1814 and 1848, had a large circulation in Paris and in the interior of France, and also generally on the Continent; but the circulation has much diminished within the last fifteen years. This is partly caused by the diminution of English residents in France, in consequence of the increased dearness of living, and also not a little by the institution of

the penny postage and penny papers, as well as the reduction in the price of the 'Times,' and the other high priced journals. Galignani still charges in Paris the monstrous price of ten sous for a single copy of his journal. The subscription in France for a month is eleven francs, for a quarter, thirty-two francs, for half a year sixty-two francs, and for a year, 120 francs; out of France the paper is proportionately dearer. In Rome and the Ionian Islands, for instance, it costs 160 francs a year.

'Galignani' is published at the office, which has been removed to 224, Rue Rivoli, at six o'clock in the morning, and there is also an evening edition, which contains all the news received to the moment of going to press. One of the earliest editors of 'Galignani,' after the peace, was Mr. Cyrus Redding. Mr. Colley Grattan, it is reported, afterwards edited it; he certainly edited the 'Paris Observer,' and it has been said that Mr. Thackeray in early life was connected with the editorial department of the paper. The news-room of this fortunate family is made subsidiary to the journal, and the journal to the news-room. It is a great pity the French government has not given the authorization for another English journal in Paris, but the fact is, these supple-backed Italians have been so facile and flexible to all governments, that they are favourites with all. It is not easy to say what is the circulation of the 'Galignani.'

There is a German paper at Paris, which circulates exclusively among Germans, and of which it is not necessary to speak.

There are also several weekly penny papers, which pene-

trate to the houses of a vast number of persons, not always of the lowest class. Of these, the 'Journal pour Tous,' 'Les Coulisses du Monde,' 'Jean Diable,' 'La Vie Parisienne,' 'Le Tintamarre,' may be taken in a batch. They bear a very strong resemblance to one another, both in their form and contents. The principal contributors to such periodicals are Ponson De Terrail, Champfleury, Léon Gozlan, Baudelaire, Gonzales, &c. Nothing can be more miscellaneous than the composition of these weekly papers. Science, art, poetry, tales, extracts, biographies, charades, pastimes, culinary recipes, problems, riddles, are here huddled together 'pêle-mêle,' drawn from every possible source. The greater part of the stories which form the staple of each of these periodicals are of the magic-lantern character, abounding in dramatic effect, in inflammatory description, and so crowded with incident, that one of the brief stories sometimes contains action enough for half a dozen novels of the spasmodic school. All this, however, is literature, not journalism, but literature of a low kind, with which we shall soon be deluged in England, if we do not take proper precautions.

Our aim should be, on this side of the Channel, to keep journalism and literature wholly distinct. In France for the last twenty years the two have been united, and during the last seventeen years journalism has absorbed literature. Even so far back as forty years ago, men of letters, enjoying a high political position in France, were connected with journalism personally, pecuniarily, and politically, and made it an instrument of convenience, and a stepping-stone of ambition. Considerably more than half

a century ago, literature in France was the only wicket by which men could enter on the forbidden domain of politics. When writers might not openly dilate on political questions in the reign of the first Napoleon, in criticising the great authors of France they dexterously insinuated rather than expressed opinions on great questions of public policy, state, and government. Chateaubriand, De Bonald, De Barante, and Benjamin Constant, thus did good service at a time when the Emperor would have tolerated no opposition to his government, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions. The connexion between literature, politics, and journalism in France grew more intimate in the period of the first Restoration, and during the hundred days. Chateaubriand and Guizot were then men of letters, politicians, and journalists, and M. Guizot was editor of the 'Moniteur de Gand.' Etienne, a politician and a man of letters, played an important part in the journalism of the Restoration; and every one is aware of the intimate connexion which MM. Thiers and Salvandy, both men of letters and politicians, had with journalism from 1823 to almost the days of February, 1848. M. De Rémusat, a minister under Thiers, and a man of letters, was also a journalist; and two of the ministers of Louis Philippe, Duchâtel and Dumon, wrote effectively in the 'Globe.' So far the casual connexion subsisting between literature, politics, and journalism, was not abused. But subsequently it was very much abused. From 1844 and 1845, the period when Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue became the rage, and their romances were made the salient, because the most

successful and paying portions of the paper, political journalism has declined contemporaneously and apace with serious literature. In fact, the 'feuilletoniste,' the writer of romances and 'of extravagant sensational tales, the 'chroniqueur,' and the painter of Bohemian revels and 'demi-monde' life, have nearly effaced, not merely the political disquisitionist and party dialectician, but have effaced the philosophers, and historians, and graver writers and thinkers of France. In a material age, when an apparently strong military government is deified, and every man, woman, and child in France is desirous to live fast, to enjoy and to accomplish great personal purposes without labour, without toil, without merit, proper training, or fitting aptitudes, the works of Feydeau, the author of 'Fanny,' the writings of Flaubert, the author of 'Madame Bovary,' and of that monstrous book called 'Salammbô,' the writings of Champfleury, of Henry Murger, of Alexandre Dumas, of George Sand, are preferred to the productions of Villemain, of Cousin, of Guizot, of Mignet, of Montalembert, of Ernest Rénan, of Jules Simon, and of St. Marc Girardin. The daily press of France would prefer, and pay higher even, for some sensational romance, for something written by Ernest Feydeau, Champfleury, Gustave Flaubert, Alexandre Dumas, Arsene Houssaye, or the late Henry Murger, than for the finest political or literary article written by De Sacy, St. Marc Girardin, or Villemain. It is success, and what will pay that is looked to, not learning, or merit, or genius. The establishment of the second Empire has proved what may be done by audacity, luck, good fortune, and favouring circumstances.

The first man of the state, the head of the executive, has succeeded by a bold 'coup' of his own, and each individual Frenchman, in his particular sphere, follows the example of his Emperor. To use a French phrase, 'Chacun est pressé de vivre, de parvenir, et de jouir.' To attain these ends the old monotonous courses of honour, honesty, and law must be eschewed; for men desire by a bound to become not merely rich and great, but to become, without study or practice, statesmen, orators, and public writers. There is in the French of all classes, educated or uneducated, a great vivacity of conception, a remarkable facility of expression, a wonderful daring and audacity; and it is no marvel that literature and journalism have had their 'Coup d'Etat,' too, effected by the writers of the realistic, fantastic, and sensational school. These men have dethroned Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Molière; they have dethroned the virtuous Fénélon, the austere Bossuet, the tender Massillon; they have dethroned Montaigne, Pascal, Montesquieu, and Voltaire; they have dethroned Chateaubriand and De Stael, whom nobody now reads: for in this era of Cæsarism men delight in the 'Mémoires of Rigolboche,' in the 'Mascarades de la Vie Parisienne,' in the 'Souvenirs des Funambales,' and in 'Madame Bovary.' Where is the wonder? Has not Cæsarism superseded constitutional government? Have not the uninstructed and audacious lackeys of Cæsarism filled the places of constitutional ministers, who had risen to power by the force of superior ability, by the exercise of superior aptitudes in administrative and political science, by the elevating influences of eloquence in debate, wisdom in council,

and by tried services, sagacity, and discretion. Instead of the Vilelles, the Martignacs, the Casimir Périers, the Molés, the Dufaures, the Guizots, and the Thierses, we have now the Walewskis and the Persignys of this generation, and the two speaking ministers, Billault and Baroche, who are hired, and receive a brief and fat fee, to defend men who are incompetent to defend themselves. Cobbett used to say, that if George IV. stopped the first three men he met at Charing Cross on his way down to the House of Lords, he would find ministers among the crowd as good as, and better than Vansittart, Sidmouth, and Westmoreland. But these three men were at least gentlemen of education: though not wise and able men, they were men born in the purple, and early initiated into public affairs. But the Minister of State and the Minister of the Interior, in France, are, in every sense of the word, social and political adventurers, men without the talents, acquired knowledge, and attainments necessary to the management of state affairs. They are in their offices from favouritism, from chance—not selection—because they are supple, because they are servile, because they are blindly devoted to the Emperor. They have not risen into power through hard essays and eloquent encounters in deliberative assemblies, nor by a long experience of administrative business. They are not like the Whig connexion in the reign of Queen Anne, of whom Addison truly said:—

> 'Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
> Or from the crimes or follies of a court:
> On the firm basis of desert they rise,
> From long-tried faith and friendship's holy ties.'

They are not men formed in those maxims upon which the fabric of public strength is built in a great constitutional state. But it is one of the necessities of a power risen from a successful 'Coup d'Etat,' to maintain itself by favourites, by men not soberly but fanatically Imperialist. In the same way as instructed and serious writers are pushed from their stools at the press by sensational, emotional, fantastical, obscene, and sensual writers, in the same manner are the serious thinkers, statesmen, and politicians of the last twenty years forced to give place in the conduct of public affairs to adventurers and empirics. This system has lasted now for more than a decade; but there are signs of an awakening of the public mind, as we shall have occasion to show by-and-by. The realistic and fantastic school in literature boast that they have had no masters; that they are without education, and have become what they are by intuition and instinct. The Minister of the Interior, Fialin, calling himself Persigny, may make the same boast as a politician, and say, 'Je me suis fait ce que je suis,' which, to speak the truth, is not much.

No one boasts more than M. Champfleury of his incomplete studies and imperfect education. But it is not because he was clerk to a small notary, and shopman to a small bookseller, that we can forgive him for forgetting the respect which is due to every reader, however humble. There are, in the 'Aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette'—and we do not profess ourselves to be over squeamish—things so 'sales,' so 'graveleux,' as to be fit only for the 'Lupanarium.' Yet it was writing of this kind that recom-

mended M. Champfleury to the 'Presse,' in whose feuilleton appeared 'Madame Bois D'Hyver,' now published complete in a volume. We don't deny that Champfleury has great power of minute observation, and that he describes particular classes well, and occasionally displays a certain finesse; but his minuteness often degenerates into triviality, and we do not understand his theory of irresistible fatality as applied to single or to double adultery. His comedy is often too gross, and he is too fond of painting individualities; but, nevertheless, four of the Paris journals gladly accepted his contributions at a time when they would have rejected articles written by the most learned and accomplished men in France.

There is more freshness about the writings of the deceased Murger, another great feuilletonist, than about those of Champfleury. But Murger owed as little to education as his friend. The son of a poor tailor, he became clerk to an attorney, and subsequently reader to the Russian Prince Tolstoy. His chief occupation in this respect was the reading of sensation novels; and by force of reading them, he became a producer in kind. The speciality of M. Murger consisted in his descriptions of the 'Pays Latin' and Bohemian life. It has been well said that the epigraph on all his characters might be, 'Ici on ne se marie pas.' He became a journalist himself in his later years. He wrote articles at two francs the page in 'L'Age d'Or,' in 1842. He was editor of the 'Moniteur à la Mode,' and also of a journal of hatters, appropriately called 'Le Castor.' He wrote tales and feuilletons in the 'Corsaire,' and he was also admitted to write in the

'Revue des Deux Mondes.' He was undoubtedly a man of genius and observation. He had much pathos, and was a master in describing the lights and shadows of Bohemian and student life. But extravagant, improvident, and thoughtless, Murger died in the Hospital Dubois, in his thirty-eighth year. Though his talents inspire admiration, yet it is an admiration tempered with mournful regret at the misapplication of power which might have been better used.

The sovereign chief of the realistic school at this moment, however, is M. Gustave Flaubert. He is also a minute observer, and in his way a great artist. No man enters into the minutiæ, the accessories and aids of a subject, with a more desperate and disgusting fidelity. He catalogues and faggots into bundles the emotions, the sensations, the sighs, the groans, the tears, the sensualities and concupiscences of his dramatis personæ. He has by him, 'en gros' a regular assortment, a perfect cargo of characters for the literary market, which he is ready to fit into the frame at the proper time and place. Cooks, curates, schoolmasters, grocers, poulterers, apothecaries, mayors, prefects, gendarmes, and 'arracheurs de dents,' some adulterous, some incestuous, are kept in his pigeon-holes, ready cut and dried, like the constitutions of the Abbé Sieyes, to be produced when the demand arises. Nor does he stop here. He produces his heroine, Madame Bovary, in every possible shape; in dress and in demi-toilette, naked and not ashamed, slip-shod and without slippers. He exhibits her to us at meals and at mass, in the confessional and in the calèche, at the table d'hôte dinner and as she dries her wet feet at the

kitchen fire, disclosing a pretty leg and foot. He shows her to us flirting and philandering, waltzing and praying, we had almost said paring her toe-nails on the Saturday night or early on Sunday morning, as she undresses or makes her toilette. This minute attention to petty details is bearable enough on occasions; but to have it in every page every day in the week, is insufferable. 'Toujours perdrix' palls on the mental as on the physical appetite. He gives a list of Madame Bovary's lovers, beginning with A and ending with Z. But why should we go further? We feel that some apology is due to our readers for saying so much of these people as we have said. They are a vile, a crapulous, a corrupt, a low, a thoroughly disgusting set. We know not which is worst, the notary's clerk, the 'commis voyageur' with the yellow gloves, or the usurer. As to the Bovary herself, her concupiscences of money, of luxuries, and of the flesh, are uncontrollable and unimaginable. M. Feydeau would appear to think that this is the result of temperament and fate.

'Sua cuique deus fiat dira cupido.'

If men are irresistibly impelled to wanton love, let them live in it, he teaches, for evermore.

'Si mimnermus uti censet sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum: vivas in amore jocisque.'

As the Bovary grows older she learns to look for well-be-moneyed lovers, who are more distinguished by their 'coffre fort' than their 'cœur tendre.'

'Bene nummatum decorat Sandela Venusque.'

Ernest Feydeau is more of an artist than Flaubert, and is more Byronian in his manner. But he is 'au fond' just

as sensual, and probably writes worse and more dangerous books. There is no doubt whatever that Feydeau labours at his work with artistical skill; that he pauses on each word; that he balances every sentence; that he reads aloud over and over again his productions, that there may be rhythm and music in his periods. But all his efforts only succeed in producing a style which has by a competent critic been called 'l'art sans la vérité. Il a un travail capricieux et travaillé.' There is more workmanlike finish than truth in all his writings. 'Fanny,' which he calls an 'étude,' would be for the young and the carnal-minded an alluring book. It is full of descriptions painted in the large and lascivious manner of Rubens; of legs and arms, of heaving bosoms, of sensual kisses, of burning and bulbous lips, the fleshy tints given with great gusto; but all the artifices of style and colouring cannot excuse the impurity and loathsomeness of the subject. It is the history of a man carrying on an intrigue with a married woman, becoming jealous of her husband, taking a house next door to his mistress, and watching for nights together to see whether he can discover that his Fanny 'vit maritalement avec son mari.' We put the words in French, for we cannot bring ourselves to write them in English. He at length discovers that she opens her husband's chamber door, that she enters, oh horror! the nuptial couch; and what he witnesses he minutely describes with a rage of jealousy, of *jealousy with cause*, which shows a perverted power. It is in these 'tours de force,' in these clever contortions, that M. Feydeau revels. The greater the sinner, in his idea, the

greater the saint. A Marquis De Lauzun is a man after his own heart. Let but a roué seduce mother and daughter, live in succession with three sisters, debauch his own niece, and abandon her for her own waiting-maid, or a soldier's trull, or a peasant girl long pawed by some rustic clown, and he calls this piquant reality. It is zestful, and gives higher relish and flavour to sin, and shame, and crime. Fanny is ushered, in hot-pressed paper, into print with a motto from Ecclesiastes: 'Celui qui creuse une fosse y tombera, et celui qui renverse une clôture sera mordu par un serpent.' Is it not debasing literature thus to sensualize it? It is Champfleury, Murger, Flaubert, Feydeau, Dumas, and Sue, who are now read by younger Frenchmen, instead of Chauteaubriand, Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, De Barante, Montalembert, Thierry, Rénan, and Jules Simon, among the moderns.

As to Boileau, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Bossuet, and Fénélon, as to Molière and Racine, the youth of France know nothing of them. We fear our own middle-class youth read very little of Bacon, Milton, Locke, or Burke. But, on the other hand, they read somewhat too much of Dickens and Douglas Jerrold, of Sala and the writers of the smart cockney sensation school. Our newspapers, too, are fast getting into the sensation-article line. Scholarly and serious articles are not always preferred by the wise men called editors. Brisk Dickensism and Salaism have their great admirers; and all accounts of public spectacles, fêtes, &c. whether by Mr. Russell or others, are now written in this sensation, startling, and jerking manner, introduced by Dickens, who is surpassed

by his pupil Sala. When and where will all these contortions end?

The evil, instead of being repressed, goes on increasing. Since the preceding sentence was printed, Edmond About has written another novel, called 'Madelon,' of which a wanton woman of that name is the heroine. This creature, 'sortie de la fange,' born at Bordeaux, was called Madelon, then Bordeaux, then Schottesh, then Blondine, then Refait, then Madame Poteau, then Madame Tosty, then Madame Love, then Madame Flerus. Her father and mother were unknown. In her earliest youth she was taken in hand by the woman Lenoit, a carder of mattresses, who early made her charms a marketable commodity. She was next engaged as a 'figurante' at the Grand Theatre of Bordeaux, and while there condemned to six months imprisonment for stealing a watch from a brother artist. Madelon arrived in Paris in 1834, after the suicide of the young M—, her lover. She became celebrated at the balls of the left bank of the Seine, and soon fell into deep distress. On the 22d of August, 1836, she was inscribed on the list of unfortunate women, and imprisoned for six weeks for an infraction of the rules of the Sanitary Police. After this she was taken as a mistress by the Sieur Poteau, a haberdasher of the Rue St. Denis, whom she lured into an expenditure that led to bankruptcy; then she took up with the Neapolitan Baron Tosti, killed in a duel; next she was enriched by the Scotch banker, Love; and, after an innumerable series of adventures she placed herself under the protection of the Marquis de G—. It is at this period of time the

volume commences. Madelon has, it appears from the book, ruined many of the scions of great houses by play and extravagant living, though she does not gamble at her own house. She drives fine equipages, frequents the theatres, dines à la Lucullus, and captivates old and young by 'son physique agreable et ses charmes singulièrement attachants.' She completely bewilders and ruins a nèphew, extracts untold sums of gold from his uncle, an ex-professor, a deputy, a liberal, and a 'blagueur,' after the fashion of Dr. Véron, who probably sat for the portrait; but all the while her favourite is a roué Marquis, of a certain age, who exercises over the courtezan pretty much the same influence that Potemkin exercised over the Empress Catherine of Russia. But at length she plays this lover, rusé rasé et blasé, false, and instals another in his place. The discarded one has his revenge. He induces her to marry the 'âme damnée' of the story, one Jeffs, a usurer, an extortioner, a miser, but a reputed millionaire. She marries the wretch, well described in the lines of Molière :—

> '—— En vrai ladre il a toujours vécu,
> Il se feroit fesser pour moins d'un quart ecu,
> Et l'argent est le Dieu que sur tout il revere.'

But this miser—this sordid, stingy, and self-seeking miscreant—who beats Harpagon hollow; and who, if he had any furniture, would say to his father, his only servant, in the very words of L'Avare, 'Je vous commets au soin de nettoyer partout, et sur tout prenez bien garde de ne point frotter les meubles trop fort de peur de les user.' This 'vrai ladre' becomes desperately attached

to a spendthrift, profligate partner, 'Mangeant son blé en herbe,' to use the words of La Fleche to Cléante, yields to her in everything and lavishes hundreds of thousands of francs in gratifying her most frivolous and ridiculous caprices. Probability does not seem to be much kept in view in this frame-work, indeed, it appears shocked in the whole scheme of the story. The plot and contrivance of the novel are all through defective, though the language is clear, sententious, flexible, and flowing. It must be admitted that About is a great master of clear and correct language, and that his style is trim, spruce, and sparkling, resembling the prose of Voltaire; but he has not the faculty of constructing a story, though he draws individual characters and types of classes with freedom and finish. The miser and usurer Jeffs, though the most despicable of men and never taking part in public affairs before his marriage with the courtezan, becomes under her guidance a public character, disputing the 'pas' with a local celebrity, a man of conduct and character, the Baron de Guernay, who is a benefactor to the whole department. Madelon herself assumes to set aside, in the management of the local charities, the mother of the principal seigneur and landowner of the department of whom we have just spoken, which renders the son indignant. Having ascertained her real origin and history, he causes to be conveyed to her his intimation, that unless she desists from an indecent and audacious rivalry with his mother, he will expose her history. She resigns her pretensions, and asks an interview. The interview is granted, when this model gentleman, philanthropist,

and public benefactor, becomes in half an hour, at the ripe age of thirty-three, smitten, and falls desperately in love with the wanton charmer, of whose character and previous course of life he is fully cognizant. He goes off with this scandalous and seductive syren, and the too bewitching beauty, having induced him to lavish his patrimony upon her caprices, abandons him for a funumbulo at Venice. He returns to Paris a sadder and wiser man, and meets the old 'rusé' favourite of Madelon, to whom he records how he has been deluded and diddled. The old roué condoles with him, tells him how well he himself discerned the real character of Madelon; how he judged her disposition and conduct, and how he had come now to detest them. One can even fancy the experienced monitor addressing the Alsatian Baron in the words of Terence :—

> 'Id vero est quod ego puto palmarium,
> Me reperisse, quo modo adolescentulus,
> Meretricium ingenia et mores posset noscere,
> Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit.'

While they are thus discussing the demirep, she walks in, just arrived from Italy, the 'chere amie' of a prince, Mathias the XXIV., of Teufelscharantz, enormously rich. She comes to purchase the 'terre' and the château of her old flame, and is prepared to give a sporting price for both. The old flame is again smitten, so is the ruined Alsatian, bitten and beggared as he has been. The old flame wishes to get the Alsatian back to his department, and carries him to the 'Gare' of the Strasburgh Chemin de Fer. But the Alsatian Baron de Guernay

does not start in the train, and hies him off to the mansion of Madelon, where Marquis and Baron both meet. This is really 'un peu trop fort.' The fast young men of our day will, no doubt, commit unheard-of follies for the 'demi-monde'—for the Madelons and Laura Bells—for the Fannys and Madame Bovarys and Sickles's of our generation; but men of middle age in France—one of them the father of a family—will not perpetrate such follies as these. In the interim Jeffs—

'Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.'

becomes mad, and is locked up in a 'maison de santé.' For a long while his cure is despaired of; but one fine morning the keeper lets fall a piece of silver money, and at sight of the coin the miserly passions of Jeffs revive, and he sheds copious tears. This gives relief to his surcharged brain, and he again becomes sane.

His wife, the courtesan, however does not return to him but remains in Paris at the head of a salon, around which crowd many celebrities. Her old friend the Marquis, in a letter written respecting her, pronounces her the grace, the light, the life, the ornament of society; and thus the book ends. Its moral is detestable, and its construction faulty, though its style is good. But it is not so good as the style of the famous pamphlet on Rome, or of Tolla. Octave Feuillet has been called the Bossuet of the demi-monde; Edmond About ought to be called its Bourdaloue. What the book proves is, that 'les femmes entretenues, les 'filles perdues, les femmes de coulisses et d'orgie ont plus 'de charmes plus d'attraits que les honnetes femmes.' Its moral proves that the Montespan, the Pompadour, the

Dubarrys, the Marie Vernons, and the Madelons bear off the palm from better natures. Novels of this kind are written for the 'demi-monde,' and those who support the 'demi-monde.' They are of the same order of composition as 'Un Père Prodigue' of Dumas fils, in which (as in the Chevalier de Faublas) a father and son, companions and rivals in pleasure, pursue and seek the favours of the same woman.

In France, one would think a body like the French Academy would have made some effort to save the nation from being flooded with such a literature as we have described. But the Academy, though containing among its forty members some sixteen or eighteen of the first writers and speakers in France, has been powerless against a prevailing and a perverted taste. Neither Villemain nor De Barante, neither Guizot nor Montalembert, neither Berryer nor Thiers—all writers and speakers of pure French—have been able to struggle against the sensationist and spasmodic school. The paid senators, the fat-fed, pampered, 'quand même' Napoleonic deputies, the obese speculators of the Bourse, the sordid Jews of the Credit Mobilier and Credit Foncier, all love a sensual and a spasmodic literature, which is patronized by the 'nouveaux riches,' and the 'demi-monde' lovers of 'primeurs,' and patronized also by several of the public functionaries, all wallowing in champagne and truffles. Indeed, in the Academy itself, one of the last refuges of liberty, some patrons of the sensationist school are also to be found. To be sure they are third and fourth rate men, who ought not to have been admitted to a 'fauteuil;' but in the deca-

dence of public spirit, in the extinction of public liberty, and in the prevalence of a 'mercantilisme littéraire' among nearly all classes, it is not to be wondered that half a dozen men should have obtained chairs to which they are not entitled. At the last election of the Academy, however, at the close of April, that body did itself great honour. M. Dufaure, a man of spotless reputation, who had been Minister of the Interior under Cavaignac, and who is now the first advocate in France, standing in the place occupied in this country by the Plunkets, the Copleys, the Broughams, and the Follets of a by-gone generation, was a competitor for the place vacant by the death of Duke Pasquier. His opponent was Jules Janin, a popular critic, and a feuilletoniste of eminence, but no more worthy to be compared to Dufaure than M. Fialin Persigny is to be compared to Colbert or to Sully.

It was, however, the cue of the authorities to make a dead set against Dufaure; and even the highest personage in the State did not disdain to canvass against a man whose courage is fearless, whose honesty is unimpeachable, and whose talents and powers of reasoning are formidable to absolute power. But notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of members of the Imperial household, Dufaure was most properly elected to the vacant chair. He is, beyond question, the ablest reasoner in France, and one of the best speakers and writers of his own language of our generation. The members of the Academy did wisely in choosing one who does them so much honour, rather than a clever feuilletoniste, without social or political weight, or the highest literary qualifications.

The truth is, that the highest personage wished to be himself elected an Academician, and still covets that honour. Whether his 'Life of Cæsar' will obtain it for him remains to be proved. If the forty are not obsequious, and refuse to elect one who still remains Emperor, and still continues fortunate—for much depends on those contingencies—the Academy may be broken up into sections for showing an independent spirit. It is in apprehension of this fate that some Academicians consider it would be more prudent to elect an Imperial candidate, should he offer himself, as one of the forty. As one of the Academy, as a member of the Republic of Letters, the Academicians can meet the chief of the Executive on equal ground, on a stage where every one is sure to have fair play; and under these circumstances the Emperor is no very formidable competitor. He is not a speaker; he is not a ready man; he is not a full man. With preparation, and leisure, and reflection, he can write well catching State papers; but his strength lies in his reserve, his habitual reticence, and his discretion. 'Il a un grand talent pour le silence.' His strength also lies in his skilled temporizing. He is cold; he is reflective; he is intelligent; he is master of himself; but though generally wavering and indecisive for a long time, he is occasionally carried away by a kind of phrensy which he seems quite unable to resist.

In the encounter of intellect with intellect, in 'impromptus fait à loisir,' such ready speakers as Berryer and Montalembert, such weighty speakers as Dufaure, and such clever and witty talkers as Villemain and Thiers, have nothing to dread from putting their minds into con-

tact with an intellect such as this. As to M. Guizot, with all his faults, with all his sourness, ignorance of France and Frenchmen, and unsusceptibility, he has courage, calmness, and 'aplomb' enough to lecture an Emperor 'à la manière de l'Ecole de Genève,' and to wield his professional 'ferula' as he did forty years ago at the Sorbonne. There is also one man in the Academy, and the last admitted, too—Dufaure—who, if the Emperor Napoleon be introduced merely because he wears the purple, will repeat to the forty the allegorical apologue which the great lawyer and scholar and Academician Patru recited, when a lofty official was elected rather for his high position than for his literary merits: 'Un ancien Grec avait une 'lyre admirable à laquelle se rompit une corde; au lieu 'd'en remettre une de boyau, il en voulat une d'argent, et 'la lyre n'eut plus d'harmonie.' There is a 'conscience d'esprit' as well as a moral conscience; and men like Montalembert, Berryer, and the Duke De Broglie, are likely to make an intruder feel who forces himself upon men of genius and learning, in virtue of his being the master of twenty legions, that he is but an emperor—an emperor after all by a 'Coup d'Etat.' Homely truths of this kind are not pleasant to hear, and the Academy may be broken up after all. There is one sordid and servile old man, Dupin, on whom the Orleans family showered places and promotions which he loves well, and many gifts which he loves better, who would applaud this deed of his Emperor, and exclaim—

'Vous leur fites, seigneur,
En les croquant beaucoup d'honneur.'

The truth is, that in good society in France nobody thinks the Emperor a very formidable entity, personally. It is because of the immense and uncontrolled power he wields, of the blindness and devotion of his instruments, and of the unscrupulous use he would make of them, that people dread him. The army of France would undoubtedly fight now as it always has fought against a foreign enemy. But still the army, notwithstanding twelve years of Imperialism, is instinct with patriotism and love of country; and though determined to preserve order, it will never dragoon, or sabre, or shoot down Frenchmen, unless from some tremendous all-mastering and overwhelming necessity. Besides, it should be also remembered that the generals of that army are jealous of each other, are jealous of their master, and some among them are capable of playing a personal game. The most intelligent and able generals in the army are no believers in the eternity of the present system of things, and like intelligent civilians, they have some of them a presentiment, and some of them a hope, that a change may come sooner than is supposed. It is not the army then that is so formidable or dangerous, as courtiers, ministers, and functionaries. There is the President of the Legislative Chamber, a man of energy and intelligence, reckless and unscrupulous, fond of gold, and tenacious of power; and this personage has always exhibited the malignity of the very demon of absolutism towards any extension of popular power. He has great influence over the first personage of the State, and in some respects they resemble each other. Such an admirer

is a perilous counsellor, and all the more so from his vigour, intelligence, and tenaciousness. The Home Minister is not so dangerous a man as M. De Morny, for he has not his vigour or ability; but in blind devotion to the system and the person of the Emperor, in sincerity and fanaticism, he transcends any of the Cabinet.*

There is no knowing what rash or violent measures such a favourite may propose; and the Emperor himself has been so drugged with fulsome flattery, and so intoxicated with absolute power, that he may be hurried into adhesion and approval of reactionary courses. It is a notorious fact that M. Fialin, calling himself Persigny, has counselled these measures, and has strongly insisted on the necessity of invalidating the Paris elections, and governing without a Chamber. The Emperor himself is as profoundly annoyed and irate at the turn things have taken as his Home Minister, but, with his usual desire for procrastination and delay, has determined to take no action in the matter till November or December. Meanwhile, with his usual good luck, when all things looked dark and dreary at Mexico there comes the news of the taking of Puebla. But this cannot alter the fact of there being five-and-thirty opposition deputies returned, nine of whom have been elected for the capital, for that Paris which in modern times has given the tone and law to France. This simultaneous and spontaneous effort, which seems to have been arrived at by instinct in the great towns, such as Marseilles, Lyons, and the capital, indi-

* M. Fialin, calling himself De Persigny, is no longer minister, but a duke.

cates an awakening of public opinion and a revival of public spirit. It is not the number of men in a Chamber that we are to look at, but the strong public opinion which they represent, as well as the character, courage, and ability of the representatives. In the early days of the reign of Charles X., when the opposition, led by Casimer Périer, were but a small handful, that remarkable statesman used these words: 'We are but an insignificant 'minority in the Chamber; we are but eighteen, I admit; 'but then we represent the feelings, the wishes, the 'desires, and the aspirations of thirty millions of French-'men.' The eighteen men of 1823 are not to be compared to the five-and-thirty of 1863. The ablest speakers and debaters, the most experienced public men and administrators, will be found among the five-and-thirty. First, there is Berryer, the most eloquent man in France; secondly, there is Thiers, the incarnation of French 'esprit' and talent, and a man of large experience; thirdly, there is Jules Favre, confessedly, after Dufaure and Montalembert, the ablest debater and dialectician in France; besides Emile Oliver, Ernest Picard, and others whom it is needless to mention. There is every reason to hope, too, that as vacancies arise such men as Dufaure, Montalembert, De Rémusat, Odilon Barrot, and Casimer Périer, will be returned. Dufaure and Montalembert are men of such capabilities as speakers, that we would count them numerically as fifty voices each. The speaking ministers, Baroche and Billaut,* as it is, are quite unable to deal with Thiers and Jules Favre. What must it come to

* Billaut is since removed by death. See last chapter.

when these oppositionists are reinforced by five-and-thirty others, among whom are more than half a dozen able speakers? As to Baroche, he is already used up; his oft-repeated platitudes have become wearisome; and even the points and syllogisms of Billault have become stale and unprofitable. The truth is, that the Empire has entered on a new phasis; and it remains to be seen whether it is a phasis of liberal progress or of desperate and absolutist reaction. The Government has not yet determined which of these two lines it will take. The highest personage in the State, the courtiers, flatterers, and partisans of absolute power, are all profoundly irritated; but they know not whether to yield before the irresistible force of public opinion, or to resist and overbear it by brute force. The Home Minister has held, and still holds, haughty and menacing language. He contends that there is only salvation, first, in annulling by decree the elections of Paris; secondly, in the suppression of four opposition journals; thirdly, in the abrogation of the decree of the 24th November; fourthly, in an appeal to the people, calling upon them to confide to the Emperor a new Dictatorship. These projects, vehemently and persistently urged by the Minister of the Interior, have not been accepted, but they have not been rejected, and nothing will be done within the next four months. Meanwhile public opinion is day by day becoming more anxious, eager, and awakened, and the aspiration for liberty, six months ago vague and indefinite, has become now certain and well-defined. The movement is at once liberal and democratic; but it is neither

revolutionary, nor socialist, nor communistic. Every sane man now wishes to peaceably make the best of existing circumstances, without disorder, anarchy, or bloodshed, and firmly to unite the form of democracy with the substance of liberty. If Cæsarism oppose itself to this manifestation of the volition of the thinking and influential among the people, 'tant pis pour Césarisme.' That Cæsarism has hitherto done so there can be no doubt. The Home Minister has resorted to the most unscrupulous and odious measures. The details which have become known in Paris since the 1st June sufficiently prove the fact. Fraud and violence, menace and cajolery, have been alternately resorted to. All this will be proved, in numerous instances, when the Chamber meets in November. The cases of MM. Lavertujon, of Thiers, of M. de Montalembert, Dufaure, and De Bondy, must be entered on; and it will then be seen how universal suffrage is manipulated by the administrative lackeys of Imperialism—by the prefects, sub-prefects, and 'maires,' nay, even by the 'gardes champêtres' of France. The case of M. de Bondy merits a word or two. He was the independent candidate for the department of the Indre, and the polling-place was in the commune of St. Hilaire. His great supporter was M. Cherreze, but this gentleman—such was the terror of the electors—could get nobody to stand at the door to distribute the election tickets but a boy of thirteen. An old man, of the name of Lêpine, who being half blind could not very well read the bulletin of M. de Bondy, came in to vote for him. M. Cherreze was about to lead him to

the poll, when the mayor interfered, and called in a 'garde champêtre.' The official intimated his intention of taking Cherreze in custody to the nearest 'juge de paix,' six miles off, when the friend of M. de Bondy mounted his horse and rode off to the 'juge,' hotly pursued by the 'garde champêtre.' Cherreze was at once liberated by the judicial functionary, but when he got back to St. Hilaire the election was over, and the Government candidate returned. Lavish promises of lines of railroad and rival lines were made in different departments. The addresses of opposition candidates were destroyed, torn down, or defaced, and their friends and supporters menaced or arrested. Defamation and calumny were also sown broadcast. In the department of Doubs, for instance, in which M. de Montalembert was a candidate, the anonymous placard which we reproduce was posted on all the walls :—

'Electeurs,
En votant pour M. de Montalembert, c'est voter :
L'ignorance de vos enfants,
L'ancien régime et les abus,
La guerre en Italie,
Le sel à cinq sous la livre,
Les fromages à 30 fr. le cent.
Enfin vous envoyez un ennemi au gouvernement.
Signé, *Quelques amis du peuple des campagnes.*'

In one department in which M. de Montalembert was a candidate an absolutist and Cæsarian bishop took part against him, and deprived a printer, the father of thirteen children, of the printing of the see, because he had printed the addresses of the opposition candidate, the

only man in France, with the exception of M. de Falloux, who has given a European repute to French Romanism. It is also certain that voting papers have been altered and destroyed. M. Thiers obtained in one commune 5,000 votes. They were counted only 4,000. At Libourne 800 electors were prevented from voting.

Notwithstanding all these manœuvres the Government has been worsted in nearly all the great towns, and has only succeeded in the rural districts, where nine-tenths of the peasantry can neither read nor write. It is said, by his personal friends and admirers, that Fialin, now Duke of Persigny, who resorted to these audacious and illegal manœuvres during the elections, is an honest man. If this means that he pays his debts, and is not a footpad on the highways, the fact may be admitted. But it cannot be said that he is politically honest. The man guilty of this heinous malversation of office is the very same Fialin, who, in his circular of 1852, said: 'Toutes les candidatures doivent pouvoir se produire sans 'opposition et sans contrainte. Le Prince President se 'croirait atteint dans l'honneur de son Gouvernement 'si le moindre entrave était apportée à la liberté des 'votes.' M. Fialin's falsifications of English history are shameless. He deliberately stated, under his hand, in contrasting England and France, that the aristocracy of England enjoyed privileges before the poor. A statement more in opposition to truth was never uttered. It is in France, and not in England—in France, under the Imperial system, too—that senators, Crown servants, and grand crosses enjoy an immunity and privileges not pos-

sessed by any class in England. There are only two courses open to the Emperor: either to extend liberty of speech, of discussion, of the press, and to render ministers responsible to the country, or to commence a system of retrogression and reaction. There has been now a halt of twelve years, the Parisians feel and know, in the road of progress, and they will bear this stand-still system no longer. The higher and more intellectual classes of society—the society of the Faubourg St. Germain, Faubourg St. Honoré, and Chaussée d'Antin—are weary of the terrorism and espionage which have spread their meshes and snares over public and private life, destroying everything like public feeling, everything resembling wit and free social intercourse. Day by day the first people in the land have found their books, newspapers, and pamphlets seized and confiscated. The 'Saturday Review' is uniformly seized, the 'Daily News' is often seized, and 'Fraser's Magazine' for the month of June was seized and confiscated because it contained an article on Paris, abounding with truth. It is idle to say that there is any love or affection for the Emperor among the better classes, among the professions, or among the trading classes of Paris, if we except the Jockey Club and the 'agents de change.' The workman and the common soldier tolerate the Emperor, rather approve of him than disapprove; but there is no enthusiasm, there is no honest conviction, no abiding faith. When he appears there are no hearty demonstrations, nothing to prove that his name or his dynasty have taken root in the soil. One thing is abundantly clear: that nothing is solidly or durably settled in France. Men

do not see into the future; they do not hope much from the future; for they are disenchanted: but they look about them anxiously for uneasy times, unless there be wisdom and moderation in high places, and that progress which it is right to expect after seventy-four long years of vicissitudes and struggles. The Emperor should consider that France before his time enjoyed thirty-three years of freedom, and he should not allow to be inscribed on his tomb the words of Cornelius Nepos: 'Omnes autem et 'habentur et dicuntur tyranni qui potestate sunt perpetua 'in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.' The elections in Paris, in May, 1863, ought to be taken as a warning by a wise man. A sensible ruler ought to see that the favours of Fortune are never permanent.

'Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox Fortuna fidem.'

It was said under the first Empire, that nothing was tolerated that did not savour of the camp or the garrison. In the coffee-houses and 'cabinets de lecture,' men built like 'tambours majors,' of lofty stature, herculean strength, broad shoulders, muscular thews, and martial air, would roughly demand the newspapers and pamphlets of civilians whom they called 'Pequins,' and if they were not surrendered to them, they would take them *manu forti*. Though this insolence and ill-breeding are not carried to the same extent under the second Empire, yet one can easily see that soldiers and speculators of the Bourse, and of joint-stock companies, are masters of the situation. Cavalry officers, be-spurred and be-sworded, now make the cafés

in provincial towns clank with their weapons, and even Paris itself the mustachioed 'militaire,' the supposed millionaire of the Bourse, and the 'habitué' of the Jocke Club, bear off the palm over the birth, the breeding, and the educated intelligence of the nation. In the days of the Restoration, and of Louis Philippé, great peers and deputies, like Chateaubriand, Vilelle, Lainé, Camille Jordan, Royer-Collard, De Serres, Benjamin Constant, Foy, and Manuel, were looked up to with reverence and affection; young men took off their hats as they passed, and aged men treated them with deference. Now, nothing of the kind takes place, because constitutional institutions are at a discount, and have been replaced by a paid Senate, and a prostituted Chamber. Under the Restoration, and under Louis Philippe, great advocates were treated with as much respect as celebrated deputies, and Hennequin, Berryer père, Berville, Mauguin, Odilon Barrot, Barthe, Berryer fils, and even Dupin, in his better days, were looked up to as among the leaders of an eminently intellectual and free people. The bar was then considered not merely a profession, but an institution rooted in the social and political organisation of the country. Advocates were then looked on as a class of men who, without a public or official character, without being either magistrates or agents of authority, were interested in the observances of, and obedience to, the laws, in the security of their fellow citizens, and in the preservation of the public liberties. Knowing the legal limits, and holding themselves within them, the bar of Paris, from 1814 to 1848, was never factious, though always

public spirited. Without infringing on any of the constituted authorities, the bar was always foremost in pointing out abuses. It was for this reason that the public followed its advice as to public affairs with confidence, for advocates as a body never sanctioned any revolutions that had not a basis of legality. But now all this is changed. Though there are very eminent and able men at the bar of Paris, such as Dufaure, who held three ministerial portfolios, Berryer, Marie, Sénart, Cremieux, Hebert, Jules Favre, Allou, Nicolet, Lachaud, and others, yet such is the decay of public spirit, such the avidity for material interests and enjoyments, such the worship of wealth and worldly success, that jobbers at the exchange, bankers, railroad speculators, and men who have enriched themselves on the turf, are more looked up to by the ruler of France than men of eloquence and learning, skilled in the laws and jurisprudence of their country. Under the second Empire, in truth, every generous and noble feeling, the love of country, the love of fame, the love of honour, is subordinated to money and the worship of a bastard Cæsarism.

> 'Vous savez mieux que moi quelque soient nos efforts,
> Que l'argent est la clef de tous les grands ressorts,
> Et que ce doux métal, qui frappe tant de têtes,
> En amour comme en guerre, avance les conquêtes.'

Under the first Consulate and the first Empire there was an antipathy between the reigning power and the bar, and between the reigning power and literature. The reason was obvious. Napoleon well enough knew that men accustomed to wield their tongues and pens with effect, are

seldom or never the servile instruments of despotism. Accordingly he hated advocates, and he hated writers and publicists, whom he called 'idéologues.' These feelings are shared by his successor in the Imperial purple. Among his intimates are successful soldiers, successful speculators, successful gamblers, and successful railroad directors, but neither Dufaure nor Berryer, neither Guizot, Mignet, De Barante, De Montalembert, De Lamartine, nor Villemain, are honoured with his confidence. He knows well enough that the war which is waged in the realm of mind and of ideas against tyranny and despotism is the worst of all wars. The unsheathed sword, the powers of horse, foot, and artillery, must sooner or later fall prostrate before the scathing, truthful eloquence of tongue and pen. It is men of mind and men of brain, men of courage and men of intellect, orators, publicists, legists, public writers, and poets, who teach people that despots cannot 'quench the orb of day,' and proclaim that:

> ——'To-morrow he resumes his golden flood,
> And warms the nations with redoubled ray.'

Who was it that in the one-and-twenty years between 1800 and 1820 prepared the way and cleared the ground for all the good measures that have been carried for the last sixty-four years in England? It was the original Edinburgh Reviewers, it was Sidney Smith and Brougham, Horner and Jeffrey, Macintosh and Whishaw. So it was in France: Royer-Collard and Maine de Biran, Benjamin Constant and Madame de Stael, Chateaubriand and Guizot, Villemain and Cousin, carried on the battle of liberal Government and representative institutions in the field of

literature, when Vilelle had rank majorities in the chamber to vote black was white. Who shewed up the guilt and wild and sanguinary ambition of the first Empire more effectively and eloquently than Madame de Stael? Who has exposed the hypocrisy, hollowness, and selfishness of the second Empire more than M. De Montalembert and M. Dufaure? It was a literary man and the Grand Master of the university under Napoleon himself, De Fontanes, who had the courage to write the following lines on the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien :—

'Sur un trône orné de trophées
Napoleon ne pense pas,
Qu'à tes pieds nos voix étouffées
Faisent de pareils attentats ;
Il est un juge incorruptible,
Qui dans un livre indestructible,
En gardera le souvenir ;
Ce juge terrible c'est l'histoire,
Sa voix sur ton char de victoire,
Saura t'attendre et te punir.'

And it is gentlemen scholars and men of letters, such as De Montalembert, De Rémusat, De Broglié, Villemain, Victor Hugo, and De Falloux, who, aided at the press by De Sacy, St. Marc Girardin, Cuvillier, Fleury, De Forcade, and others, have exposed to Europe and the world the hypocritical system by which the resources, the wealth, and the liberties of France are made subservient to the personal purposes of a single man. As a counterpart to these serious censors and critics of the system, another and a different system of literature has been patronized by the authorities, and of this, 'Madelon,' 'Fanny,' and 'Madame

Bovary' may be considered the types. By a sensual and sensational course of reading, it is hoped that Frenchmen may be turned from the consideration of public affairs, and engage themselves with trifles, gewgaws, and the history of famous courtesans of the 'demi-monde.' They are a light and inconsiderate race.

'Parva leves capiunt animos,'

History, philosophy, art, eloquence, and poesy, are now 'des choses fades,' they are no longer modish, and 'sentent du vieux temps' of Constitutional government.

It were, however, unjust to attribute the intellectual degradation of France wholly to the Empire. The system of 'mercantilisme et industrialisme littéraire' started into existence in the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe, when corruption existed in high places, and when the Teste, Cubieres, Pellapra, and Drouillard scandals astonished and confounded a wondering public. After this came the Praslin depravity, which was one of the proximate, if not the promoting cause of the Revolution of 1848. For these the Imperial system is not to blame, but Cæsarism is chargeable, and justly chargeable, with that feeling of general mistrust and suspicion which has so profoundly modified the once generous and open character of Frenchmen. A Frenchman under the elder or junior branch of the Bourbons was lively and communicative, and garrulously obtruded his confidences upon you; now he is sombre, silent, and selfish. The compression applied to newspapers and books has extended its malign influence to conversation, and no one freely gives utterance to his unbridled thoughts.

The French nation and French influence will ultimately, and have, indeed, already suffered from this system. It was by her literature more than anything else that France extended her European influence, and there being now no serious literature—nothing, indeed, but the literature of the stews—the influence of a country once called one of the eyes of Europe, is at present completely null in foreign lands. It cannot be forgotten that between 1814 and 1848 there appeared among poets Beranger, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Vigny, and De Musset; among historians, Guizot, Thierry, De Barante, Villemain, Mignet; among philosophers Royer-Collard, Cousin, and Jouffroy; and among novelists, De Balzac, George Sand, and Dumas père. These authors have not been replaced of later years, and none of the writers of this generation are to compare with them. Clear in his statements, with a large yet discriminative power of generalization, Guizot dissertates in an elevated style, and has not been equalled in learning and calm judgment by any of the time-serving hack writers of the Empire. Nor is there one of them to compare to De Barante in his gift of picturesque and vivid narration, or to Augustus Thierry, at once picturesque, trustworthy, and learned. In quality and power there is none of the Cæsarian writers to match with Mignet. In fact, the Empire has not produced an historian, for the political 'sauteur' Granier, calling himself Cassagnac, is not an historian but a pamphleteer, and a very dishonest pamphleteer, whom no discriminating reader would believe. In poetry the Empire has been as barren as in history. There is nothing to approach the glowing national feeling,

patriotism, and spontaneity of Beranger, or to come near his exquisite grace and finish. And notwithstanding the vague dreaminess, wordiness, and vanity of Lamartine, there is no writer of verses who, during the Empire, has equalled him in beauty and harmony of expression. Brilliant and ingenious, striking, yet exaggerated, and full of rhetorical artifices, forced antitheses, and verbal contortions, even Victor Hugo has no rival in his peculiar walk. In fact the Empire has produced neither a historian, a poet, nor a philosopher, and though there have been three wars and many military demonstrations since 1853, the Imperial system has created no great general—no man of military genius, not one great 'homme de guerre.' It is a military government, reigning by the sword and seeking to violate the independence of every country in and out of Europe, and yet it has not been fruitful of even one solitary great captain. Bedeau, Changarnier, Pelissier, Lamoriciere, and Le Flo, and the late General Cavaignac were formed and fashioned under the government of Louis Philippe. Even St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Niel, and MacMahon all illustrated themselves under the extinct dynasty, and it may be said in passing that the four ablest of these generals, namely, Bedeau, Changarnier, Pelissier, and Lamoriciere, are Orleanists, and that MacMahon is a Legitimist, whose father was a personal friend of Charles X.

Any critics that are now celebrated in France were formed under the Restoration or the Monarchy of July. St. Beuve, who would not be a martyr for any cause, Nisard and Planche, Chasles, St. Marc Girardin, Taine, De Sacy, Jules Janin, Gautier, Forgues, Forcade, all belonged to

the reign of Louis Philippe. In the graver pursuits of mind the men of the Empire have achieved nothing, and in the lighter they have not achieved anything worthy of praise.

Victor Hugo, Delavigne, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred De Vigny, and George Sand, all essayed and successfully innovated in the drama, but these writers also belong to the reign of Charles X. and Louis Philippe and not to the Empire; and Hugo has somewhat lowered his dignity by attacking the Cæsar of the hour with a too scalding and personal bitterness. In the drama there are but Ponsard and Emile Augier, and both these authors have sprung from the loins of Constitutionalism.

No man has attacked the mercantilism of the Empire more mercilessly than Ponsard in 'l'Honneur et l'Argent.' To how many hundreds of senators and deputies might George address these words:

'Mon Dieu! J'étalerais ma honte effrontément,
Et je dirais, Messieurs j'ai fait comme vous autres,
Honorable faquins place! je suis des vôtres.
Vous Mons^r. vous n'avez ni principle ni foi
Et votre avancement est votre seule loi;
Touchez-là! Vous Mons^r. à la fin de la lutte
Vous flattez la victoire et flétrissez la chute.
Soyons amis! Salut ô pieux debauché,
Que le mot effarouche, et non pas le péché.
Salut ô Turcaret! Salut ô parasite,
Qui souris des bons mots que Turcaret débite,
Banqueroutiers, valets, libertins, renégats,
Fripons de toute espéce et de tous les états,
Salut! Nous nous devons un respect réciproque,
Nous comprenons l'esprit positif de l'époque
Nous sommes des pieds plats, oui, des maraud d'accord;
Mais le monde est à nous car nous avons de l'or.'

Ponsard is rather a brilliant satirist than a great dramatist. He displays an honest, a noble, and a just indignation at the turpitudes of this lower Empire, and shows that there is at least one writer for the stage who has a conscience.

Though Emile Augier has less strength and energy than Ponsard, he possesses more grace. The style of Augier is often brilliant and generally simple. In the 'Ceinture Dorée' he brings face to face a 'nouveau riche' and a noble of an ancient house.

'Vous-vous appelez M. de Trélan' (says the parvenu) 'et 'je m'appelle M. Roussel tout court; mais nous ne sommes 'plus autemps de la féodalité; il n'y a plus qu'un gentil- 'homme en France, c'est l'argent, qu'un homme puissant 'l'argent, qu'un honnête homme l'argent. Vous avez raison, 'monsieur—répond le noble, le monde est à vos pieds. Mais 'debout là dans un coin il y a un gentilhomme pauvre qui 'ne s'inclinera pas. Ce gentilhomme, monsieur, c'est la 'conscience publique.'

Ponsard and Augier are both of the Academy.

In 1847 and 1848, at the breaking out of the Revolution, there was no country in the world which possessed such comic actors as France. Many of those who then figured have since been gathered to their fathers, or have altogether retired from the stage. Grassot, originally a paper-stainer, and subsequently a clock-maker, was an especial favourite when at the Gymnase, and the theatre of the Palais Royal, where he created, as the French say, about eighty pieces, of one of which, and not the least laughable, he was himself the hero, 'Grassot embêté par Ravel.' But Grassot, is dead; Ravel has retired,

so has Frederic Lemaitre, Bouffé, Arnal (now an old man), and Anais Farguiel. But though Grassot and Alcide Tousez have been replaced in some of their parts by Hyacinthe at the Palais Royal, there has been no substitute found for Frederic Lemaitre, for Bouffé, or for Ravel. Never again shall we see such a piece of acting as Robert Macaire, as the Gamin de Paris of Bouffé, or the Tourlouru of Ravel. No new talent of this kind has sprung up under the Empire; but the actors who were of the school, contemporaries of these artists, and who retain their traditions, are still doing good service at the theatre of the Palais Royal, at the Variétés, at the Vaudeville, and at the Théâtre Français. Hyacinthe, so celebrated formerly at the Variétés, where he created a 'furore' in 'Ma Maîtresse et ma Femme,' and in 'Les Cuisiniers,' is now at the Palais Royal, where he has produced a great effect in the part of Choufleury in 'Les Folies Dramatiques,' Levassor, who was lately in London, playing the part of Griolet. The same piece has recently been brought out at the Variétés, where Griolet is played by Dupuis, and Choufleury by Grenier. The Variétés now appears to be surpassed by the Théâtre du Palais Royal. Four pieces are now playing there, which have had immense vogue since the beginning of May. These are, 'Un Propriétaire à la Porte,' 'Un Joli Cocher' (in which Hyacinthe is very successful), 'Folambo' (in which he also plays), and 'Jean Torgnole.' Three of these are lively little vaudevilles in one act, which produce immense laughter. 'Folambo' is a piece in what is called four tableux; and this sort of thing is now obtaining a popu-

larity which shows that the stage, like literature, is fast degenerating. There still are represented, however, at the Théâtre Français, contemporary pieces of sterling merit, and of these, in the first rank is M. Emile Augier's comedy in five acts, called 'Le Fils de Giboyer.' It has held possession of the boards for six months, and the hits at the Ultramontanists and Parti Prêtre are received by the 'parterre' with a gusto and 'entraînement' which go far to prove that public spirit and public opinion are fast reviving. The comedy is neatly and brilliantly written, and is, as dramatic critics phrase it, well 'mise en scène.' It is also extremely well acted. It is true Samson no longer plays in the part of the Marquis d'Auberiux, which is greatly to be regretted, for Samson formed his bearing on the model of Talleyrand, and knew how to play the grand seigneur to perfection, as those will admit who saw him in the part of Joyeuse in 'Henri III. et sa Cour.' But a very excellent actor, who created the parts of Bolingbroke and Richélieu—Bressant—fills the part formerly acted by Samson. Madame Arnould Plessy admirably renders the part of La Baronne de Pfeffers. This lady, who is now the only lady on the French stage who reminds one of Mademoiselle Mars, is disclosing traces of age. The climate of Russia is a rude climate, and Madame Arnould Plessy must have suffered much from her long sojourn at Petersburgh and Moscow. They are now playing at the Vaudeville a piece in four acts, called 'Un Homme de Rien,' by M. Langlé, a writer in the Parisian press, in which Sheridan is introduced as 'un homme de rien,' and in which the Prince of Wales, Lord

Spencer, a Quakeress, and the Duchess of Devonshire all figure. English dress, English manners, English opinions and English history are all travestied, misstated, and misrepresented, yet crowds go away every night with the impression that they have been receiving an exact tableau of English manners, and a true reading of English biography and history. Sheridan proposes marriage to the Duchess, but subsequently casts in his lot with a poor Irish girl. The piece, ridiculous in itself, is well acted.

The proprietors of French theatres, under the Empire, find it to be their interest to put forward sensation stuff of this kind. As Grosmenu says in 'Les Folies Dramatiques,' 'C'est de l'élément dramatique qui consiste en 'des décors, des couplets des jolies femmes du rouge du 'gaz! tout ce monde faux, mensonger, impossible et ador-'able.' * Such is Paris, gay, sensual, selfish, materialist, solely intent on making money speedily, and having personal enjoyment; honestly 'si cela se peut,' but at all events on having heaps of money—heaps of money, which procures all things in Paris most adorable to an Imperial functionary, subject, or speculator—a stall at the opera and the Théâtre du Palais Royal, a brougham at the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, shares in the Crédit Mobilier, a knife and fork daily at the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel du Louvre, and, not least, 'des jolies maîtresses.' The stereotyped motto of all this sordid populace of speculators, jobbers, shop-

* 'Les Folies Dramatiques.' Par MM. Dumanoir et Clairville. Michel Levy. 1863.

keepers, and low lucre-seekers, who have surrendered liberty for pelf, is

'Quærenda pecunia primum
Virtus post nummos.'

In the five-and-twenty theatres, great and small, with which Paris is furnished, from the Grand Opéra to the Funambules, on an average, one-fourth of the company is composed of the Hebrew race. There are Jewish tragedians, comedians, and bouffes; Jewish singers, dancers, and figurantes; Jewish prompters, scene-shifters, and candle-snuffers; and last, Jewish rope-dancers. In fact, circuses, bull-baiting, equitation, and rope-dancing are now the rage, and the classic drama, as in the days of Terence, is neither relished nor understood.

'Novum intervenit vitium et calamitas,
Ut neque spectari neque cognosci potuerit:
Ita populus studio stupidus in funambulo
Animum occupârat.'

Nor is it only the theatre that is invaded by Jews. There are now multitudes of Jewish 'littérateurs,' news writers, editors, and contributors, as well as Jewish advocates and physicians. The best stalls at the opera, the Français, and the Vaudeville, are nightly rented by Jews, who spend their mornings at the Bourse or the Crédit Mobilier. The race of Israel become proprietors of journals, and writers in journals, not because they have any particular fancy for literature or politics, but only in so far as literature or politics can be made subservient to operations on the Bourse, in railways, &c. Success is everything with the seed of Abraham, and it is with

them a cardinal maxim that 'on obtient tout, quand on s'y prend de la bonne façon.' The Jews were great supporters of the first Empire so long as it was prosperous and successful, and they are also fervid glorifiers of the second. Napoleon I. used them as instruments for his personal purposes, and so does Napoleon III. They have a fast friend in M. de Morny, whose stanchless and sordid love of money is as notorious as his love of an absolute autocracy.

Nobody reads or speaks of the great thinkers, authors, writers, or dramatists of France, of Montesquieu, of Bossuet, of Pascal, of Molière, Corneille, or Racine. Nobody now even reads the clear, bitter, mocking Voltaire. It would not pay to read them, and it is not the cue of a people of servile courtiers and slaves, steeped to the lips in sensualism, and content in their sottish vanity with a beautified Paris, to dwell on the great conceptions or the durable creations of a bygone time. This frivolous people even forget, or speak not of, the great men, the great writers, orators, and politicians of their own time. None but a select few now pronounce the names of Guizot, of Montalembert, a great orator, an eloquent writer, and decidedly one of the most accomplished, learned, and liberal men in France. Nobody now among the great masses of the nation speaks *coram populo* of the gifted and eloquent advocate, Berryer, of the matchless dialectician and irresistible reasoner, Dufaure, of the shrewd and sharp Thiers, the impersonation of French mobility and 'esprit,' or of the classic Villemain, the most finished writer of French prose of this generation, though all

these Academicians have done great things for France. No one speaks even now of the great writers of the first 'Empire' who impregnated themselves in exile with the spirit of a noble constitutional liberty. No; nobody now speaks of Chateaubriand, or Madame de Staël, or Benjamin Constant, or Royer-Collard. No; but, on the other hand, there is much talk of Marshals MacMahon and Vaillant, of the Grand Aumonier of the Emperor, of M. Mocquard, the disbarred advocate, now the Private Secretary and Senator of Napoleon III. and of those great men, Morny, Walewski, Fialin (now Duke Persigny), de la Guerronière, Granier calling himself de Cassagnac, and Emile and Isaac Perière, the successful Jewish speculators. There is plenty of talk of soldiers, of senators, of adventurers, of stock-jobbers, and of calculators who make 'shent per shent;' but nobody speaks of the thinkers, the statesmen, the orators, and writers who made France free, constitutional, illustrious, renowned amidst the nations of the earth.

A few words will be necessary on the inner life of journalists, and the interior economy of editors and contributors, before this article is concluded.

In the editor's room in Paris, as in London, you see provincial and foreign newspapers, books, pamphlets, parliamentary papers, dictionaries, gazetteers, and works of reference. Sometimes also there are scattered about prospectuses of railroads, and various industrial enterprises, for some of the Paris proprietors and editors are largely interested in these undertakings. The editor or 'rédacteur en chef,' in Paris, as in London, sits alone in

his glory, and receives in his sanctum sanctorum his colleagues and collaborators, such as the assistant or sub-editor; the leading-article writers; the critics, theatrical and literary; the reporters, or, as they are called in Paris, the stenographers; the scissors-men, and compilers of what is called the 'faits de Paris.' It is in this room that the task of each man is assigned to him for that day or the following day, or sometimes, when the matter is not of urgent interest, for some days in advance. Every French journal has its military editor or contributor, its special man who writes on the army, on strategy, military operations, &c. These men are for the most retired colonels, though sometimes they are men in active service, on the staff of the artillery, or engineers, or aides-de-camp of some general officer. Each journal of mark has, as in England, its foreign editors or contributors,—men who have, or are supposed to have, special knowledge of foreign affairs, and who are supposed competent to treat the Eastern question, the Danish question, the American question, or questions of English politics. The mistakes made in reference to England, and, indeed, to most foreign countries, are astounding. Journals of mark have also their statistical writer, and their political economy man, who, *ex cathedra*, treats of topics of this kind. It must, however, be admitted that French 'rédacteurs en chef' do not abuse this privilege. They have the good sense to see that to the Parisian public these statistics are supremely disagreeable and distasteful. Paris editors by no means relish these 'piocheurs,' these dull dogs who cut out from the 'Annuaire de l'Economie Politique,' and the

'Almanach de Gotha,' and the companion to the Almanac, tables of statistics. Paris editors also eschew those delvers into recondities who get up out-of-the-way subjects from books and pamphlets, such as Siam, Japan, and all the particulars about the Tycoon, Mikado Daimios, κ.τ.λ.

In London, not to speak of the 'Economist,' there is at least one daily and one evening journal that will publish such articles, though no human being will be at the trouble of reading such very dismal, dreary, unreliable stuff. Some of the Paris journals, like some of our own, like to have a reckless, faithless, and dishonest scribe at command, who will stick at nothing; and a character so infamous is all the more prized by them if he be a senator, a member of the 'Corps Legislatif,' or a member of Parliament. Men such as these, who deserve the galleys, or 'trauvaux forcés à perpétuité,' or penal servitude, have been known to make good incomes, both in London and Paris; and there is now one of them in London who ought to have had long ago penal servitude for life, who is driving a roaring trade as a writer of very indifferent leaders.

Though it must be admitted that journalism and newspaper-writing greatly exhausts the mental energies and intelligence, and often induces a too trenchant and superficial tone, yet newspapers must be, in our day, considered the very daily bread of modern society. The press, like everything human, has had its good and its bad moments; but, on the whole, it must be considered as a mighty instrument of progress and civilization. The press, however, can only exist usefully and honourably in

a state in which liberty exists, and this is the reason why, under the French Empire, we see it in a state of decadence and degradation. Well has Cowper said:—

> 'It is Liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it.
> All constraint, except what wisdom lays on evil men,
> Is evil!'

THE BOURSE OF PARIS AND ITS SPECULATORS, AND THE FRENCH FUNDS.

THE desire to grow rich—Rash speculations—Rigging the Market—Joint-Stock Newspapers—Agents de Change—Courtiers Marrons—Regulations of the Bourse—Sums paid for admission as a Stock-Broker—Different species of Funds in France.

ONE of the most remarkable features of France of the present day is the desire which everybody has of growing suddenly rich. Not merely do the 'badauds' of Paris desire to become millionaires suddenly, but they desire to be wealthy without toil or labour of any kind. The thirst of gold, it is plain, devours all hearts, whether male or female; yet every day the indulgence of these sordid passions, absorbing the active energies of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, leads to alternations of fortune rarely productive of happiness, and very often productive of dishonour, dishonesty, and crime. Gambling, whether in a 'maison de jeu' or on the Bourse, is destructive of all morality, and is the fruitful parent of iniquity. It is not, however, in the gambling-houses, around a table covered with a green cloth, that the worst evils of play are apparent. The vice has, during some years, in another form, insinuated itself into very many classes of society

in France, who seem to possess principles, habitudes, ideas, and a language different from men of probity and honour. For individuals of the character of which we speak, life itself is but a 'coup de dé,' and each appears to think that fortune belongs to the most venturesome.

No doubt, under the régime of the elder Bourbons, the commerce, trade, and resources of France were not sufficiently developed, and there was but little profitable employment or circulation of capital in useful enterprises; but during the last ten years Frenchmen have rushed into the opposite extreme of excessive and rash speculation. All sorts of schemes, inviting employment of the most extensive and the humblest capitals, have been set afoot; and the consequence is that there have been many social misadventures and misfortunes. The worst feature in this avidity for gain is that every man and woman desires to make proselytes in those whom he or she can influence, whether in his or her own rank, or the ranks beneath them. They solicit friends and relatives, dependants, tradesmen, and servants to become shareholders in this or that enterprise. The savings of the man or woman-cook, the hard earnings of the 'femme de charge,' the one hundred francs of the gardener, are all put under contribution. Many and many a 'prolétaire' in the country parts of France has been induced by a Parisian friend or acquaintance to risk savings which would have been better applied to the cultivation of his paternal fields. Many indolent and unenergetic natures, too, are led by a disrelish for honest labour, which only recompenses patient and persevering efforts, to speculate at the Bourse; others

are stimulated by envy and covetousness—passions which torture reptile minds only hankering after gain.

It is not to be denied that honourable and honest men are also frequently tempted to speculate hazardously. For a while they gain continuously; but an evil day comes when there is an endless succession of losses, and then the virtue of the firmest is often tried, and frequently succumbs to temptation. On a calm consideration of a long series of speculations at the Bourse, a philosopher would come to the conclusion that industrious and patient labour is, taken all in all, the happiest thing for man. Happy and successful turns of the wheel of fortune, or, as they call them, 'coups,' may occasionally give gold in countless heaps; but this addition of fortune is seldom accompanied with public esteem. Under the elder and the junior Bourbons, a moderate fortune in any town or city of France was generally, as a rule, the fruit of forty years of toil and privation. Now, by speculations in the Crédit Foncier, or Crédit Mobilier, in the Crédit Industriel, in the Mobilier Espagnol, or in the Orleans, Lyons, or Eastern Railroads, in the Messageries, in gas companies, in Transatlantiques, or in joint-stock newspapers, some score of citizens acquire a considerable accession of wealth, but, on the other hand, hundreds are ruined.

The ruin of so many families is not the worst feature in the case. Among the successful and the ruined the process of speculating day by day in fictitious or supposititious values engenders a selfishness, a sordidness, and a hardness of heart unimaginable to those who have not witnessed it. The sudden rise to wealth, also, of so many

men destitute of industry and superior merit excites all the grosser and baser instincts of our nature. Those who rush headlong after the successful speculator never think of the fate of a more numerous class—the unsuccessful. Many of these shoot, poison, or drown themselves, or become forgers, or fraudulent bankrupts.

It may be answered that it is difficult to repress avarice and avidity and the mania for speculation. No doubt it is; but usury and fraud, commercial dishonesty and fraudulent misrepresentation, may be repressed by more stringent laws than any now in force among our neighbours. Since the press of France has been deprived of its liberty and restricted in its comments on public affairs, several of the French journals have been purchased by jobbers on the Exchange, and have made journalism subsidiary to puffing and bolstering up speculations which would otherwise collapse or explode. We had our markets pretty well rigged in London in 1846 and 1847, and some few discreditable journals were then accomplices; but anything which took place in London seventeen years ago is but a very pale and feeble copy of what is now taking place every day in France.

It may be answered that there are honest, honourable, and well-intentioned speculators, men who legitimately seek from the skilled employment of capital, under the guarantee of the State, the greatest sum which capital will produce. This is all fair; and it is not against such men M. de Mirecourt raises his voice, but against those pests of modern French society who, beginning without capital, having private sources of information, by watching

the turn of the market, gain a 100,000 francs by a lucky 'coup' in the course of half-an-hour. Emile Augier describes the race well in his piece 'L'Honneur et l'Argent:

> 'J'ai beau piocher, bêcher et herser le terrain,
> Semer et moissonner, battre et vanner le grain,
> Me lever avant l'aube et rentrer la nuit close,
> Travailler comme un bœuf qui jamais ne repose:
> Quand je vivrais cent ans je ne gagnerais pas
> Ce qu'il gagne en un jour en se croissant le bras.'

Fortunes of this kind, rapidly and illegitimately acquired, throw discredit on honest labour, and infuse into the minds of the laborious classes sentiments perfectly incompatible with the pursuits of honest industry. The grandfathers of the present race of Frenchmen were taught to think that honest labour was the first duty of man. There is not a notary's, an attorney's, or a stock-broker's clerk in Paris who now believes in such a doctrine. All the smart and fast men in Paris of the present day and hour wish to be concerned in what is called 'l'agiotage'—that is to say, they wish to have usurious profits in trafficking in what, in the jargon of the Exchange, is called 'sur la hausse et la baisse des effets publics.'

The germ of this system may unquestionably be traced back to the time of Louis XV. The taste of this prince for magnificence, and the favour he bestowed on those Fermiers Généraux and Financiers who were magnificent and prodigal in their way of living, threw many fortunes into dilapidation. Then came what were called 'valeurs fictives,' and bundles of discredited bills and bonds which

nobody would discount. The evil increased under the Regent Orleans, when John Law emitted his Louisiana bonds, his Mississippi shares, launched his Royal Bank, and made his mansion in the Rue Quincampoix the theatre of gambling almost as hazardous as any practised in Paris in our day. But the bubble burst after a while, and ruined thousands who had hoped to be millionaires. We shall witness a recurrence of like miseries before the end of 1864, unless the wild and reckless gambling of the 'courtiers marrons' of Paris be checked.

The whole history and mystery of the operations of the Parisian Bourse is detailed in the volume on this subject, by M. Crampon.* The writer, who is a thoroughly practical man, tells us that, although there are many provincial Bourses, in reality the source and centre of all is the Bourse of Paris. That is really *the* Bourse 'par excellence.' The following details concerning it are not generally known :—It is open all the year, excepting Sundays and certain holidays—to wit, New-year's day, Ascension day, the Assumption, All Saints' day, and Christmas day. The market opens by sound of bell at half-past twelve, and it shuts at three. The agents, equivalent to our stockbrokers, are called 'agents de change.' Their offices or functions are called 'charges,' and may be sold. They bear a value in proportion to the number of customers. No 'agent de change' is admitted to the Bourse unless he is accepted by his brethren (represented by a syndical chamber) and the Minister of Finance.

* Guide Pratique à la Bourse, par Crampon, 1863.

In the time of the Bourbons an 'agent de change' was obliged to offer a security of 125,000 francs, which is now raised to 250,000. The price paid for the place of 'agent de change' has varied. At the commencement of the Restoration the sum was 300,000 francs; it rose almost to a million of francs in the reign of Charles X. in 1825; it fell to 500,000 and 600,000 francs at the close of the reign of Louis Philippe in 1847. Since the commencement of the Empire there has again, owing the universal prevalence of speculation, been a rise in the value of the office. In the year 1856 the 'charge' sold from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 francs; at present it only fetches 1,600,000 francs.

The place in which the agents assemble is called the 'parquet,' and all business is done between the agent of the buyer and the agent of the seller. There are operations, 1st, 'au comptant,' and 2ndly, 'à terme,' or for the account, as in our funds. What is called 'la liquidation' lasts two days—the first and second of each month; the second day is dedicated to the liquidation of foreign funds and securities. Women are not allowed to enter into the business part of the Bourse; but they may remain as spectators in the galleries, in which, and around the building, they speculate and gamble quite as much as the men.

There are four species of public funds in France, but by successive conversion they almost all tend at present to fusion into one single fund—the Three-per-Cents. These four classes of securities are:—1st, the Four-and-a-Halfs, anciently the old Five-per-Cents, whose origin dates from the establishment of the great book of the public debt.

The name of 'Tiers Consolidé' was given to the old Five-per-Cents during the French Revolution. In 1852 the interest on the Five-per-Cents was reduced one-half per cent.; and it is thus that the old Fives, called 'Tiers Consolidé,' became Four-and-a-Half. Before 1852 there existed a public fund called the Four-and-a-Half, dating from the Restoration; but this did not amount to a million. The total of the Four-and-a-Halfs amounted in February, 1862, to about 172 millions of francs. The permissive conversion of the Four-and-a-Halfs into Three-per-Cents, organized by M. Fould in March 1862, has resulted in leaving a residue of only 40 millions of Four-and-a-Halfs.

The Four-per-Cents. have almost entirely disappeared. This stock represented only about 2,100,000 francs of rentes. This fund was the result of the most advantageous loan which had ever been made, at the close of the Restoration, and which was taken, above par, at 102 francs 75 centimes.

The Three-per-Cent has become the principal fund of the French debt. It is to M. de Vilelle, the Minister of the Restoration, that is due the idea of the conversion of the debt into a three per cent. fund. Before the conversion by M. Fould, the Three-per-Cent amounted to a little more than 162 millions of 'rente annuelle.' Now it is encumbered with an additional sum of about 145 millions, resulting from the permissive conversion of the greater part of the Four-per-Cent and of the greater part of the 'Obligations Trentennaires.' It is, therefore, evident that the Three-per-Cent has a tendency to become the principal

French fund, as it has long been the fund preferred. Vilelle, full forty years ago, saw that the Three-per-Cent had a greater elasticity than any other fund.

The 'Obligations du Trésor,' called 'Obligations Trentennaires,' is a fund which, like the Four-per-Cent, has a tendency to disappear. It originated in subventions granted to railroad companies. Fifteen millions of francs of 'rente annuelle' represents these titles. These 'Obligations Trentennaires' inaugurated a new era. They substituted loans to be paid at a fixed epoch for loans in perpetuity. The conversion of the 'Obligations Trentennaires' has been an intelligent operation on the part of M. Fould in every aspect of the question. The interest on all these loans is payable half-yearly.

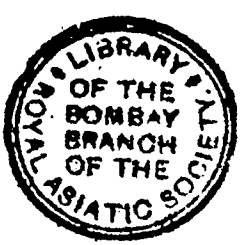
From what we have said in the foregoing part of this article it will be abundantly evident that the men who gamble and play at hazard on the Bourse for the last twelve years wish to be considered as speculators. But they really are not speculators in the best acceptation of the word. Between honourable and legitimate speculation and this hap-hazard playing at the game of chances, there is a wide difference. Legitimate speculation is based on intelligence and experience; and though intelligence and experience may be occasionally at fault, yet so is sometimes theory itself when opposed to practice. Playing on the Bourse, on the other hand, has no other basis than chance. Legitimate and honourable speculation, it may be remarked, labours for the creation of new wealth. But the play or Bourse-gambling of which we have been speaking labours only to take out of the pockets of the twenty-three letters

of the alphabet to put into the pocket of the twenty-fourth letter—the speculator himself. This displacement of money has no social or economic consequence. Gambling at the Bourse is quite as unprofitable to the world at large as gambling at rouge et noir. Peter is robbed to the profit of Paul's pocket—that's all. The money has changed places, but it has not increased a centime. Indeed, it has even diminished, for the winner has been obliged to pay a commission or brokerage to his agent de change or courtiers. The benefits that one class of gamblers find in this sort of work is made up of the losses of other speculators. The majority of these gamblers are predestined to ruin. Supposing that chance favours this species of gambler once, twice, or twenty times, a day of reckoning at length comes, when the luck he has for a time enjoyed turns against him. The gamblers of whom we speak are seldom men of large capital; and one condition for success in this game is to have large capital and your hands full of securities of all sorts. A successful speculator should always be in a condition to deliver if he has sold, and to pay for if he has purchased. But it sometimes even happens that the man of great capital has also his reverses. No speculator, however rich, could have foreseen the rise consequent on the sudden death of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, or on the unexpected peace of Villafranca.

As a proof of the reckless commercial gambling that at present exists among our neighbours, we may remark that a cargo of cotton has been sold fifty or sixty times before the vessel in which it was freighted was seen in the offing of Havre. The 'boursiers,' from what we have written,

would appear to be divided into two classes, 'floueurs et floués.' They are thus described by Ponsard :—

'Oui, les joueurs y sont partagés en deux corps—
Les faibles dans un camp, et dans l'autre les forts.
Grâce aux gros bataillons qu'ils tirent de leur caisse,
Ceux-ci fait à leur choix ou la hausse ou la baisse,
Si bien que l'un des camps étant maître de cours
Toujours gagne pendant que l'autre perd toujours.'



PARIS—ITS INDUSTRY—IMPROVEMENTS IN STREETS—HOTELS—THE EMPEROR—THE EMPRESS—FEMALE DRESS, &c.

English Inventions Useful and Necessary—French more Advanced in Luxury, and in the Splendid Showy and Sensuous Improvements of Paris—No Habeas Corpus—No Bill of Right—No Right of Meeting—Hotels—Female Dress, &c.

In going over any part of Paris, new or old, we would remark that in what we would call the industry of necessity and utility, the pre-eminence of England is very apparent, whilst in the industry of luxury the palm must be often awarded to France, whose industry is more busied upon things pleasing to the eye than upon those essentially useful. Almost everything that can minister to individual luxury and gratification in France is improved and embellished, whereas in England we seek to bestow our improving labour on things solidly and extensively useful to every class. Even in the temple of industry raised in Paris in 1855, however, it abundantly appeared, that in all the arts and manufactures which are most useful and necessary to man, British invention and ingenuity were most conspicuous. The resources and contrivances which England has applied to multiply production appeared in this exhibition stupendous, and it must by even the eagerest rivals be admitted, that no people has

ever invented so much that is useful and necessary to man as the natives of Albion. This is not an empty boast, for within the walls of this building in the Champs Elysées were exhibited her various machinery, her engines and locomotives, her achromatic telescopes, her mathematical instruments, her cutlery, her cottons, her silks, rivalling in beauty of design and colour, and surpassing in cheapness, the silks of France.

In bronzes, in chiselling silver or twisting gold thread into filigrams, in objects of marqueterie, or inlaid or mosaic work; in painted and embossed papers for walls, in the preparation of woods for beds and bedsteads, in mattrasses, cushions, and cambrics; in stays, bodices, and corsets; in extracts, essences, and perfumes; in dried fruits, vinegars, conserves, and bonbons; in what is called 'orfévrerie ecclésiastique,' that is to say, in altars, confessionals, prie-dieus, embroidered vestments and stoles; in chalices, in incense, censers, crucifixes, pixes, and carved images of saints in ivory, wood, or silver; in embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs and slippers; in bracelets, simarres, soutanes, douillettes, and dressing-gowns; in gloves, cosmetics, and shaving and perfumed soaps; in postiches, wigs, ruffles, and hair-dyes; in mirrors, in millinery, in hair-powder, and in sauces; in culinary preparations, and in the making of coffee and chocolate, the French undoubtedly surpass us in their magazines and shops, as well as in their Exhibition. It may be admitted that they are more advanced in luxury than we are, combining the greatest intellect with the greatest sensuality. The disposition of the French is now, and has for centuries

been, more to luxurious than to necessary industry, and this is nowhere more strongly marked than in the shops in the new quarters of Paris. The predominancy of the splendid, the showy, the sensuous, the luxurious, the gilded, over the simple and the useful, is everywhere apparent in France. The industry of the nation has not followed the steady pace which characterises the industry of necessity, but has shown itself feverishly active by sudden impulses. It has followed the whims and caprices of emperors, princes, favourites, and ministers, rather than the wants of the people. No nation has applied, we willingly admit, more energy and perseverance to minister to splendid, sensual, and selfish gratifications than the French. But for this reason it also is that the industry of the country has followed no regular development, but has risen or fallen with the encouragement of kings and princes. The present Emperor of the French is a luxurious and self-indulgent man, and insists on his courtiers, ministers, and senators possessing splendid carriages and equipages. The consequence of this fancy and whim of the hour is, that France has made immense progress within the last eleven years in the building and adornments of coaches, chariots, landaus, broughams, &c. The panels of carriages, the lining, padding, varnishing, moulding, and mounting, are now more elaborately and far more luxuriously prepared in France than in England. In the springs and iron work, and in seasoned, solid, and secure workmanship, the English, however, bear off the bell. A vast number of the finest English horses have been imported into France to draw all these fine vehicles,

launched by men the major part of whom, to use a vulgar illustration, could not pay toll for a walking-stick ten or a dozen years ago.

This is probably the fitting place to speak of the improvements of Paris during the last half-century. Paris undoubtedly owes a good deal to the first Emperor Napoleon. Under him, the Rue de Rivoli was continued, and new quarters rose on the north and west of the capital. The magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées was then formed; the Bourse, the Arc de Triomphe, the Madeleine, and the Hôtel d'Orsay, erected. The palace of the Tuileries was extended, and new bridges facilitated communication across the Seine. But Louis Philippe, it must be admitted, did much more for Paris than the first Napoleon. He completed the Arc de Triomphe, the Madeleine, and the Champs Elysées. He erected a splendid hospital in the north of Paris. He constructed the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the library of St. Genevieve, and the Ecole Normale. He enlarged the College of France, added to the Palais Bourbon, built the churches of Notre Dame de Lorette and St. Vincent de Paul, and increased to double its former size the Hôtel de Ville. He widened old and narrow and opened new streets, so that the eye could traverse the space between the palaces of Francis I. and Catherine de Medicis. He levelled, paved, and decorated the Place Louis XV.; raised the obelisk of Luxor and the Column of July.* But the present occupant of the Imperial throne has done even more than Louis Philippe. During his short

* Staudford's 'Paris Guide,' p. 40.

sway the Hôtel de Ville has been finished, the Place du Carrousel enlarged, the Louvre—unfinished since the days of Louis XIV.—completed, and the Rue de Rivoli carried on to the Hôtel de Ville, in a street unequalled for length, beauty, and picturesqueness. Independently of these things, works on a vast scale have been undertaken and finished at Notre Dame, at the Palais de Justice, and at the Préfecture of Police. The Palais de l'Industrie has been created. Docks and public baths are also in preparation, and a project is launched and in action to connect the Tuileries with the Boulevards. But though the ouvriers, stonemasons, and carpenters of the capital boast of these wonderful works, which improve, embellish, and render it more salubrious, yet, by the thinking and tax-paying portion of the nation, it is felt that there are things more important to a people than bricks and mortar, than the destruction of 'culs-de-sac,' or the widening of narrow streets. Paris is now without a free press or a free parliament; without the power of meeting to discuss grievances, without a Habeas Corpus; without a Constitution other than that emanating from the will of one man. Can the city which cradled D'Alembert, and Boileau, and Crebillon, and Marivaux, and Molière, and Racine, and Voltaire—which contained for years within its walls Mirabeau, Barnave, and the Girondin orators—which cherished Manuel, and Foy, and Royer-Collard, and Lafayette, and Lafitte, and which enjoyed, for a period of nearly forty years, constitutional government and representative institutions—long submit to be thus mute and tongue-tied? The union of the Louvre to the

Tuileries is now completed, and half a dozen new boulevards created. But are these things a compensation for the obliteration of the Constitution of France—for the destruction of her representative assemblies—for the proscription and ostracism of some of her ablest citizens?

It may be said that Paris is still the same heartless, sensual, pleasant place it ever was; that it is still 'le 'paradis des femmes, le purgatoire des hommes, et l'enfer 'des chevaux.' True, Paris is as sensual and crapulous, probably more so, than it ever was; but it is decidedly less intellectual. He who described Paris as the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses, told us that the Parisians 'repoussent des canons par des 'vaudevilles, et enchainent la puissance royale par des 'saillies epigrammatiques.' This, however, is no longer true. No epigrammatic sallies are allowed, either in the press or in society, and espionage is as rife as in the days of Fouché. The tongues of men are tied, and the expression of their thoughts is fettered. Luxury, meanwhile, fearfully increases; taxation grows apace; but the progress of general prosperity does not proceed in an equal ratio. 'La carte à payer,' to use the language of restaurants, is sure to come in at last.

> 'Now comes the reckoning, as the banquet's o'er—
> The dreadful reckoning—and men smile no more.'

Seriously speaking, the financial aspect of the question becomes more formidable every year. The Parisian is for a long while good-humoured,—he will submit even to the extinction of the press, in which for a quarter of a cen-

tury he so delighted, provided the bulletins of the official 'Moniteur' are posted up on the corners of the streets; but when his taxation is increased a third or a fourth, when the price of his lodging is nearly doubled, and the price of his bread, meat, and wine augmented a third, then he becomes a somewhat impatient subject.

At present, however, all goes on swimmingly for certain trades and callings. Hotel-keepers, restaurants, rotisseurs, traiteurs, proprietors of 'maisons meublées,' tailors, butchers, bakers, milliners, and such 'small deer,' are all doing a most thriving business; but the higher commerce is stagnant, and nothing is selling excepting what ministers to the appetites, vesture, and bodily comforts of a vast multitude of strangers. The cafés and restaurants are filled from morning to night with men and women eager for pleasure and excitement and animal enjoyment; but not one of them thinks of to-morrow. That very same people of Paris, guided and governed from 1814 to 1852 by a press which was all but despotic—by a press which misused and abused its powers—now never takes up a journal but to look at the programme of the theatres or the price of the funds; for every one is still desirous of consuming time and acquiring money by those short methods which dispense with industry or the interchange of anything of exchangeable value. New coffee-houses and restaurants rise up daily, as if to mark the spirit of the age.

Of the hotels in Paris a word is necessary. Within the present year there has been opened on the Boulevard des Capucins, within fifty yards of the New Opera, a new

hotel, erected by the same company, as the Hôtel du Louvre called firstly Grand Hôtel de la Paix, now Grand Hôtel only, and built out of the funds of the Crédit Mobilier. It is five stories high, makes up from five hundred to six hundred beds, and is furnished with extravagant, I may say prodigious, luxury. There is a magnificent court, with fountains and running waters, and around this there is a café divan, a telegraphic station, exchange offices, &c. You ascend to the 'salon de lecture et de conversation,' in which are a number of French and foreign papers and periodicals, by a flight of some thirty or forty steps, and by the side of the writing and reading room is a 'salle à manger' capable of dining some four hundred per day. It were difficult to give an adequate description of this room, so exquisitely is it fitted up. There are pillars and pilasters, admirable friezes, cornices, and entablatures, stained-glass windows, giving forth a wonderfully mellow purple light, refracted from large and highly-polished mirrors, and there is no end of gilding and overlaying with filigree work in profusion. Lustres there are, too, of monster size, shooting forth through hundreds of jets the most purified gas, mellowed by stained-glass windows. But notwithstanding all these appearances and adjuncts, the dinner is bad in quality, badly dressed, and served cold. The company, too, cosmopolitan in character, and abounding in the Jewish element, is indifferent and ill-bred, and little accustomed to the usages of good society. There are usually about one hundred and eighty in the room, of whom perhaps sixty are females. The nationalities most prevailing were Israelitish, French, German (among which

there was a sprinkling also of the Jewish element), English (among which were also a few Jews), Americans, Russians, and Poles. The costume of both men and women is in the worst taste. Large French grey paletots, with wide-awake hats, were worn by the men, while the women were dressed fantastically in plaids of every colour in the rainbow, pork-pie hats, &c. &c. Amidst such a crowd, and the din of knives, forks, and decanters, there is little conversation, and that little is carried on with one's next-door neighbour. Every now and again the chief discussion was as to prices at various hotels and restaurants in the capital and provinces, occasionally intermingled with inquiries as to the price of the Crédit Mobilier, railway shares, and other 'actions' in various industrial enterprises. Many of the diners are stock-jobbers, agents de change, courtiers de commerce, railway brokers, shareholders, contractors, engineers, or directors or holders of the scrip of the Crédit Mobilier. Doubtless, persons of this class associated in the enterprise do not pay eight francs for their dinner, as the 'outer barbarians' do.

The majority of the company often complain that the déjeûners à la fourchette are served nearly as cold as the dinners, and that the 'thé complet avec bouilloire,' for which two francs are charged in the coffee-room, and two and a half in your private room, is not uniformly at boiling point. Some of the salons on the first floor are charged so high as forty francs a day, more especially No. 29; but others are charged at thirty francs a day, or about eight guineas a week of our money. Petits salons on the first and second floors let at fifteen francs and twelve francs a day. Bed-

chambers with two beds, with a boudoir and dressing-room, on the first floor, looking on the Boulevard and Place de l'Opéra; now in course of construction, are charged at twenty-seven francs a day, while those looking on the Rues Mogador and de Rouen are charged, on the first floor, at twenty-five francs, and on the second at twenty francs. Those on the first, second, and third floors pay thirty sous a day for servants, while those on the fourth and fifth floors pay only one franc. Wines are exceedingly dear. There is a quality of champagne at twenty francs a bottle, and of claret at twenty-five francs. A basket of wood costs two francs fifty sous, a lamp two francs, a wax candle one franc, a bath in your apartment five francs, a night-lamp twelve sous, and a foot-bath ten sous. In remaining at an hotel of this kind one loses one's individuality and sense of personal identity. You become like a prisoner in Millbank, Horsemonger Lane, or Coldbath Fields, and are known, not as Mr. A. or Mr. B. but solely by your number. This, however, is not the worst: If you are in the hotel alone, and without friends and acquaintances, your sense of isolation, of utter loneliness, in the wilderness of the great world, is very mournful. Eriphile, in the 'Amour Magnifique,' says—'Aux personnes comme nous 'qui sont toujours accablées de gens, un peu de solitude est 'parfois agréable, surtout après mille impertinents entre-'tiens;' but Eriphile was a princess, not a lodger at a large hotel where isolation is much more intolerable than in a desert. The lowest price at which one can have a bed-room at the Grand Hôtel is three francs, which is certainly not dear if the room were accessible to a man far advanced

in the middle ages, like myself; but this bedroom is in the fifth story, and that, to a man verging on fifty-eight, is 'aux astres.'

Everything said of the Grand Hôtel applies to the Grand Hôtel du Louvre. They are *ejusdem farinæ*, birds of the same feather and plumage, born of the same parentage, issuing out of the same nest. The dinner at the Louvre is as cold and comfortless as the dinner of the Grand Hôtel, but it is in this recommendable that it costs one franc less. The salle à manger of the Hôtel du Louvre is neither so large nor so luxurious as that of the Grand Hôtel, but the company is very much the same. It is cosmopolitan in character and composition; the stock-broker, the agent de change, the courtier de commerce, the railroad jobber, undertaker, and speculator predominating. There is also an unpleasant diversity produced by the introduction of sundry English, Irish, and Scotch bagmen, travelling in cambrics, hardware, ale, porter, York hams, Durham mustard, Stilton and Cheshire cheese, and Hampshire and Irish bacon. To these may be added razors, needles, and plumes de Perry.

Napoleon III. has done much to embellish and beautify Paris. He has demolished old, narrow, and filthy streets, and opened new and airy squares and boulevards, and made Paris the most sumptuous city on the face of the earth, but also the dearest, and the most corrupt and immoral. Paris, in the days of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, was, if not a cheap, at least a moderate capital to live in, and also the most intellectual sojourn in the world for a stranger. It is now the dearest of cities,

and, with the exception of a few salons, the least intellectual in the world. What Vienna was in the days of Francis II. and of Metternich, Paris is now. 'What shall I have for Dinner to-day? what to-morrow?' was the title of a work published in Vienna in 1830. There are as futile works published in Paris now, while there is much more speculation at the Bourse than in all the European capitals together. This is the result of a system in which every man hastens to be rich by a sudden 'coup' without labour, thought, or toil, and to enjoy and expend in selfish pleasure the fruits of his ill-acquired gains. This passion for gambling is called speculation, and the Bourse is its chosen temple.

'Caverne à l'avarice ouverte
Où l'on court le danger certain
D'être ruiné par la perte
Ou déshonoré par le gain.
Il est trois portes à cet antre
L'espoir, l'infamie et la mort;
C'est par la première qu'on entre
Par les deux autres que l'on sort.'

The great drive in Paris is now through the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne. Thither the Emperor and Empress proceed almost daily, when the weather is at all inviting. Louis Napoleon is sometimes in a carriage and four with outriders, but more generally appears on horseback, followed by a groom. He is uniformly splendidly mounted, sits his horse well, and as a cavalier appears to advantage. He is now in good health, and appears less livid than he did some years ago. Occasionally he dismounts near the lake, and takes a short walk.

He leans heavily on his stick, walks slowly, and treads the ground like one whose limbs are feeble. He works daily at his 'Life of Cæsar,' and conferred no later than Sunday, the 10th of May, with the Imperial printer, my excellent and worthy friend Henri Plon, touching the publication. Two volumes of the work are already finished, but it will extend to four volumes. It is quite true that the Imperial author aspires to be a member of the Academy; and it is certain that eighteen, and perhaps twenty, out of the forty will vote for him. Few, very few indeed, will vote against him; but several of the academicians will abstain from voting. MM. Guizot, De Broglie, De Montalembert, De Remusat, De Barante, Berryer, Dufaure, and Villemain are said to be among the number of those who will so act. Some there are who aver that M. Thiers will vote for the Imperial candidate, though others contend that he will not vote at all. Should the Academy prove refractory it will be broken up, and divided into sections, as in the time of the First Napoleon.

The Emperor is a great encourager of expense in male and female habiliments, and also of extravagance in horses and equipages. Hundreds of the finest English riding and carriage horses are now in Paris, purchased by various functionaries of the court, for which prices varying from one hundred to five hundred guineas have been paid. The luxury in broughams is very great. Three hundred guineas is no uncommon price to give for a miniature brougham, hung low, with panels highly varnished, and lined in the interior with expensive silks and velvets. Thirty, twenty, and fifteen years ago, the French carriages

were of wretched build, heavy, lumbering, and crane-necked. They were then far behind the Belgian and Viennese, and were not to be named in the same century with the English. Now, so far as the panelling, varnishing, and interior lining and decoration go, the French are before the English, though their springs are not so strong or so well tempered. Napoleon III. has done much to improve the breed of horses, dogs, and all animals useful to man. He is also a great patron of agricultural meetings, of dog-shows, of races, and steeple-chases. He was present at the dog-show, and also at the races of Chantilly and the steeple-chase at Vincennes. This has rendered him very popular with the Jockey Club, which holds its meetings at the Grand Hôtel, Boulevard des Capucins.

The riding of Frenchmen and of Frenchwomen has wonderfully improved since 1848. Most Frenchmen now rise in the saddle in a trot as we English do, and ladies canter as boldly as our English Amazons, or 'loud women.'

The Empress also encourages horse exercise and sports, and the more questionable, because inhuman and sanguinary, diversion of bull-fights. She also encourages extravagance in female attire, and has perpetuated the odious fashion of the crinoline. Fabulous prices are now paid in Paris for female attire, and a dress is rarely worn twice at court parties and balls. A day of reckoning will surely come for all this extravagance. Meantime the people are amused by music, dancing, and cheap bread. There is a people's concert at the Pré Catalan in the Bois de Boulogne, and the band plays daily in the Tuileries. But a good slice is taken off the people's garden, and

thrown into the imperial one. The elder and junior Bourbons dared not to have done this, but Napoleon III. has done it, and a popular wit has said, 'Il est bon jardinier, mais pas *Le Nôtre*.'

The trial of the action brought by the Duc d'Aumale against the Prefect of Police came off in May. The suit had been several times put off. It was fixed for Wednesday the 6th May, but at the last moment was deferred to Wednesday the 13th. On that morning all the 'élite' of the Faubourg St. Germain was in court, with the young Duc de Broglie at their head, and the salle of the first chamber was crowded to suffocation by barristers and distinguished laymen. The action was brought by the Duc d'Aumale against the Prefect of Police for the seizure of the proofs of His Royal Highness's 'History of the Princes of the House of Condé.' The Duc d'Aumale being heir of the House of Condé, inherited all the family papers, and thus became possessed of documents precious for French history. He determined, as a descendant of the great family which did so much for France, to write the memoirs of so illustrious a house, as he had a perfect right and an appropriate title to do. Had the Duc brought down his narrative to modern times, or to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the comments of a free pen might have been displeasing or distasteful to a suspicious and arbitrary government. But the Duc finished his narrative at the death of the great Condé, in 1686, and there was not even the slightest passing allusion to modern times. Nevertheless, the government, represented by the Prefect of Police, of its own mere motion seized all the copies of

the work, and it was to recover them that the plaintiff brought his action; he being represented by Maître Hébert, formerly Garde des Sceaux and Minister of Justice, and by M. Dufaure, minister under more than one cabinet, and now Bâtonnier of the Advocates. The Avocat Impérial, M. Benoist, was first heard; and he contended that the court was incompetent, the defendant being a public functionary, who could not be sued without the permission of the Council of State. This doctrine was combated by Maître Hébert, in an able and incisive argument of great pungency. The peroration of Hébert was eloquent and forcible, and on his sitting down there was considerable applause from the Bar, the last refuge of liberalism and liberty, which was at once checked by the President of the Court, M. Benoit Champy. The Avocat Impérial having briefly and tamely replied to Hébert, Dufaure now rose, and in one of the most lucid and masterly arguments ever heard in a court of justice, conclusively showed that an administrative seizure or 'mandat de perquisition' was of no authority whatever before that court, which must be guided by the written law and constitution. The solidity, force, and dialectical skill with which M. Dufaure managed his thesis excited the admiration of his brethren, and a loud expression of applause was heard, which was at once checked. The court rose at five o'clock, without giving judgment; but though the masterly pleadings of the two advocates excited the greatest interest, yet no paper in Paris dared to give a report of the speeches. It was not even till Wednesday, May the 20th, that the 'Times' noticed the trial, a week

after the event. So much for the liberty of the press in France.

The scandalous suppression of all mention of the event, aroused public opinion, and since the memorable 13th of May the candidates of the opposition for the new elections were imbued with fresh courage. There is a certainty of M. Thiers' return for Paris, and also of the return of Berryer and Marie for Marseilles. It is hoped that M. Dufaure and M. De Montalembert will also be returned; and if this expectation be realized there can be no doubt that Berryer, Dufaure, Montalembert, and Thiers, will be much more than a match for the speaking Ministers Billaut* and Baroche, and all their backing, irrespective of the aid which the opposition will have from Jules Favre, Emile Olivier, Ernest Picard, and others. The Emperor must either shut up his Chambers, or change his system by appointing responsible ministers—responsible not to the Executive, but to the Legislature. M. Baroche is already used up in his oratory, and parades the same arguments ten times over; and though M. Billaut is more versatile and ingenious, still he could not stand for ten minutes effectively against such men as Berryer, Dufaure, Montalembert, and Thiers. It is plain that a crisis has at length come, in which the Emperor must choose one of two policies. He must either go onward by extending the liberty of speech, of discussion, and the press, or he must abruptly close his Chambers.

This is inevitable even if only twelve or fifteen able and independent men be chosen, against whom the official

* Death has since removed M. Billaut from all earthly contention.

orators would be unable to contend. Meanwhile independent candidates crop up on every side, so that it is evident public opinion is awakened, and public spirit aroused. This is owing to the injudicious and unwise conduct of M. Fialin Persigny, who has outraged the public feeling by his administrative interference. He recommended candidates with an insistency and indecency without parallel. In presenting such men as M. de Jaucourt, M. Grammont, Caderousse, and M. Rolle to the electors of Seine and Marne, the Côte d'Or and Vaucluse, he went too far in blind devotion to his master. But his imprudence has recoiled on himself. France, though reduced low, is not yet so degraded as to elect led captains at the bidding of a minister adventurer without one qualification for his office.

THE MILITARY SYSTEM OF FRANCE.

From No. XLII. of the British Quarterly Review, For April, 1855.

'Annuaire Militaire de l'Empire Français pour l'Année 1854.' Strasbourg. Veuve Berger et Fils, 1 Mai, 1854.*

General Foy—Military organization of France adapted to Nation—The French Etat-Major—Carnot—Actual organization of the French Army—Artillery—Engineers—French Military Schools—The Conscription—The Minister of War and his Bureau.

It is an extremely difficult undertaking to write with perfect accuracy on the military system and organization of France. It is not only necessary for any one handling this subject to collect and combine the multifarious facts relating to the military organization as it exists now, but to have also a general idea of the system as it existed in the time of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI.—as it existed in the time of the Republic and the Empire—as it existed under the restoration, and after the revolution of July, 1830. Exactness, minuteness, and intimate acquaintance with details are necessary; and to do anything like justice to the subject, we should be well acquainted with the

* The changes that have occurred since this article was written are stated in notes.

people and the country, possess some small share of professional knowledge, and have passed some time in the adventurous, agitated, and exciting life of camps.

We do not, we avow, possess all these requisites. Our experience in camp life with French soldiers has been short and scanty, but we have had many opportunities of observing the French soldier in garrison, in training, and in preparation for the field, and from our early youth have been in friendly communication with officers of all grades in the French army. But though familiar with officers of the staff and of the line, and in constant communication with officials connected with both the army and navy, we do not feel that we can speak on the subject with perfect authority, nor suppose that in an article in a review we can give anything more than a bird's-eye view of the military system and organization of our neighbours. To do anything like justice to the subject in its entirety, a couple of volumes, not a few pages, would be necessary, on the part of the most instructed professional writer. The late General Foy, one of the most accomplished officers in the French service, a man who had seen the English army in the field and encamped for full ten years of his military life, and who was soldier, scholar, and orator combined, deemed it necessary to accomplish two journeys to England, in order to make himself master of the organization of our army; and even after this labour many of his details are glaringly incorrect, and some of his deductions are more than questionable. How indeed should it be otherwise? Supposing a Frenchman to be perfect master of our language and military history and

traditions (and how few Frenchmen are in this category), it is necessary that he should divest himself of all the prejudices of nation, routine, and education, before he can fairly estimate a foreign system.

The judgment of an Englishman on the French system may generally be as much open to objection on the score of prejudice and prepossession as the judgment of a Frenchman upon the English system; but though this may be generally, nay, almost universally the case, we would frankly and at once confess, that we have no prejudices against France or her system to overcome, for we are convinced that the military administration of that country is as perfectly adapted to the genius, bent, and taste of the nation as any system can be.

The organization of our neighbours comprises within its large sphere, the recruiting, the education, the arming, the manœuvring, the discipline, and the mode of advancement. It is not our purpose in this paper to say a word on the earlier history of the French army. In truth, previous to the time of Louis XIV. there was little to praise in the way of organization. The regiments were each under the government of a proprietary colonel, who often sold his men on quitting the service.* The captain was master of his troop, which he clothed and equipped as our colonels do now. Hence it was extremely difficult to introduce that uniformity and regularity so necessary in military operations. The methodical minister, Louvois, reformed this vicious system. He created schools of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, in which the young officers of his day were

* 'Nisas, de l'organisation de la Force Armée.'

trained in a severe discipline. Under Choiseul there were still further improvements. The soldier became the soldier of the king, instead of the slave of the colonel, as he was in France in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and as he is in Russia now. Order, obedience, unity, effectiveness, were the necessary results. The work of reform was continued by St. Germain, under Louis XVI. Several privileged corps were even thus early suppressed, and a due proportion established between the regiments of cavalry and infantry. Under the ministry of Ségur further improvements were introduced. The Corps Royal, and the État-Major were created, and to the État-Major much of the talent, information, and military success of the French army is owing.

It has been too much the fashion in France and in England to abuse everything connected with the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI.; but we should be doing that monarch and his ministers an injustice did we not say, that the ground had been in a measure cleared previous to the appearance of that greatest of organizers, Carnot, who when a lieutenant of engineers was persecuted by his superiors, as many officers in the British service have been persecuted, because he declared himself the advocate of improvement, and the sworn foe of routine.

It was Carnot,* the author of the 'Eloge de Vauban' and 'l'Essai sur les Machines,' who organized the camp of

* Though justice has been done in France to the organizing genius of Carnot, yet sufficient praise has not been given to the efforts of Louis XVI. and some of his ministers to improve the French army.

Châlons, and who at the end of 1793 was enabled by his indomitable energy, industry, and perseverance, working sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, to oppose to the coalesced enemies of France no less than fourteen different armies.* The embrigadement of the army, in other words the fusion of a battalion of the line into two battalions of volunteers was Carnot's work. His was the head and hand which alone directed the War-office, and which traced the plans of the different campaigns. During his ministry the finest campaigns of Moreau and Napoleon were organized. It was he who conferred with the generals,—who without the aid of a secretary corresponded with the fourteen armies; it was he who made France an armoury and a workshop for the fabrication of all 'munitions de guerre,'—who found volunteer gunsmiths, cannonfounders, and bayonet makers, ready to pass their handiwork, hastily but enthusiastically performed, to volunteer raw battalions—ready, though badly paid and ill-clothed, to defend the frontiers. It was by unheard-of efforts like these that the French territory was delivered—that the sieges of Dunkirk and Maubeuge were raised, and that Figueras and Rosas were taken.

It was the law of the year Six, due and owing to Carnot, which, by establishing the conscription, fixed the military organization of France on the solid basis on which it now rests. The main features of that law, notwithstanding nearly sixty years of struggles, and half a dozen changes of government, remain to the present day unchanged.

The army of France is composed of a staff and a body

* 'Champagnac sur l'Armée de France.' Memoires sur Carnot.

of troops. More properly speaking, since the ordinance of the 19th March, 1823, there has been recognised by name a 'grand état-major,' and a 'petit état-major;' albeit, this classification was tacitly admitted, though not in name, for more than a century.* The infantry of France is divided into infantry of the line and light infantry. These corps carry the same weapons and perform the same manœuvres. There are in France 100 regiments of infantry,† 75 regiments of infantry of the line, and 25 of light infantry; besides 20 battalions of chasseurs-à-pied,

* Conformably to a recent decree of the 28th June, 1860, the staff is composed, in time of peace, of 580 officers, in the following proportions:—35 colonels, 35 lieutenant-colonels, 110 chefs d'escadron, 300 captains, 100 lieutenants.

There is, supplementary to the staff, an École impériale d'Application d'État Major, created in 1818, with the object of preparing élèves for its service. The candidates are chosen by competition from the Imperial Military and Polytechnic Schools. The course of study extends over two years. The head of this school is General Vaudremet Davont.

The troops stationed on the territory of the French empire and in Algeria are, by an imperial decree of the 17th August, 1859, distributed into seven great commands, confided to marshals of France. The first corps d'armée is commanded by Marshal Magnan; the second was commanded by Marshal Castellane, recently deceased; the third is commanded by Marshal MacMahon; the fourth by Marshal Canrobert; the fifth by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers; the sixth by Marshal Niel; and the seventh by Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff.

The 'Annuaire Militaire,' before giving details as to the infantry and cavalry, consecrates a chapter to the Cent Gardes, created by imperial decrees of 1854, 1856, 1858. The uniform of this corps is sky-blue, and it is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Verly.

† Since this was written, in 1855, there has been a change; the infantry of France is now (1863) composed of 100 regiments of the line, 20 battalions of chasseurs à pied, 3 regiments of zouaves,

3 regiments of zouaves, 3 battalions of light infantry of Africa, 3 companies of pionniers de discipline, 2 regiments of the foreign legion, 1 regiment of Algerian tirailleurs, 3 battalions of Algerian tirailleurs, 3 companies of veteran sous-officiers, 3 companies of veteran fusileers.

In France, as well as in Austria, the numerical strength of the cavalry is generally the fifth of the force of the infantry. The heavy cavalry is ordinarily fixed at a quarter of the light cavalry and dragoons.*

The composition and organization of the 'cadres' of cavalry are regulated by the ordonnance of the 8th September, 1841. The Imperial French Cavalry is actually composed of 12 regiments of cavalry reserve—that is to say, 2 regiments of carabinières and 10 of cuirassiers; of 20 regiments of cavalry of the line, comprising 12 of dragoons, 8 of lancers, and 1 regiment of guides; of 26 regiments of light cavalry, comprising 12 of chasseurs, 9 of hussars, and 4 of chasseurs. There are, beside, 3 regiments of spahis, 4 companies of cavaliers de remonte, and a school of cavalry established at Saumur, of which we shall presently speak.†

1 battalion of sapeurs pompiers of the city of Paris, 3 battalions of light African infantry, 5 companies of fusiliers de discipline, 2 companies of pioneers of discipline, 1 foreign regiment, 3 regiments of Algerian tirailleurs, 1 company of veteran sous-officiers, 1 company of veteran fusileers.

* 'Odier, Administration Militaire. Presle Hist. de la Cavalerie.'

† Since this was written, in 1855, there have been some changes. The cavalry is now (1863) composed exclusively of the regiments forming a portion of the Imperial Guard, of 12 regiments of reserve, of 20 regiments of cavalry of the line, of 23 regiments of light

The organization of the artillery is based on the effective strength of the army in cavalry and infantry. The amount of the corps of engineers is on well defined principles of military administration, determined by the number of divisions of infantry to which they can be attached, the strong places to defend, and the reserve required for sieges. The great object of the military administration of France has been and is to proportion the

cavalry, of 3 regiments of spahis, and of 10 companies of cavalry de remonte. The uniform of the cavalry is sky-blue. The cavalry comprises troops with the following names—carabineers, cuirassiers, and dragoons, lancers, chasseurs, hussards, chasseurs d'Afrique, and spahis.

The Imperial Guard, re-organized by a decree of the 20th December, 1855. It is composed of 1 regiment of gendarmes à pied, 3 regiments of grenadiers, 1 regiment of zouaves, 1 regiment of voltigeurs, 1 battalion of chasseurs à pied, 1 squadron of gendarmerie à cheval, 2 regiments of cuirassiers, 1 regiment of dragoons, 1 regiment of lancers, 1 regiment of chasseurs, 1 regiment of guides, 1 division of artillerie à pied, 1 regiment d'artillerie monté, 1 regiment d'artillerie à cheval, and a division of engineers. The commander of the Imperial Guard is Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely.

Irrespective of the Imperial Guard, there is what is called the Maison Militaire de l'Empereur, the head of which is Marshal Vaillant, Grand Marshal of the Palace. Second to this functionary is the Adjutant-General of the Palace, General Rolin. The Emperor has sixteen aides-de-camp, eight of whom are generals of division, two of whom are generals of brigade, five of whom are colonels on the staff, and one of whom is a colonel of artillery. The head of the Emperor's topographical cabinet is Baron de Béville. He has also fourteen officiers d'ordonnance, one a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, one Prince Murat, a colonel of cavalry, two chefs d'escadron of artillery, three captains of infantry, two captains of the staff, and one lieutenant of the navy. There are Maréchaux des logis of the Emperor, Count Lepic, Tascher de la Pagerie, and Opperman, retired cavalry chef d'escadron.

number of recruits to the number of veterans. In the cavalry the veterans may be said to amount to a third. The 'cádres' of cavalry are always in greater force than the 'cadres' of infantry, for more time is necessary for instruction in this branch of the service, and there is almost always a difficulty and a delay in procuring horses. Military writers who have a practical knowledge of the subject, such as the Generals Preval, Rogniat, Caraman, and Marbot, insist on the necessity of maintaining squadrons of from 120 to 140 horses always complete, for a cavalry soldier, any more than a sailor cannot be created on the instant. Not only the men must be trained, but the horses, and men and horses be so moulded that they shall, so to speak, form but one. To use the language of lawyers, they should be 'part and parcel' of each other. Perfect cavalry soldiers should be perfect *centauri*, and equal the fame of Chyroa and Eurytus of old. For the last twenty-five years the French Government has been most indefatigable in the purchase of horses in this country, in Hanover, Mecklenburgh, Normandy, Brittany, and the Limousin. The best French military writers insist that there should be a greater number of men than of horses in the corps, in order to perfect the trooper in grooming and equitation. Advantages are also found to arise from having permanent squadrons exercised, manœuvred, and administered by one captain.* It seems also to be admitted that the

* The Emperor of the French, who wishes to be considered an authority on military matters (though military men smile at many of his views), considers that a great future is opening to cavalry,

effective of the light cavalry (which is oftener exposed than the heavy cavalry) should be stronger than the latter. Hence there are twenty-six regiments of light cavalry in France. It was the opinion of Soult, one of the best of war ministers and administrators, that the French cavalry should be an imposing force in time of peace and a formidable force in war. In the larger commercial towns in the interior of France there are depots of cavalry, where everything necessary for the comfort and sustenance of man and horse may be abundantly found. Much greater care is exercised in the selection of the cavalry than of the infantry; but General Preval, who has had abundant means of judging, maintains that there are too many Alsatians and Normans in the French infantry, and too many Gascons in the cavalry.

Should war become general and prolonged, the Imperial Gendarmerie, Gendarmerie d'Elite, and the companies of veteran gendarmes—more numerous and better composed and appointed in France than in any European nation—could furnish supplies of well-trained animals to the regular cavalry, and thus supply horses to the active, vigorous, and well-instructed officers who belong to this branch of the service.

There are, however, "Compagnies de Cavaliers de Remonte" at Caen, at Fontenay le Comte, at Gueret, and at Tarbes in the Pyrenees; and we believe the government is not now, and has not been for the last quarter

and that it may be made the right arm of the service. There is nothing new in this view, for from 1750 it has been an object with the French to make their cavalry perfect.

of a century, insensible to the necessity of strenuous efforts in this direction.

The French cavalry has been treated by military writers as secondary to the infantry, and the fact is admitted by General Roche-Amyon, in his 'Manuel de la Cavalerie Légère,' but nevertheless, every general and tactician, no matter to what branch of the service he belongs, allows that the cavalry is a most important, and in certain conjunctures may be an all-decisive, branch of the service. Hence it is now, as it has been for more than a century, the object with the French to make their cavalry as perfect as possible. But the infantry being much the more numerous body, and suited especially to the open country or to defiles—equally adapted to sieges, slow in their nature and progress, as to the most sudden and daring enterprises,—must be a more apt, every-day, and practical, if not a more useful, branch of the army.

The infantry, indeed, is the base of all military operations. It is independent, and relies on itself alone, whilst the cavalry, whose principal operation is the charge, is dependent for its success on the nature of the ground. It is true, the cavalry, so to speak, opens out the road for the march and operations of an army, assures the communications, escorts convoys, and does ordinarily things which infantry cannot perform. Occasionally too, more important duties devolve on the cavalry. In the moment of victory it increases disorder in the enemy's ranks, attacks and overthrows wavering and faltering masses, precipitates a disorderly retreat, and prevents the enemy from rallying. In a reverse, on the other hand, it occu-

pies a victorious enemy, harasses and annoys him, and disputes with him every inch of ground; whilst the infantry meanwhile re-forms, and organizes its retreat. But though it thus foresees reverses, and repairs them, though it thus assures successes and completes them, yet French generals and marshals have ever looked on their cavalry as only ancillary to the infantry—as only, in a word, the left hand of the army. It cannot be denied that the French cavalry has occasionally performed very glorious and most remarkable achievements. For instance, in January, 1795, at a moment when the Texel was covered with ice, it advanced on the gulf with the light artillery and seized upon the vessels surprised by the frost and frozen in. At Austerlitz, also, the cavalry shared with the infantry the honours of victory by two charges, which rendered that day equally decisive and glorious; one of these charges was led by Kellermann, who with three regiments of chasseurs and hussars broke the left wing of the Russians; the other was led by Bessières, who at the head of the cavalry of the guard fell upon the cavalry of the Grand Duke Constantine, and literally hacked it in pieces. Admitting, however, to the full, the brilliancy, boldness, and suddenness of cavalry operations, in turning the wings of an enemy, in breaking the line, in attacking and separating the columns broken, in seizing on the artillery, in making prisoners, and in pursuing the flying, yet French military writers and strategists not only allow the cavalry no superiority, but hold it to be inferior to the infantry of the line in point of general utility.

Cavalry officers in France, as with us, are generally men

of some fortune and some social position; but fortune or social position weigh not a feather in the French army, unless they be joined with really solid and serviceable qualities.* Nor would the cavalry, as an institution, be allowed to exist among our neighbours, unless it had been found in practice that it greatly influenced the result of battles. It is because it has been useful in covering and protecting the retreat of a broken infantry—because it furnishes the 'avant gardes' which scour the country and assure the communications of one branch of the army with the other, that the French are fully aware of the importance of an arm of the service which has the appearance of being more aristocratic than the line.

The great Frederick of Prussia was the creator of modern cavalry. Before his time no idea could be formed of what might be done with a properly equipped and well-handled cavalry regiment. Though the system of Frederick was known and appreciated in France, yet the French cavalry formed a school apart till after the wars of the Revolution. Till after that epoch there was nothing fixed. Everything was chopping and changing eternally, and regiments consisted of four, three, and two squadrons. The ministers of war who succeeded each other in the thirty years between 1762 and 1792—Choiseul, Monteynard, Aiquilla, Muy, St. Germain, Montbarey, Segur, Loménie, Puy-Segur, de Broglie, de Narbonne, &c. were obliged to yield either to privileged pretensions, or to the exigencies of a treasury always in debt. De Choiseul re-formed many regiments, and incorporated twenty-seven.

* This is more since 1852 than at any period since 1789.

De Monteynard changed the organization of his predecessor. St. Germain wished to form the cavalry on a better footing, but he was impeded by courtiers and courtesans.

At the commencement of the war of 1792, the French cavalry was composed of

2	regts.	of carbineers	of 4	squadrons,	total	8	squadrons.
26	„	heavy cavalry	3	„	„	78	„
18	„	dragoons	3	„	„	54	„
12	„	chasseurs	4	„	„	48	„
6	„	hussars	4	„	„	24	„
64	regiments,					212	squadrons,

containing 24,068 cavaliers and dragoons, and 13,032 chasseurs and hussars; total, 37,100 swordsmen.

It was with this small force that the French commenced to measure their strength with the superior cavalry of the rest of Europe. Such was the element which they opposed to the

Prussian cavalry of	238	squadrons.
To the English of	80	„
To the Spanish of	77	„
To the Wurtemberg, Bavarian, Saxon, and Neapolitan, amounting to .	200	„
Total	595	squadrons,

which, at the rate of 120 men to the squadron, gives an effective of 71,400 horses—a striking disproportion to the French force.

After the Revolution of 1830, the French cavalry was composed of 2 regiments of carbineers, 10 of cuirassiers, 12 of dragoons, 6 of lancers, 14 of chasseurs, 6 of hussars.

Till 1834, these regiments were composed of 6 squadrons. In 1835 they were reduced to 5. During the reign of Louis Philippe a great improvement was made in the cavalry saddles, and also in the cavalry horses. During the last three years, moreover, neither expense nor effort has been spared to render the horses all that is desirable; for it is felt in the French army that the cavalry may be generally called on to commence and to sustain the most important operations. It is true that the importance of cavalry depends less on its number than on the opportuneness, celerity, and vigour with which it is employed. It is the attribute of an able commander to seize with the instinct of genius the proper moment and to turn it to profit.

'Etablissements de remonte' for the cavalry exist at Caen, Alençon, Saint Lo, Guingamp, Villers, Gueret Tarbes, and various other towns in France; and there are also similar establishments at Blidah, Oran, and Constantine, in Algiers. There is also an establishment of 'vétérenaires militaire,' consisting of three 'vétérenaires principaux,' one of whom was with the army in the Crimea, of 102 'vetérinaires' of the first and second class, and of 160 'aides vetérinaires' of the first and second classes, making altogether 265 veterinary surgeons, who look to the health and constitution of the horses. But that which more than anything has given effectiveness to the cavalry of France is the 'Ecole de Cavalerie' at Saumur.' The merit of creating this school is due to the Duke of Choiseul. It was at the request of this minister that in 1764 the king created four 'Ecoles d'Equitation' at Metz, Douai, Besançon, and Angers. These were each placed under the

management of a general officer; and it may not be unimportant to state here, that in the last of them, the military school of Angers, the late Duke of Wellington received a portion of his military education. A central school was created at Paris to receive the most promising pupils of the subsidiary establishments. In 1771, a course of instruction was determined on, and it was among the regulations of the service that each colonel of cavalry should send to Saumur four officers and four 'sous-officiers' selected from the most instructed of his regiment. In 1790, in the budget of Duportail, the funds set apart for the support of Saumur were suppressed. Six years afterwards, *i. e.* in 1796, a new school, called the 'Ecole Nationale d'Instruction des Troupes à cheval,' was created at Versailles; and two other schools, with special funds allocated, were established at Lunéville and Angers. The school of Versailles existed till 1809, when it was suppressed by imperial decree, and the school of St. Germain was erected on its ruins. The school of St. Germain maintained itself till the Restoration, when the Government of Louis XVIII. created at Saumur a new school of instruction, destined like the first to receive the officers and sub-officers of the different cavalry regiments. The course of instruction in the earlier part of the Restoration consisted of exercises and manœuvres in equitation, a course of veterinary surgery, shoeing, grooming, driving, breaking in, fencing, tilting, gun and pistol firing, swimming, &c., independently of lectures on military history, on German, and on drawing. In order to create good 'sous-officiers,' greater extension and a broader basis was

given to the school in 1824, whereby a body of masters and teachers were formed, and a nucleus created of good 'sous-officiers,' who might become teachers in their turn. The school is presided over by a general of brigade, having under him a colonel, a lieut.-colonel, a 'chef d'escadron instructeur,' a 'major,' and a 'capitain instructeur,' and is capable of containing 500 pupils. There is in the establishment a professor of military tactics, and an assistant professor. The élèves 'sous-officiers' are divided into three squadrons. The first, forming a division of heavy cavalry and a division of dragoons, is composed of a 'marechal des logis chef,' 4 quarter-master generals, 1 'fourrier,' 16 brigadiers, 62 cavaliers of the first-class, and 82 of the second. The third squadron is composed of a similar number of 'sous-officiers,' and the rest is formed of 72 'élèves maréchaux ferrants' and 72 'élèves trompettes.'

For nearly forty years a great improvement has been introduced into the breed of the French cavalry horses. It seems now to be generally admitted that the native Norman horses are the best suited to the exigencies of the service. They are vigorous and hardy. The greater portion of the animals that survived the Russian campaign, in 1812, were Norman. The French cavalry horses are smaller, more slender, and more narrow-chested than our own, yet experience has proved that they survived in the Crimea when our horses were dying not merely by scores but by hundreds. No food comes amiss to the Norman horse, and he can do work for a long time in the day without any food at all. He is moreover insensible to those

changes of atmosphere and of climate which, from his luxurious treatment, his perfect grooming, and his thinner skin, so injuriously affect English horses. The Breton horse, also much used in the French cavalry, is docile, easily trained, and goes through an infinity of hard labour, and he may be kept for a third of the cost of an English cavalry horse. His mouth, too, is softer, and more yielding than the hard mouths of our dragoon horses.

It was the opinion of the late Marshal Bugeaud, expressed in a pamphlet which he published on the subject, that a cavalry soldier should be constantly 'sous drapeau,' and that it required seven years at least to make him a perfect adept in his calling. The marshal insisted that France should have in time of peace 45,000 cavalry horses, because a cavalry is more difficult to improvise than an infantry. 'It is easier,' said the marshal (and he said truly), 'to have a respectable infantry than a tolerable cavalry.'

We may here remark that no army in the world is so indebted to its military schools for its successes and renown as the army of France. There is the Ecole d'Application; l'Ecole d'Application d'Etât-major; the Ecole Impériale Polytechnique; the Ecole Impériale Spéciale Militaire à Saint Cyr; the Prytanée Imperial Militaire; the Ecole Normale du Tir; the Ecole Normale de Gymnastique; the Gymnase Musical Militaire; the Ecole Impériale d'Application de l'Artillerie et du Génie; the Ecole Impériale d'Application de Médecine et de Pharmacie Militaires; and other schools not necessary to mention.

The Ecole d'Application is a superior school where the

pupils of the military schools and the Polytechnic enter to acquire practical and special instruction. There are in France two schools 'd'application:' one for the artillery and the engineers, the other for the general staff. The Revolution of 1789, in effacing the privileges of birth, opened a military career to all Frenchmen, so that merit and talents are now and have for nearly seventy years been generally rewarded in the French army. The Ecole d'Application de l'Artillerie et de Génie is at Metz, and it furnishes from its ranks the pupils necessary for the naval and military artillery. Pupils are admitted from the Polytechnic after an examination, when they take the rank of sous-lieutenants. The teaching, labours, and exercises are divided into twelve parts, comprising the execution of 'bouches à feu,' the manœuvres and construction of artillery of every species, the formation and conduct 'des equipages de campagne' of sieges and of bridges, the manœuvres of infantry and cavalry, the art of tracing and constructing plans, the art of attack and defence, the art of mining, map making, the general administration and book-keeping, or rather the Dr. and Cr. account, of an army, called in French 'comptabilité.' Every year there is a mock siege at Metz, by way of affording to the pupils practical knowledge. The school is governed by a general of artillery, and there are professors of topography, construction, mechanics, artillery, permanent fortication, military art and geodesy, chemistry, drawing, German, equitation, and military administration.

The Ecole Impériale d'Application d'Etat Major is held at Paris. It was instituted in 1818, and is destined to

form pupils for the staff. By a decree of July, 1852, the pupils are to amount to thirty every year, which would give an effective maximum of sixty pupils yearly.

These pupils are chosen among those of the Imperial Military School and of the Polytechnic School capable of receiving the rank of sous-lieutenants, as well as among the sous-lieutenants of the army. The duration of the studies is for two years. After that period, the pupils who have undergone an examination are called upon in the order of their numbers to fill the places of lieutenants vacant in the staff, and are detached for four years in the regiments of infantry and cavalry of the army. There are professors of military administration, topography, geography, and military statistics, of the military art and history, of foreign languages, &c. During three months of the year the pupils of this school are engaged beyond its walls in drawing and making military tours, called 'itinéraires militaires.' Of these two schools, it may be with truth said that they are the very first in Europe. The latter school originated with Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr.

The Polytechnic School is so generally known that we may be pardoned for not dwelling on it at any very great length. It was founded in the year III. of the Convention (1794), and no man laboured more to place it on a secure basis than Carnot. It was, above all things, destined to produce engineers, and some of the most celebrated military and civil engineers of France have been bred within its walls. The number of pupils is fixed at three hundred, and the age of admission is from sixteen to

twenty, and to twenty-five for military men who have two years' of effective service 'sous drapeau.' Some of the most celebrated men produced by France have been professors and teachers in this school, as Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet, Fourcroy, Guyton Morveau, Pelletier, Chaussier, Porny, Poisson, &c. There are now about thirty-three professors, and the commandant is a general of engineers.

The School of St. Cyr is also destined to form officers in the infantry, the cavalry, and the marine. None but Frenchmen of from sixteen to twenty years can present themselves for examination, excepting always such sous-officiers, corporals, and brigadiers as can count two years' effective service 'sous drapeau,' and they are eligible till they have completed their twenty-fifth year.

The Prytanée at La Flêche is destined for the education of the sons of sous-officiers without fortune, or the sons of sous-officiers killed on the field of battle. The number of pupils maintained at the expense of the state is 300 boursiers and 100 demiboursiers. Pupils are admitted from the ages of ten to twelve, and may remain till they have completed their nineteenth year.

There is also an Ecole Normale de Tir at Vincennes, and an Ecole Normale de Gymnastique near Vincennes.

As though these various military schools were not sufficient, there is also a Gymnase Musical Militaire, which has existed from 1836, with a view to form leaders of bands and instrumentalists for regimental music. There are 281 pupils drawn from the infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. Any man who is aware of the effect that military music had in the Crimea in keeping up the

spirits of the French troops will see the necessity of these schools.

There are also, since the period Gouvion St. Cyr was minister, 'ecoles regimentaires,' or schools in each regiment, in which the soldiers, sous-officiers, and children of soldiers, are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Inspectors report the progress of each individual attending these schools, and the names of distinguished pupils are mentioned in the 'Journal Militaire.' There is also in every regiment a school of fencing and a school of swimming. Swimming, besides its power of conducing to the refreshment and health of the body, is so necessary to a soldier, who often must pass the sea, engage near great rivers, and sometimes cross them without bridges, that his common preservation, not less than duty, requires an expertness in swimming which practice alone can give. The Romans said of an ill-educated man that he could neither swim nor read.

There is also attached to the school of cavalry an Ecole de Trompettes. The pupils are so instructed as to become 'trompettes-brigadiers' and 'trompettes maréchaux-des-logis,' and they also receive lessons in tilting and fencing on foot and on horseback, in equitation, and gymnastics.

We have spoken of the veterinary surgeons attached to the French army. For these gentlemen there are celebrated schools of the veterinary art—one at Alfort, at two leagues from Paris, in which Chabert, Gilbert Vicq-d'Azyr, Daubenton, Fourcroy, Flandrin, Girard, and Dupuis have lectured; and others at Toulouse and Lyons, in which Yvart, Dulong, and Bourgelat have professed.

The most remarkable feature, however, in the French military system, as contra-distinguished from our own, is the system of conscription. The Revolution of 1789 established this cardinal principle, 'que tout Français est soldat et se doit à la défense de la patrie.' Chateaubriand, in his days of enthusiastic ultra-loyalty, maintained the same principle, exclaiming, 'La France entière n'est qu'un soldat.' And albeit the military and martial spirit of France was a good deal curbed during the eighteen years' reign of the Citizen King, yet it was not extinct and did but slumber. Were the soil of France threatened, or a new Declaration of Pilnitz proclaimed to-morrow, voluntary battalions would assemble, as in 1797. France had then 690,000 men under arms, which number could be increased in a few months to 871,000, and actually was increased to 1,026,950 in 1794. Towards the end of the year VII. the Republic, which occupied the Roman States, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, and whose frontiers had been extended to the Rhine, possessed 110 half brigades of infantry of the line, 30 of light infantry, 25 regiments of heavy cavalry, 20 of dragoons, 25 of chasseurs, 12 of hussars, 8 of artillery, and 8 of horse artillery. Notwithstanding nearly seventy years of turmoil, organic change, and revolution, of all the great European powers France is the one which, by the resources of its soil, its interior communications, the organization and special education and training of its troops, and its numerous military establishments, supported by state encouragement, is in the best position to make war promptly and effectively.

The word conscription, which signifies the raw material or levies from which the French army is taken, is somewhat new to the French language, dating only from the year VI. of the Republic (1798). A law of the 10th of March, 1818, re-establishes the conscription on bases which, though since modified, have not been essentially changed. Every young man is liable to the conscription, and once a year may be selected by 'tirage' to serve his country by becoming 'chair à canon.' To say that the conscription is popular in France, would be to disguise the truth; for large sums are given to procure 'remplacants,' and many 'compagnies d'assurance' have been formed to obviate the inconveniences arising from the lot falling on particular classes; but with all its inconveniences and unpopularity, the conscription has never been considered in France as in Spain a 'contribucion di sangre,' and in any crisis of national danger or alarm the younger population would rally under the national standard. Every conscript, as with us, should be sound wind and limb, but the standard of height required in the French service is much lower than in ours, being only four feet nine inches. Mutilated, lame, gouty, scrofulous, or consumptive men are rejected; and conscripts who have lost an eye, or a finger, who are near-sighted, deaf or dumb, or have lost the incisive teeth, are also refused. In time of peace, though less frequently in war, maladies are simulated in order to escape selection. Thus belladonna is had recourse to to enlarge the eyeballs, with a view to counterfeit amaurosis; concave spectacles are worn to produce 'myopie;' air is injected under the skin to counterfeit dropsy; and ipecacuanha is

swallowed to produce an appearance of asthma.* But such malingerers as these would incur universal odium at a time when the soil of France was threatened. The business of the conscription is chiefly managed through the 'conseils de revision et de recrutement.' It should be remarked that in all the military schools, and, indeed, from the moment a Frenchman is destined for the service, he is subjected to military government. Each school has its uniform. The scholars are formed into companies, and are commanded by officers; so that from their earliest years they are subjected to a military hierarchy with but one motive power. Thus the aptitude of the nation for war is strengthened, formed, and created, by habit, by education, and by the discipline of the government. There is a perfect organization through intermediate steps, by which a direct relation is established between the meanest soldier and the Minister of War. Thus it is that the French army has but one will directed to one object, the greatness and glory of France. It wills this strongly and vehemently at all times, and under all circumstances. This it is that renders it so efficient an instrument, so formidable to its enemies, at once the shield and spear of the nation. No body, no society of men can long subsist without organization, and least of all a military body composed of such diverse elements, and in the midst of which there are so many individual interests in presence. But independently of these considerations, it has been always felt in France that the question of military organization is one of those capital questions

* 'Physiologie Médicale,' tom. ii. line 5.

which interests the safety of the country, not only in time of war, but also its interior tranquillity in time of peace.

It is therefore very considerable—we might say immense—power is given to the Minister of War. This minister is in correspondence with all commanders and generals of divisions of the army. He receives all military despatches; orders the movements of troops; directs and controls all the general and extraordinary expenses of military expeditions. He has the charge of the recruiting, clothing, provisioning, and paying of the army; has the direction of the asylums for invalids at Paris and Avignon; has the sole control of the gunpowder and saltpetre manufactories; of the barracks, military hospitals, arsenals, depots, and magazines of military stores, government foundries, and manufactories of fire-arms. His department pays all officers on active service, on half-pay, or on retired pensions, as well as the allowances to officers' widows and orphans. The war minister is the head of the ordnance, and has the direction of the military schools. He has, likewise, the organization and inspection of the gendarmerie as well in Paris as in the Departments, and he issues general orders as to the regulation and discipline of the army.

The present Minister of War is Marshal Vaillant.*

* The present Minister of War, in 1863, is Marshal Randon, who is in his 69th year. He served in the Russian campaign in 1813, was twice wounded at Lützen, and finished his active career in 1857, by the successful campaign in the Kabylia. He has an immense staff under him of general directors, chiefs of division, chiefs and sub-chiefs of bureaus and subordinate employés, amounting altogether to more than 3,000 persons. In the French War-office there is no divided power, no clashing of jurisdictions.

He is also a Senator and Grand Marshal of the palace. The marshal has three aides-de-camp, and four officers on his staff. Independently of these, his private cabinet is presided over by a chef-d'escadron of his staff, and in this cabinet the opening and registering of despatches takes place, and the departure of military couriers is regulated. In this cabinet is what in the language of the office is called 'centralisation du travail avec l'Empereur, affaires de franchise et contre-seing,' public audiences, communications with the journals, secret affairs, and affairs which are not within the speciality of any department of the offices.

The direction (personnel) which is the first, is under a general of brigade and a colonel of the staff. It contains seven bureaux, each under a chef with a multitude of clerks.

The first bureau is devoted to 'correspondance générale' —'opérations militaires.' The second to the staff and military schools; the third to recruiting; the fourth to military justice; the fifth to the gendarmerie: the sixth to the infantry; the seventh to the cavalry.

The second direction or division is the artillery, with sections for the personnel, the matériel, and the comptabilité. The third direction is the engineers, with sections of personnel, matériel, and comptabilité.

The fourth direction is administration, in which there are five bureaux, comprising intendance militaire, service de marche, équipages militaires, subsistences militaires, hospitals, clothing, bedding, camp-furniture, pay audit, internal administration, &c. The fifth direction is devoted

to the affairs of Algiers. The sixth to what is called the 'depôt de la guerre,' with two sections, comprising 'géodésie,' topography, drawing, engraving, military history, military statistics, archives, maps, and plans. The seventh direction is directed to audit and control of accounts, with sections devoted to pensions, aid, military law, &c. Independently of these there are eight consulting committees, composed of from six to fourteen superior officers, one a consultative committee for the staff, one for the infantry, one for the gendarmerie, one for the artillery, one for fortifications, one for Algiers, &c. There is also a council of health in the army, a 'Commission d'Hygiène Hippique,' and a mixed commission of public works, all under the eye and in the offices of the Minister of War. The Minister of War is also represented at the 'Conseil d'Etat' by a general of brigade, by four counsellors of state, by three 'maîtres des requêtes,' by two auditors, and by a secretary.

The ministry of war, with its general directors, chiefs of division, chiefs and sub-chiefs of bureaux, subordinate employés, comprising the administrative service, the victualling service, with their directors, accountants, head clerks, writing clerks, porters, servants, messengers, &c. employs about 3000 persons, all working with a will at the bidding of one man. The expense is immense, but there is certainty, celerity, efficiency, and unity of action. No wonder that under a system like this such a genius as Napoleon entered Berlin after a campaign of eighteen days, or that his Austrian campaign scarcely lasted three months. It was the business of the Minister of War in that day—and ought to be his business now—to consider the frontiers

of the enemy, the advantages and inconveniences of the ground, to obtain information on the resources of the country, and the dispositions and feeling of the army to which the troops of France were opposed. In truth, every officer who looks to a high command, ought to study the nature, the habits, and the constitution of the different European armies. This knowledge is absolutely necessary in order that a general should be acquainted with the strength and weakness of the troops of his own country, of its allies, and those who are opposed to him.

In the 'Ministère de la Guerre' in France there is no divided power, as with us—no opposing interests—no clashing of jurisdictions. The Minister of War in that country has sôle and undivided authority and responsibility in command of the army, and all functionaries connected with the service are not merely subordinate but obedient to him. There is no board of ordnance, no treasury, no paymaster-general, no secretary of war, to interfere with the fiat of Marshal Vaillant. The result is, that a competent military man filling this important office sends out an army provided with everything necessary for its wants in the field. From 1830 to 1848, with three exceptions, the place of Minister of War was filled by marshals of France who all knew their duty; and the exceptions were Generals Bernard, Cubières, and Schneider, all distinguished officers who had won their way by professional talent. In the best days of French military history, a general would never hazard his army in a country whose topography was unknown to him; for he who does not know the country in which he goes to make war, its

nature, its resources, its manner of fighting, can never be sure of success.

We are not in a position to know whether the Crimean expedition was undertaken after this mature and necessary consideration; but of this we are sure, that in the 'Depôt de la Guerre' of France were numerous 'mémoires' on the resources and climate of the Crimea, on the disposition of the inhabitants, and on the Russian army of the South. That these 'mémoires' were studied by some superior officers we have no doubt, and we are quite sure that the 300 'officiers d'administration,' of the 'Services Administratifs,' connected with the military hospitals, took care that there was a proper supply of instruments, medicines, bandages, &c. So in like manner the '70 'officiers d'administration de l'habillement et du campement,' provided the requisite quantity of summer and winter clothing, of camp tents, &c. As to the 300 'officiers d'administration des subsistances.' their task was an easy one. In every considerable town in the eighty-six departments of France there are magazines and depôts of 'vivres et fourrages,' so that the troops cannot want flour, or biscuit, or preserved vegetables, soups, or meat; or the horses want hay, corn, beans, or that black bread called 'bumper-nickel,' with which they are occasionally fed.

It should be moreover remarked, that the garrison service of France, an open continental country, touching the frontiers of Belgium, Prussia, Baden, Switzerland, Savoy, Spain, and we may say also touching Holland and England, impose on the administration and on the army itself, the necessity of being always prepared. Spread

over the various parts of the French territories, in the 'places de guerre,' on the frontiers, in the great towns, garrisons are so placed that they can aid each other, thus offering a mutual support. Numerous and frequent changes of garrison take place, with a view to relieve the monotony of the services, but portions of the artillery are always at Paris, Vincennes, La Fère, Toulon, Metz, Strasburgh, Besançon, Lyons, Toulouse, and Rennes. The 'canonniers vétérans' are in garrison at St. Omer, Toulon, Marseilles, Antibes, Montpellier, Perpignan, Bayonne, La Rochelle, Nantes, Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, and Bastia.

A garrison is a source of activity and prosperity to the town in which it is located, and it need not be said that garrison duty makes officers and men acquainted with their profession, and teaches them to know each other thoroughly. Not merely 'sous-officiers' in the French army, but lieutenants, captains, and field officers, know their men generally by name, and if not by name, by character, and the 'sobriquet' they acquire in the regiment. There is also much greater familiarity between the officer and the soldier, partly from the more easy social commerce prevailing everywhere in France, partly because the system of purchase does not prevail in the French army, but chiefly because, to use the language of Napoleon, the humblest soldier in France may rise to the loftiest rank, may carry the bâton of marshal in his cartouche-box. Even under the old monarchy, Catinat rose from a simple dragoon to be a marshal of France, and Hoche, a groom, Augereau, the son of a fruiterer, Bernadotte, a common soldier, Junot, the son of a baker,

Massena, a cabin boy of a coasting vessel, Murat, the son of an innkeeper, Ney, the son of a tailor, and Soult, of the humblest origin, all rose to the rank of marshal. Bernadotte and Murat became kings, Massena and Ney, princes, and Junot and Soult, dukes. The French army for the last twenty years is different indeed to the army described by Brantome as composed of 'méchants garne-'ments echappés à la justice et surtout force marques 'de fleurs-de-lis sur l'épaule.'

The system of military education is better in France than in England, and the military profession is viewed as it was at Athens, at Sparta, and at Rome. Valour and military skill are more regarded and more appreciated than great civil qualities among us. Skill and address in the art of war are more admired than civil wisdom, or, we fear we must add, than civil liberty. The French cultivate in their military schools gymnastics and bodily exercises, but they also cultivate the theory of strategy and war. Young men are instructed in these sciences by rule and precept, illustrated by practice. They read and ponder on the lectures that have been delivered to them, they discuss questions of strategy among themselves, and in all their barracks and garrisons there are libraries of reference to which they can have recourse. The French are essentially a military people, and we fear it must be added, they prefer military glory to civil freedom. In France, whenever war occurs, it assumes an intellectual complexion, and officers and men devote to it all their vivacious energy and strength. The French, like the Roman soldiers, are inured to fatigue and hardened

by exercise. Drilled to walk at quick paces carrying heavy burdens, to climb steep acclivities, and to creep along the sides of precipices, they are early taught that success in warfare is a more constant attendant on boldness, intelligence, address, and audacity, than on mere numbers and brute force. The military art, in truth, becomes among the French a national and patriotic sentiment, and every feeling, thought, and aspiration of the soldier is bound up in the service of his country. No nation is so vain of military successes as the French; and this is one of the reasons why they more easily become soldiers than other men. The Frenchman is by nature and disposition a campaigner. He is of an eager and adventurous disposition, gay, jocund, and somewhat reckless, and disposed to make the best of everything in this world below. No man more easily accommodates himself to circumstances, or makes himself more at home in a strange land. He is an excellent marcher, an excellent forager, and, above all, an excellent cook. He can bake, and roast, and stew; and make sauces, and dress eggs, and create omelettes in scores of ways. He can darn his own stockings, patch his own coat, and mend his own small-clothes, wash his shirt in a running brook, or cobble his shoes under the shade of a tree. He can hut himself with the ingenuity of a beaver, pitch his tent in a salubrious spot, and sing and dance with real light-heartedness to drive dull care away. He can subsist on much less than would satisfy an Englishman, nor is it necessary he should always have butchers' meat at his dinner, like our countryman, 'John.' With vegetables

and bread, with a little cheese, a little potage, and the pot-au-feu, with an onion, a carrot, and clove of garlic, and a few apples or chestnuts, or with the stoic's fare, a radish and an egg, Crapaud will make a satisfying if not a very solid meal, where Bull would either starve, or become useless from sulk, grumble, and emptiness of stomach. Unless our men (with the exception of the Irish, who in character a good deal resemble the French) are provided with the raw victual, are cooked for, washed for, hutted, baked for, and provided with fuel, they can neither fish nor forage for themselves. They are admirable machines, who will do what they are ordered (provided always they are fed and beered) with unflinching resolution, but they have no training for a campaign. In the drill and regimental work they are perfect enough, but take them out of that routine and they are like Tidd or Archbold arguing a great point of constitutional law on which the fate of an empire depends, making sad work of it—reducing it to the small dimensions of a point of practice. Our common soldiers are strong, athletic and brave fellows, but they are neither lissom nor flexible, and they do not practise the Olympic or Pythic games. Thousands of the French soldiers are tennis players, famous swordsmen, swimmers, runners, wrestlers—are more accustomed to traverse rugged surfaces, to penetrate thick woods, to climb steep and difficult ascents—to observe accurately positions and the surface of a country with a military eye, and to tell at a first view the number of troops it will contain, or the best situation for an encampment, or for an order of battle; but how many of such soldiers or officers either, have

we in our armies? In an army in which officers ascend to command by purchase, and by the capacity of the breeches' pocket, there is not likely to be much self-denial or much ability or desire to bear hardship. The tendency of men with money in both pockets is—to ease—to indulgence—to pleasure. Gluttony, wine, and the loosest gallantry, probably we ought to use the word 'lubricity,' become the order of the day. To all our wealthy, to most of our aristocratic soldiers, self-denial is a thing unknown. They have no idea of temperance or frugality, or of despising ease and luxury for their country's good.

It should also be remembered that the exact sciences are much more studied in France by officers and soldiers than in England. In the country of Vauban the science of fortification is indigenous; and excellence in the science of artillery has always been pre-eminently rewarded.

History, too, is only studied in France by military men as ancillary to the study of strategy and war. Every officer of promise opens the book of history as did Lucius Lucullus, who defeated Mithridates, with a view to vanquish his adversary. Lucullus, in his passage from Rome to Asia, read history with that view, and with that view only; and Frenchmen open Quintus Curtius, Cæsar, Vegetius, and the works of Foy, Suchet, Gourgaud, and the Manuscrit de Ste. Hélène only with a view to derive professional advantage and enlarged practical knowledge. There is scarcely a French regiment that does not contain among officers and men voluntary societies established for a daily review of their individual progress in military and strategetical knowledge. They discuss and question each

other, and enter on particular illustrations most profitable in a professional sense. Tactics, fortification, military geography, and military maxims are in turn handled, so that any man with ordinary intelligence and industry may become a most competent soldier. Independently of these considerations, France at the conclusion of a war has always placed her army on the best possible basis, whereas we at peace have, with a mistaken economy, reduced our troops to the lowest possible footing. We altogether neglect recruiting, and the result is, that when a war breaks out, we have everything to begin—we have to create a new army by the means of crimp sergeants and bounties. We forget the remark of General Lamarque that an army reserve not only gains battles, but saves a kingdom, and assures its independence.*

The chief defect of our military service, however, is, that men rise, not by merit or aptitude for the profession, but by purchase. During the last seventeen years, only 446 men have risen from the ranks, whilst 476 cadets have been appointed, and 1,269 commissions sold. Our staff, also, has no regular training. Men are appointed to serve in it without ability or aptitude, merely because they happen to be the son of the Duke of A, the cousin or nephew of Earl B, or because they have married the daughter or niece of this or that minister, or this or that commander-in-chief.

The organization of our army, indeed, now seems to be given up on all hands as a thing indefensible—as a thing that must be reformed, and reformed speedily. Peel

* 'De l'Esprit Militaire en France.' Par le Général Lamarque.

stated some time ago, in the House of Commons, that an English commission, composed of an officer of the army, of the artillery, and of the engineers, was sitting at Paris, with a view to inquire into the French military organization, and that a report might soon be expected from it; whereupon Mr. Muntz remarked that a report in MS. on this subject was at the War-office, which had never been read, and of course never acted on. These are the things that discredit—not representative government—but the system of governing by a narrow clique of families and favourites. Had we 'troupes de l'administration,' and 'compagnies d'administration,' and 'compagnies d'ouvriers,' such as exist in France, or a 'corps des équipages militaires' conducted on the plan of our allies, what errors might have been avoided, how many thousands of lives might have been spared, and what important results might have been achieved in the Crimea!

The raw material for the making of the soldier in England is better than in France. Our men have more bone and muscle than the French, and though they are not as intelligent or as quick at invention, still they are less volatile and desultory, and more patient, persevering, and steady. Englishmen have a graver and a higher sense of the obligations of duty, and, as we conceive, a higher standard of principle, than the French; and if they do not attain the perfection of the French in carrying on war, the fault must be ascribed to a vicious system, to cliqueism, favouritism, and the red tapeism engendered by a blind and obstinate adherence to custom and to routine. The country of Cromwell and of Blake, of Marlborough and of

Wellington, is fertile in the production of great captains. Of Marlborough it may be said, that he never besieged a town without taking it, or fought a battle without winning it. He had to consult many opinions, to accommodate himself to many tempers, to bend to many interests. Yet he reconciled them all, and kept them together, and defeated in succession Marsin, Tallard, Vendôme, Villars, and Villeroy. The British hero whom we have so lately lost never saw defeat but in an enemy who retreated before him from Lisbon to Toulouse. Jourdan, Victor, Mortier, Massena, Marmont, and Soult were in turn vanquished by him; and his crowning victory was over the master of them all. English soldiers, led by a Wellington, can achieve anything; and English soldiers, without a general, succeeded in winning Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. Such men and such soldiers must be rescued from mismanagement, and a career opened to merit as in France.*

* We are glad to find fewer Irish names than half-a-century ago in the 'Annuaire Militaire' of 1863. The Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 has kept many at home who, had it not been passed, would have served the French Emperor. There are still Barrys, Darcys, Morrisses, O'Farrells, and O'Maleys, in the French service; but these are the descendants of men who emigrated with James II., or the descendants of the rebels of 1798.

PORTRAITS OF FRENCH LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

Ste. Beuve—The Homme de lettres in France and in England—De Rémusat—Duvergier d'Hauranne—the Duke de Montebello—Dr. Véron—St. Marc Girardin—Lamartine.

It is not our intention to say a word in this article on the political condition of France. We are now not merely closely, but intimately, allied with the Emperor of the French (we have been nearly a quarter of a century allied with the French people), are embarked in a common and righteous cause with him* and his government, and we must do Louis Napoleon and his ministry the common justice to say that, up to this moment, both have performed their parts, in reference to the Russo-Turkish question, with honour, with loyalty, with courage, and with effect. Under these circumstances criticism on matters more immediately concerning the French than the British people, were alike untimely and unwise. While a Russian enemy is at the gates, such observations may be profitably postponed, without surrendering one strong opinion or one honestly-entertained conviction. There is now in France a good deal of material and manufacturing prosperity—

* This was written while the war in the Crimea was raging.

workmen of all classes, more especially in the capital, are actively employed—immense improvements are being carried on in Paris—there is more luxury, a greater display, and a more profuse expenditure among the official and commercial classes, than at any former period; and while these things last, it is not our business, more especially in the urgent crisis of war, to sound a note of alarm, and to proclaim that constitutional liberty may be trucked and bartered against an extended commerce, or that certain outward signs of prosperity are unreal, fictitious, and delusive. Though, however, we are for the present silent on topics connected with high questions of liberty, policy, and finance among our Gallic neighbours, it is our duty to say a word or two on the state of periodical literature and journalism among them.

Periodical and general literature, we deeply regret to observe, if not perfectly inanimate, is near a state of inanition. Works of an independent or speculative character, in politics or literature, rarely issue from the press, and when they do appear, are subjected to a strict censorship. As to journalism, if we use the word in the ancient sense, it has undergone a complete transformation. The only newspaper which has a safe, because an official existence, is the authentic journal of the government,—the 'Moniteur,' to which, perhaps, may be added, the 'Pays,' formerly the organ of M. de Lamartine—now the instrument, though not always the recognised organ, of the government, under the editorship of M. de la Guerronière, a member of the Corps Legislatif, who is also connected with the 'Constitutionnel.' True, the 'Débats,' the 'Siècle,'

the 'Constitutionnel,' and two or three other unimportant journals, still have 'a local habitation,' but they are without the vitality or spirit which distinguished them, whether for good or for evil, up to the 2nd December, 1851. We are not now pronouncing whether the press of France, in exercising the liberty it enjoyed in the eighteen years between 1830 and 1848, did not frequently misuse and abuse that liberty. But admitting that it did so, and that it often exercised its power wantonly rather than wisely, we yet maintain that the old law, or, if that were found insufficient, one or two more stringent enactments, might have sufficed to contain within all proper bounds the comments of the most vehement writers. In the worst days of the worst anarchy and hottest civil contentions of 1848, 1849, and 1850, neither the 'Débats' nor the 'Siècle' ever forgot in their political articles what was due to themselves or to their readers, and yet these journals are now as much under the surveillance of the Prefect of Police, and may, should they commit an error, be as harshly treated, or as summarily suppressed, as though their writers had administered to every mischievous passion and fantasy of the hour. Albeit, however, this strictness, not to say rigour, is exercised in regard to political questions, it must be admitted, that literary topics are treated with great freedom and ability, both in the 'Débats' and the 'Constitutionnel.' Though the 'Débats' has lost some of its principal literary writers, such as M. Cuvillier Fleury, M. Alexandre Thomas, and others, and has experienced a yet greater misfortune in the death of the principal proprietor, the late M. Armand Bertin, a

man of infinite tact and discretion, yet under the able and dexterous direction of M. S. de Sacy, its literary articles are now as distinguished as in the most flourishing period of its career. Incontestably superior as the London press is now, and has for the last twenty years been to the French, in the staple of its political writing, it is very inferior to that press in the character and tone of its literary and critical articles. The leading newspapers of Paris have, in truth, for more than half a century, as carefully and as elaborately examined and criticised new works as the best of our reviews.

Among the many distinguished and able men engaged in this career of critic and reviewer, is the author of the "Causeries de Lundi."

Mr. Charles Augustin Ste. Beuve, of whom we speak, is a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in which town he was born just antecedent to the Empire, in the last days of 1803. His early studies were creditably made at the College of Boulogne, whence he proceeded to Paris, in his nineteenth year, to devote himself to the study of medicine. But soon after his arrival in Paris, M. Ste. Beuve abandoned the teachings and lectures of the 'Ecole de Médicine' to dedicate himself wholly to literature. Such a decision on the part of a highly educated youth, though very common in France, is comparatively rare in England. The homme de lettres among our continental, and more especially among our French neighbours, is held in much more general esteem than in England. Nor is the profession of a literary man of competent learning and good abilities by any means so precarious as among ourselves. Literature

is more regularly and systematically a profession than among us Britons, and, till lately, there has been a greater demand for, and a larger supply of it. The début of M. de Ste. Beuve in the journal called the 'Globe,' was somewhere about the year 1824 or 1825. This print, then very recently founded, exercised a very considerable influence as well in politics as in literature. Its chief proprietors were among its most distinguished contributors. Of these we may cite the names of M. de Rémusat, M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, the Duke de Montebello, M. Amédée Thayer, M. Guizard, and M. Dejean, some of whom attained the rank of ministers and ambassadors, whilst others were provided for in lucrative but less distinguished positions. The 'Globe' at the period of which we speak was Doctrinaire in politics and Romanticist in literature; and in the first article written in it by M. Ste. Beuve, the young Boulonnais proclaimed himself the champion of the romantic school, without, however, going the length of defending the eccentricities of Victor Hugo. To these earlier literary opinions M. de Ste. Beuve has with some judicious modifications adhered. He developed them most elaborately in his 'Tableau de la Poesie Française,' published originally in 1828, and reproduced in a new edition in 1841. For now more than thirty years he has occupied a considerable, and for more than twenty years one of the first places in the periodical literature of France as a critic and literary commentator. Nor have his labours as critic prevented him from enriching the literature of his country with original works of poetry and fiction, as well as history. Since 1829 he has given to the world 'Poésies de

Joseph Delorme ;' 'Les Consolations ;' 'Pensées d'Août ;' 'Volupté,' and the 'History of Port Royal,' in three volumes, which appeared between 1840 and 1843.

When it is remembered that while these works were in course of preparation M. Ste. Beuve was a writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' in the 'Globe,' and in the 'Revue de Paris,' and a lecturer and professor at Lausanne and at Liége, his industry and fertility will appear the more remarkable. That he is a person of varied learning, no one can doubt. But erudition, as is too often the case with persons of ordinary minds, has not obliterated in him originality or the power of observation, or dried up that vigour and spontaneity of thought and expression, and that shrewdness of appreciation too seldom found among mere bookworms. M. Ste. Beuve is not merely a man of learning and letters, but he is also a man of the world. The government of Louis Philippe did itself great honour in making him one of the conservators of the 'Bibliothèque Mazarin' in 1840, and the French Academy also fittingly performed its part in electing the historian of 'Port Royal' among its members in 1846.

We are not now about to criticise a work which is too much of a literary to be a satisfactory history of Port Royal, but we must say, without pronouncing on a performance which is not before us in our critical capacity, that the pages in it devoted to Pascal are, in their way, masterly. M. Ste. Beuve has never personally committed himself in the party politics of his country; but he is known to profess moderate opinions, and, indeed, so

much may be learned from his writings, whether in reviews or in newspapers. Like the great majority of literary men of high character, he looked on the Republic with no friendly feeling. The events of 1848, it is supposed, induced him to accept, at the hands of King Leopold, a professorship of literature at the University at Liége, from which he returned to the capital of France at the close of 1849. After a year of study and solitude in Belgium, he felt a desire for more active and genial occupation, and the notorious Véron, then principal proprietor and manager of the 'Constitutionnel,' hearing of the return of so eminent a critic and academician, resolved to secure his services for the literary portion of his journal. The Doctor accordingly waited on Ste. Beuve, offering to open the 'Constitutionnel' to him, every Monday, on topics purely literary and critical. The proposition at first somewhat startled the academician. But Dr. Véron, like an artful tradesman, was supplied with cut and dried reasons, which finally prevailed over the scruples of M. Ste. Beuve. It was announced in the 'Constitutionnel,' in the last days of September, 1849, that though literature might be for a moment eclipsed, yet that it could never die in France, and that the momentary calm then prevailing induced the conductors of the journal to believe that the time had arrived when the Parisian public would return to its former tastes and habitudes. It was then dexterously insinuated that M. Ste. Beuve participated in these hopeful opinions, and that he would use his pen 'comme quelque chose de vif de frequent et de court,' on literary topics

every Monday, from the first of October. Accordingly, on the following Monday, which was the first of the month, M. Ste. Beuve's articles appeared, and the best proof that Dr. Véron did not misjudge his public is, that these articles have now gone on for four years and a half * without intermission. Eight volumes of about 400 pages each, have already been produced in the more permanent form of a book by the Messrs. Garnier, and we understand a ninth is in course of preparation, and will appear before the end of the year.

M. Ste. Beuve made his 'début' in the 'Constitutionnel' by a review of the 'Essais de Morale et de Politique' of M. St. Marc Girardin, one of the most distinguished critical and political writers in the 'Débats;' a man remarkable not merely for the soundness and justness of his appreciation, but for full scholarship and a penetrative sagacity. The reader will carefully distinguish between St. Marc and Emile de Girardin, who resemble each other in nothing but in name. Emile Girardin is the notorious editor of the 'Presse,' whose history has been given in a former number of this review;† whereas St. Marc Girardin is a ripe and good scholar, a man of stainless character and conduct, who gained distinguished honours at the college of Henry IV., who obtained the prize from the French Academy for the 'Eloge' of Bossuet, in 1827, a piece of writing remarkable for its lucid originality and good sense, and which procured for its author not only an association with the eminent

* This was published in 1854.

† 'British Quarterly,' No. VI. for May, 1846.

writers in the 'Débats,' but a professorship of rhetoric in the college of Louis-le-Grand. Once placed in the position of professor, and writer in an eminent journal, the career of high ambition was fully opened to M. Girardin—and herein we may take leave to remark, there is a wide difference between the practice in England and in France. The successful scholar, writer, and critic was, among our neighbours, speedily made, under the monarchy of Louis Philippe, a Master of Requests at the Council of State, soon after succeeded M. Guizot as substitute at the Faculty of Letters, and, in 1834, was elected a member of the Chamber, in which he continued to sit till 1848. During these fourteen years, M. Girardin was a frequent literary and critical contributor to the 'Débats,' and M. Ste. Beuve does this eminent man only justice, when he states that his influence not merely on the educated youth, but on the literary mind of France has been real and appreciable. In the 'Essais de Littérature et de Morale,' which M. Ste. Beuve criticises, M. Girardin did as much as any man of his time to destroy that false taste in literature and that vicious ambition in politics which has produced so indifferent a succession of writers, and so incapable a crop of ministers and administrators. Since the events of December, 1851, M. Girardin has not been so frequent a contributor to the 'Débats' as in the days of the late monarchy. This is to be regretted, for his views are solid, safe, and progressive, and he is one of those who have abundant faith and hope, not in the possibility, but in the durableness and ultimate triumph and certainty of Parliamentary Government.

The first criticisms of M. Ste. Beuve on Lamartine were written two and twenty years ago (that is to say, in 1832), and may be found in the 'Portraits Contemporains.'* It cannot be denied that M. Ste. Beuve then took a more favourable view of the poet than he does now, but we are far from charging him with any injustice or inconsistency on this head. M. Ste. Beuve was then a young man of thirty or one-and-thirty, and Lamartine was in the splendour of his fame as a poet, enjoying position, fortune, and renown, neither wearied, disenchanted or used up in literature or in politics, nor forced to write for bread after the fall of two dynasties, the rise and fall of a Republic, and the uprearing of an Empire to which he was conscientiously opposed. Time, circumstances, and events are great innovators, great modifiers of opinion and points of view, and here, in the case of Lamartine, time and events have operated wonders. When M. Ste. Beuve wrote of the author of the 'Meditations' in 1832, Lamartine was known as a poet and only as a poet. He had never come before the public as a writer of prose fiction, still less as a political and controversial writer—as a member of the Chamber—or as the head of a party, or of a Provisional Government. There was nothing then in the aspect or appearance of M. de Lamartine calculated to rouse the hatred or jealousy of rivals or opponents. It is not so now, and let it be above all remembered, the critic who reviews Lamartine is twenty-two years older, and has already past the time of illusions, having arrived

* Paris: Didier. 1846.

at the mature age of fifty-one.* In the character and talent of Lamartine there was, at the period the 'Portraits Contemporains' were written, everything to attract and invite the sympathies of a generous nature. There was a magical richness of colouring, a quiet and meditative sensibility, harmony, delicacy, rhythm, a style formed on the model of Bernardin de St. Pierre, of Jean Jacques, and of Chateaubriand. There was, moreover, then a facility, an abundance, a freshness and newness in the tone and manner of Lamartine, which are wanting now. Let it be also said, there was in the 'Méditations' and the 'Harmonies' a richness and a spontaneity which we seek for in vain in subsequent productions. We have as high a respect and regard for Lamartine as the most enthusiastic of his admirers; but we are forced to admit that in the 'Confidences,' in 'Raphael,' in the 'Nouvelles Confidences,' and in 'Genevieve,' there are passages upon passages which it were well for the fame of their author had never been written. There are souvenirs, remembrances, and thoughts which it were better to leave in 'dumb forgetfulness'—there are pages in the history of the human heart and mind which ought never to be revealed under any circumstances. To divide one's joys and sorrows, one's affections and antipathies, one's household life, one's matin and vesper employments and whole 'manière d'être' into episodes, or chapters, to make them into divisions marked out by brackets, numbers, or asterisks, and to reveal these secret jottings down, these examinations of conscience to the gentlest of all gentle

* He is now, 1863, ten years older.

and indulgent publics, seems to our thinking an indiscreet and unwise, and, therefore, a misplaced confidence.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, an unmistakable sinner, and a man of whom we might say many unpleasant things, notwithstanding all his genius and eloquence, undoubtedly published Confessions. But anything to the contrary notwithstanding, we think the practice exceptional and far better omitted. It is, no doubt, a very fine and noble thing, as M. Gustave Planche says, to desire to repossess one's family property, and to discharge the mortgages and incumbrances that are eating into the very marrow of the estate—it is, questionless, natural for a man not to wish to cut down or to sell the beech and the oak under the shade of which he has ridden and coursed in youth, or under which he has, mayhap, indulged in the reveries of a too believing boyhood. It is well to wish to continue the old tenants on the land in certain farms, and the old labourers, too, in certain cottages. But if these desirable things cannot be effected without revealing to the public every ardent word uttered in hot youth, every vow breathed by too eloquent lips, every sigh and tear shed in passion or in sorrow, then, for the interests of sound literature, and sound morality too, it were better the family estate should go to the hammer, and the equity of redemption be lost and gone, than to have real and personal estate preserved at such a fearful cost of boundless, unbidden, and unsolicited confession.

All these objections seemed, at one time or other, to have occurred to the mind of Lamartine himself, who is essentially and before all things a gentleman and a man

of honour. But, nevertheless, 'Les Confidences' were printed, and published too. We do not deny that there are many beautiful and splendid passages in these volumes, as there are beautiful and splendid passages in every production put forth by this gifted man; but, on the other hand, there are revelations and disclosures made in these 'Confidences' committing others as well as the poet; confidences that should have been held sacred. The infancy of the poet, his early education, the development of his mind and heart are given with irresistible grace and truth. But other details are entered on neither interesting nor agreeable — details insipid, lachrymatory, out of place, and in a word displeasing and disagreeable to every right-minded man. There is evidently too much of Lamartine's own and of his mother's beauty, of his bluish-black eyes ('des yeux d'un bleu noir'), of his silken and curly hair, of his model figure, &c. &c. It is natural and laudable that a son should praise the beauty and mental endowments of his mother, but that he should enter into minute physical details concerning her beauty, sensibility, expression, seems somewhat inconsistent with our English, if not, indeed, also with old French notions. There should be, as M. Ste. Beuve remarks, a modesty in speaking of our parents, whether male or female. Racine hesitates even to speak of his father.

> 'Virgile, qui d'Homère appris à nous charmer,
> Boileau, Corneille, *et toi que je n'ose nommer*,
> Vos esprits n'étaient-ils qu'etincelles legères.'

When, therefore, we find M. de Lamartine speaking of his mother as 'si imbibé de sensibilité qui ruisselait comme

une caresse eternelle,' our emotions are the very reverse of pleasurable.

M. Ste. Beuve is as little enamoured with 'Raphael' as with 'Les Confidences,' and yet 'Raphael,' it is said, represents Lamartine himself, though he speaks of 'l'admirable beauté de son visage et l'expression angélique de son regard.' Believing this to be so, M. Ste. Beuve exclaims, 'Je ne sais rien de moins intéressant qu'un homme qui se mire et qui s'adonise,' and there are few in England or America who will not echo this opinion.

We have already expressed the objection that we feel to confessions on the part of an author. Confessions, if made at all, however, should be open, perfect, unreserved, and not one-sided. Now every one knowing a little of the world must feel that these expressions of Lamartine are not wholly ingenuous or distinguished by a perfect 'abandon' and unreserve. On the contrary, they are marked by reticences and reservations, by suppressions, transpositions, and travesties, as M. Ste. Beuve takes occasion to prove. Yet, withal, they contain here and there splendid passages, fine and happy touches, exquisite word-painting, and most artistical arrangement and grouping. As much may be said, too, of the 'History of the Girondins.' That is a most popular—possibly the most popular of all Lamartine's productions; but is it a good book?—is it, with all its beauties of style and expression, history? No; it is not history: but, as M. Planche truly says, an anecdotical biography of certain personages. It is a series of episodes beautifully written—the narrative artistically ranged and gorgeously grouped with a view to effect. There is not so

much elaboration—such a struggling for effect in the 'Histoire de la Restauration,' but the work has been carelessly and hastily put together. Whole passages and chapters have been re-written from the pages of Lubi and Vaulabelle, and their errors of the spelling of proper names and places have been adopted without examination, and without correction. The hard necessity which compels Lamartine to work like a galley slave of letters is deeply to be mourned, but even this necessity is no justification of any man undertaking more than he can conscientiously accomplish. To pay his creditors and to discharge his estate Lamartine has, to use a common phrase, worked double tides, but in so doing, however noble the motive, he has injured his own fame. Yet this is the man, thus working for his own daily bread as well as to redeem his property, whom a malignant slanderer in the English press (there is happily but one such man connected with journalism) pronounced a plunderer, and by a Derbyite organ.* Had Lamartine plundered the Treasury in 1848, there would have been no need of his ruining his health and injuring his literary reputation in the years which have followed, to meet liabilities incurred long previously.

We wish not to say much on the commentaries which Lamartine has recently appended to the 'Meditations' and the 'Harmonies.' Some of these are to the last degree trivial, and their introduction can only be accounted for

* The journal was the 'Standard.' The editor was Dr. Giffard. Nothing could survive his advocacy. "Never," said M. Guizot, in 1840, "never publish this man's panegyrics of me. I can survive the abuse of the 'Times,' but not even Colbert could survive the damaging advocacy of Giffard."

by the sordidness of some speculating publisher who has insisted on having so much manuscript for so much money.

M. Ste. Beuve intimates that Lamartine lends no willing ear to remonstrances of friends on topics such as these, exclaiming—'Qu'importe! qu'on dise tout ce qu'on voudra j'ai pour moi les femmes et les jeunes gens.' This is not an exact picture of the truth. The truth is, it is injudicious friends, and speculating publishers, who occasionally overbear the better judgment and feeling of the distinguished writer, and induce him to give to the public trifling personal details in which the world at large takes little concern. Be this, however, as it may, every man of independent mind, and every friend to genius, will be glad to learn that M. de Lamartine has, by incredible exertions, nearly freed himself from debt, and is now placed in a position in which he can dictate terms to publishers, instead of being dictated to by that fraternity.

Though the subjects chosen by M. Ste. Beuve for his 'Causeries' are as frequently mediæval as modern, we prefer selecting for observation and comment, as far as in us lies, men of the day. In writing of M. de Montalembert as an orator, M. Ste. Beuve renders this gifted speaker every justice. So long as there was a free public assembly in France, but more especially from June 1848, to December 1851, M. de Montalembert unquestionably made his power felt by every party in the state. Previously to 1848, he was identified with two or three great questions. He defended Poland, he attacked the university, he claimed an unlimited liberty of teaching for the clergy, regular and secular—for the parish priests and

curates, as well as for the various religious orders. But from 1848, his sphere became enlarged, and, according to M. Ste. Beuve's view, he ceased to be 'un orateur de parti pour se montrer un orateur tout à fait politique.' There can be no doubt whatever that, as a debater, Montalembert rose with the occasion, and became as formidable in the Chamber as our own Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby) was in the English Commons, from 1830 to 1844. In tone of voice, style, and manner, Montalembert somewhat resembles the Lord Stanley of twenty years ago. There is the same fluency and force of language, the same wonderful lucidity and admirable distribution and arrangement of subject, unaccompanied by the occasional recklessness and indiscretion of our own 'Hotspur of debate.' Though M. de Montalembert is now only forty-four* years old, yet he has been nearly a quarter of a century before the Parisian public. A singular circumstance placed him 'en evidence' so long ago as 1831. He was then a disciple of the Abbé Lammenais (at that period an ultramontane Romish churchman) and a very active writer, under him in the 'Avenir.' It was in the 'Avenir' that Montalembert made his 'début' in loudly demanding, in the name of the charter, that liberty of teaching (liberty for the Roman Catholic Church) for which he has struggled ever since. With a view the better to contest this right, M. de Montalembert, with two friends—M. de Coux and the Abbé Lacordaire, opened a gratuitous school. The school had only been two days in existence when the Commissary of Police appeared armed

* He is ten years older in 1863.

with authority to shut it up. The three 'maîtres d'ecole,' as they called themselves, were summoned 'en police correctionnelle.' This was the very thing M. de Montalembert desired, with a view to excite public attention, by provoking discussion. But before the question came on, M. de Montalembert's father died, and he became invested with the privileges of the peerage. Thus suddenly becoming peer of France, on the eve of the threatened abolition of the institution, the young speaker first addressed the House of which he became a distinguished member, as an accused person, almost as soon as he had attained his majority—in fact, in his twenty-first year. His extreme youth, his grace, his ease of manner, the neatness and concision of his diction, produced a most favourable impression on his judges. He was condemned, as a matter of form, in a small fine, and four years afterwards appeared in that same Chamber to plead for that 'enseignement ecclésiastique,' and, in addition, to urge and develop those absolutist theories which, uttered in any less mellifluous accents than his own, would have been received with disfavour or 'derision.' Many qualities, possibly, as M. Ste. Beuve says, some defects, are necessary to an orator, above all, when he starts forth so very young in his public career. He must be confident, self-assured, even to rashness. 'I should belie my conviction,' says the critic, 'if M. de Montalembert had not this self-'confidence in a high degree. With an affected humility 'for the holy see, never was there a young speaker who 'exercised with greater play and power, his high faculties, 'his ironical and disdainful humour, or who, under the

'guise of a profound religious conviction, was less con-
'siderate or forbearing towards an adversary.' 'The "bête
'noir" of Montalembert, in the time of Louis Philippe,
'was the university of France, and against this institution
'he marshalled and battalioned all the force, clerical and
'lay, of ultramontane catholicism'—in other words, all the narrow Wisemanism and Cullenism of France. In this struggle M. de Montalembert continued till 1844, when he had attained the summit of his renown. From 1840, he was justly considered the second orator in France, —the first, undoubtedly, being the gifted Berryer. His discourse on the incorporation of Cracow, delivered on the 21st January, 1847, was one of the most memorable ever pronounced in the Chamber of Peers. The eloquence was picturesque, and palpitating with life and feeling. Denouncing the iniquitous partition of Poland, and laying down the axiom that, sooner or later, injustice brings with it its own chastisement, Montalembert exclaimed, 'La na-
'tion opprimée s'attache aux flancs de la puissance oppri-
'mante comme une plaie vengeresse immortelle.'

After the Revolution of 1848, M. de Montalembert was elected a member of the first Assembly as a 'Représentant du Peuple' as it was then called. By many it was supposed that this election into an ultra-popular Assembly would put a complete extinguisher upon his talent. But on the contrary, Montalembert seemed to grow in vigour and firmness, and, above all, in suppleness and dexterity. Nor did these latter qualities exclude large and broad views, or that zeal and enthusiasm always incident to such ardent convictions. No man did better service than

he in June, 1848, in speaking on the question of property in reference to the project of the decree for taking possession of the railways. Often and sorely was he interrupted in the course of this session, but he always fell on his feet, for, to use the words of M. Ste. Beuve, 'il joint aux autres qualités de l'orateur celle de la riposte 'et de l'apropos.'

We are no admirers of the political or religious views of M. de Montalembert, but we must express our perfect concurrence in an opinion which he enunciated on the 19th October, 1849, in speaking of the affairs of Rome. 'The 'clear result of the anarchy of the last few years,' said he, 'has not been the dethronement of a few kings, but the 'dethronement and destruction of liberty. Kings have 'reascended their thrones,' he sadly said, 'but not so with 'liberty.' M. de Montalembert speaks with perfect facility and self-possession. He is quite as much at his ease as a gentleman talking to a circle of friends at an evening party. He gesticulates very little, but he possesses 'the arrow for the heart,' as Byron calls it,—the sweet voice, clear, resonant, and silvery as a bell. A great French authority on oratory has said, 'On a toujours la voix de son esprit.' The mind of Montalembert is clear and piercing, and his voice is the index of his mind. But albeit a beautiful and a classical speaker, he is sometimes a bigot in opinion and an ultramontane advocate of the Papacy.

As a writer, M. de Montalembert has published a history of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, a personage with whom his wife's family (she is of the ancient and wealthy house of the Counts of Merode) is said to claim consanguinity.

One hears little of late of M. Thiers, once so busy and bustling. But though the ex-minister is not much in the eyes or mouths of men, his history is read as eagerly as ever, and on the eighth and ninth volumes of that history M. Ste. Beuve makes some ingenious comments. Speaking of the first Bonaparte, he remarks that when the great captain first appeared in public life, society in travail demanded a saviour, and the public cry called on one of those rare and powerful organizations thoroughly comprehending human nature. Napoleon, he truly says, was one of those men. But though he had a head and an arm sufficiently powerful to rescue a nation on the brink of a precipice, and to place it again, so to speak, on its feet, yet his temperament would not allow him to leave it in repose. His genius delighted in adventure. He loved the emotion, the risk, and the game of war, the *gaudia certaminis*. 'Je ne sais,' says M. de Ste. Beuve, 'qu'on n'oserait jamais 'rien de grand si l'on ne risquait à un moment le tout pour 'le tout.' Our critic does full justice to the wonderful clearness of M. Thiers, and truly, we believe, states that, in reference to the Spanish campaigns, the ex-minister has had access to documents which have not been seen or examined by any other writer. In the chapter of his volume headed Baylen, M. Thiers draws a comparison between the French and English soldier. It is scarcely to be expected that this comparison should be in every respect correct, yet, in the main, justice is rendered to the solid qualities of our troops.

'The English soldier,' says M. Thiers, 'well fed, well dressed, proceeding slowly, because he is divested of personal ardour, is firm

and invincible in certain positions in which the nature of the ground seconds his enduring character. But if you force him to march to attack and to conquer difficulties overcome only by vivacity, by boldness, by enthusiasm, he is at fault; he is steady and firm, but not enterprising. As the French soldier, by his ardour, his energy, his promptitude, his adventurousness, was the predestined instrument of the genius of Napoleon, so the steady, but slow soldier of England, was made for the narrow ' (here M. Thiers is unjust) 'but sagacious and resolute mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley.'

On this passage M. Ste. Beuve sensibly and curtly remarks, how much, in the long run, prudence and tenacity have the advantage over genius and power, and energies misused and abused.

At a period when we are making war ourselves on a considerable scale, and when the attention of the public is, above all things, concentred on the dress and accoutrements of our soldiers, it may not be unnecessary that the public should know that, at the period of the winter campaign of Spain, the attention of Napoleon was chiefly directed to two things—to the shoes and cloaks of the army.

In speaking of the memoirs of the campaigns of Egypt and Syria dictated by Napoleon, M. Ste. Beuve, in a subsequent portion of his first volume, makes some sensible remarks on the military style of Napoleon.

'His military style may be compared with the most perfect styles of antiquity on such subjects—with the pages of Xenophon and Cæsar. But in the works of these two distinguished captains the tone of recital is more silky and subtle—at all events, lighter and more elegant.

'The style of Napoleon is more blunt and abrupt, and I would say drier, if from time to time traits of imagination did not shed a light on his composition. The thoughts which Pascal left behind

him in the form of notes, and meant for his eye alone, recall, by their despotic accent, to use the words of Voltaire, the character of those letters and dictated pieces of Napoleon.'

M. Ste. Beuve consecrates some pages to the eminent preacher Lacordaire, headed 'Le Père Lacordaire, Orateur.' This remarkable priest, who for the last fourteen years has created for himself a most distinguished place in the pulpit, is characterised by the boldness of his views—by great originality, and occasionally great felicity of expression. 'I had the honour long ago to know intimately,' says M. Ste. Beuve, 'the Abbé Lacordaire, and I have 'never seen or heard him since without being moved by 'his words and accents.' There are some curious circumstances in the history of Lacordaire. He is the son of a doctor, and was born, in 1802, at the village of Recy-sur-Ource, five leagues from Châtillon-sur-Seine. He studied from 1810 to 1819, at the Lycée of Dijon, in which city he afterwards became a law-student. His provincial course of law finished, he became a 'Stagiare' in Paris about 1822, and soon after commenced to plead with considerable success.

But pleading did not satisfy the craving of his mind, and he desired something better. Exclaiming with Réné, 'Je suis rassassié de tout sans avoir rien connu,' he renounced the bar in 1824 and entered at St. Sulpice. In 1830 and 1831 we find him engaged with Lammenais and the young Montalembert in the 'Avenir.' In the latter year, when the question raised by this journal was before the Chamber of Peers, it was Lacordaire who replied in a vigorous but impromptu speech to the remarks of the

Attorney-General Persil. It was in the 'Conférences' which he preached at the College Stanislas, in 1834, three years afterwards, that Lacordaire first became known as a preacher. A little while afterwards the pulpit of Notre Dame was opened to him by the Archbishop of Paris. At this cathedral he continued his sermons for two years, exercising considerable influence over the students of the capital, when suddenly and at once he left for Rome with a view to assume the habit of a Dominican.

That habit he has worn in France since 1841, and, wonderful to say, without any diminution of his popularity. Sermons in the Roman Catholic Church, and more especially in France, are so different in tone and spirit from anything we are accustomed to in these countries, that we had rather be excused from saying anything in reference to Lacordaire's discourses even as mere literary works. The 'oraison funèbre,' in which the 'père' is supposed to excel, is generally a pompous, turgid, and tawdry panegyric, in which simplicity and good taste are too often set at nought. True, there are exceptions in some of the 'oraisons funèbres' of Bossuet and Fléchier. But the great mass of these 'Eloges' are obnoxious to the remarks which we make.

'Lacordaire' (says M. Ste. Beuve) 'pronounced three funeral orations. That of O'Connell, that of the Bishop of Nancy (Forbin Janson), and that of Général Druot. The oration on O'Connell pleases me little. It is not free from the declamation common to these times. Each age has its idolatries—the idolatry of the age of Louis XIV. was royalty—that of ours is popularity. The sacred orator has too much respected popularity in the person of the great agitator, who, when living, spared neither mendacity nor invective

to arrive at his ends. The second oration, that on M. Janson, the bishop, is simple and true; and the third is a "chef-d'œuvre" among modern productions. It may be read after the "oraisons funèbres" of Condé and Turenne. If Bossuet still remains great and incomparable, how much preferable appears this work of Lacordaire to any of the productions of Fléchier.'

The Revolution of February, 1848, opened the doors of the National Assembly to Lacordaire. But after the invasion of the Assembly, on the 15th May, he resigned, and has since confined himself to preaching in the Church of the 'Carmes.'.

There are some remarkable and valuable observations of Ste. Beuve in criticising the 'Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre,' by M. Guizot. It must, as the critic says, be acknowledged to the honour of M. Guizot—and that is one of the causes of his personal importance—that literature as well as history have never been for him more than a means, more than an instrument of action, of teaching and of influence. M. Guizot early adopted certain ideas and systems, and by all ways and means, by the pen, by word of mouth, in the professor's chair, in the Chamber, in power as well as out of power, he has left nothing undone to naturalize those ideas and to cause them to prevail in France. Thus it was after the Revolution of 1848. Fallen suddenly from power, he again raised his flag under the form of history; and as an historical writer, disquisitionist, and critic, he has more artfully and successfully combated the existing system than any one of its numerous opponents. Guizot has, perhaps, laboured more than any Frenchman of his time. He has written more than any of his contemporaries, and he is, besides, one of

those men whose instruction is the most varied and vast——who is acquainted more than most men with languages ancient and modern, and yet he is not a 'littérateur' properly so called. Both Guizot and Thiers are political men who commenced their career as writers; they have passed through the wicket of literature to other employments, and have again recurred to literature in the hour of need, but neither of them, and least of all M. Guizot, belongs to the class of men of letters whom Napoleon called 'coquettes.' Literature has never been his end but only his means.

We agree with M. Ste. Beuve in thinking that Guizot is not a painter in history. Even when he narrates, as in his 'Life of Washington,' as Ste. Beuve remarks, it is a certain abstract beauty of which he gives you the idea. His power of expression is strong and ingenious, but he is not picturesque. Sometimes he can use the graver, says our critic, but never the pencil.

As a professor, Guizot spoke well, but yet without any extraordinary bursts. There was neatness, perfect lucidity of exposition, frequent repetitions of abstract terms, but little elegance of style, and little warmth of feeling. But on the parliamentary stage it was different. Here Guizot had the warmth incident to his ambition. On this scene, as our critic truly remarks, he felt himself at home and at ease, and he grew great with the occasion. From 1837, as Ste. Beuve says (he might go further back, even to 1834 and 1835, and say that from that epoch), Guizot had revealed his great parliamentary talent. There was about him a wonderful faculty of exposition, an air of authority, and a marvellous serenity, considering how the storm raged

and the lightning flashed around him. His faculty of speaking on these occasions was not merely a high gift, but a great power, and he often laid the parliamentary tempest. But, as is shrewdly remarked by the author before us, there were two atmospheres—an atmosphere within and without the Chamber; and the atmosphere without was more charged with the electric fire of discontent than the atmosphere within. Hence the explosion of February, 1848.

A very few days after M. Ste. Beuve had reviewed Guizot's 'Discours sur la Révolution d'Angleterre,' he treated on M. de Feletz and literary criticism. Of M. de Feletz, a principal writer in the 'Débats,' some account was given in the sixth number of the 'British Quarterly Review.'* Since that article was written, M. de Feletz has passed to the quiet to which we are all passing. This amiable, accomplished, and clever old man, who, under a polite and polished exterior, the utmost urbanity, and the most pleasing and gracious manners, concealed a benevolent heart, expired at Paris, on the 11th February, 1850, in his eighty-third year. Since his death two able pens have done him justice; the one M. Villemain, in his 'Souvenirs littéraires,' the other M. Ste. Beuve. It is a theory of M. Ste. Beuve, and it is a theory not without plausibility, that when a strong or powerful man appears after an epoch of social and political revolution, setting public affairs in order, and putting everything to rights, that literature and criticism lend him a helping hand.

* Vide 'British Quarterly Review' for May, 1846, p. 481, article Journalism in France.'

Thus, under Henry IV. and after the league, there was Malherbe; under Louis XIV. Boileau; and in 1800, after the Directory, and under the First Consul, men of the stamp of Malherbe and Boileau, the writers in the 'Débats,' persons of mind and sense, judicious, clever, and learned. In 1801, the 'Débats' counted amongst its writers, Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, Delalot, St. Victor. There are appreciations of these writers from the mouth of Feletz which M. Ste. Beuve records, and which we regret we cannot extract. It were impossible, however, to exclude the following kit-cat sketch of Feletz himself:—

'M. de Feletz, who so well appreciated Hoffman, resembled him in some things, but in others was a person *sui generis* A man of the world, safe, social, and companionable, he never considered the calls of society as an obstacle to his peculiar talent or to the preparation of the staple of his labour. Society, indeed, with him, was rather a help and an inspiration than a hindrance. When I use the term labour the word is improper; for De Feletz, in writing, only conversed and whiled away the time. Born in Perigord, of a noble family, after excellent studies at Ste. Barbe, at which college he professed, during some years, philosophy and theology, he passed through the Revolution with constancy and dignity, undergoing all the persecutions that honour a victim. In 1801, still young, he found himself ready and ripe for letters and "la société renaissante." He lived in, and was sought by, the best company. His mornings were devoted to the reading of the authors then in a course of reprinting—to La Bruyère, to Montesquieu, to Hamilton, and to l'Abbé Prévost. He wrote in an easy tone that which would suggest itself to an "esprit juste et fin" at a first reading. The subjects which best suited his tastes, and in which he succeeded best, were those which had relation to the eighteenth century. Upon the letters of Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, upon the memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, and the Abbé Galiani, he has written pages which may be read with pleasure. He has, above all, judged excellently well Madame du Deffand, "l'aveugle clairvoyante" as she was called.

In a fortnight after he had so well criticised de Feletz, M. Ste. Beuve discoursed to the Parisian public on the letters of the Marquise du Deffand. Most well-informed persons know the history of Madame du Deffand and we will not repeat it here. Married to a man whose only recommendation was his birth, she left him in disgust. In her early days she was certainly no model of virtue. 'Elle fut la maîtresse du Régent (says M. de Ste. Beuve) 'et de bien d'autres.' But be this as it may, however, towards 1740 her salon had become the centre of the very best company. She was allied with everything that was illustrious in the great world and in the world of letters. A friend of Voltaire, she was also a friend of Montesquieu and D'Alembert. The distinctive character of her talent was to seize on the truth without illusion of any kind whether in reference to persons or to things.

Some twenty years afterwards, in her sixty-eighth year, this clever lady was afflicted with blindness. She then inhabited an apartment in the Convent of St. Joseph, Rue St. Dominique. She lived in the great world as though she were not afflicted with the saddest infirmity, forgetting this infirmity as far as she could, and causing it to be forgotten by others by force of her address and agreeableness. Rising late and turning night into day, giving suppers at her own apartment or supping out, she had for familiar friends the President Hénault, Pont de Veyle, the Choiseuls, the Marechales de Luxembourg and de Mirepoix and others too numerous to mention. This was about 1765. In the autumn of that year there arrived in Paris an Englishman most distinguished by his cleverness and

wit. This was Horace Walpole, and with that name is bound up the great literary and most romanesque event of Madame du Deffand's life. The kind old lady was instantly smitten with the bold, lively, ingenuous, and vivid character of Walpole, so unlike anything she had encountered for half a century. She found in our countryman all the qualities she admired, and she 'qui n'avait jamais aimé d'amour'—this lady whose feelings were caprices without a touch of romance—who in the matter of friendships, even, had only three serious ones in her life, two of which were with women and in one of which she was deceived—this satirical and mocking lady suddenly became tender, excited as well as pleased, with an active and passive solicitude for Horace, in a word with a 'grande passion' which set her beside herself. Blind, and at sixty-eight years of age, she found a void in her heart until the vacant place was filled by an Englishman who was young enough to be her son, for he had not yet attained his fiftieth year —an Englishman sought after and mixing in the youngest, the best, and the most fashionable society of the day.

The correspondence of Horace Walpole with Madame du Deffand is one of the most interesting books in the French language. The capricious and fantastical owner of Strawberry Hill writing of Madame du Deffand, in 1769, says—

'At seventy-three she has the same liveliness and fire as at twenty-three. She makes couplets, sings them, and remembers everything, and enjoys everything. As lively in her impressions as Madame de Sevigné (what praise, remarks Sainte Beuve, in the mouth of Walpole), she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste. With the frailest of bodies her vital energies enabled her to lead a life which would very soon kill me if I lived here. If, for instance,

we return at one in the morning from supping in the country, she proposes to you to take a turn on the boulevards, or at the fair, because it is too early to go to bed.'

There are no letters that throw a more curious light on the history of Louis XV. and the earlier years of Louis XVI.'s reign than those of Madame du Deffand.

It is truly remarked by M. Gustave Planche, that the judgments of M. Ste. Beuve have changed in reference to some of the persons whom he criticises, and in no instance more so than in the case of M. Chateaubriand. This is unquestionably so, but it should be remembered that when M. Ste. Beuve spoke of the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,' in 1834, twenty years ago, he had only heard certain portions of them read at the house of Madame Récamier at Abbaye-aux-Bois, and that since then the whole work has been published to the world in all the permanence of print. The critic has since become older and wiser. He judges the eight volumes in his study alone without the illusions of waxlights and flowers and the presence of the 'crême de la crême' of that society which used to cluster round the beautiful Madame Récamier.

The fact really is, that these memoirs of Chateaubriand have not had the vogue that was expected. They were so much talked of before the publication, and so much puffery was used concerning them, that the public was disappointed. Add to this that the volumes appeared about the period of the Revolution of 1848, and were continued through 1849, when the productions of younger candidates for literary favour, such as 'Les Confidences' of Lamartine, were in

the market. Admitting the talent, grace, and eloquence with which the volumes are written, the world has generally felt that there is in them a pervading personality and egotism, a vanity and self-glorification which appear inseparable from the nature of Chateaubriand. Side by side with noble touches — with passages of magical grace, suavity, and pathos, there are wretched puerilities and exhibitions of the most contemptible vanity and the most tawdry taste. In style, like almost all the great masters, Chateaubriand has many manners, but it seems to be on all hands agreed that his best literary manner was from 1809 to 1811, the epoch of 'Les Martyres' and 'L'Itinéraire.'

Another reason why the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' are unpopular is, that the writer treats somewhat mercilessly his contemporaries, whilst the fine and the noble part is always reserved for Chateaubriand himself.

Men of letters are scarcely better dealt with than political men in the memoirs: in fact, the personality and egotism of Chateaubriand were all-absorbing. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* is his motto under every form of government. He says, quite roundly speaking of himself, 'la Légitimité 'ou la République; Premier Ministre dans l'une ou bien 'dictateur dans l'autre.'

It should also be observed, notwithstanding all his fine phrases about democracy, liberty, &c. that Chateaubriand is ever an aristocrat at heart. He has a peculiar pleasure and pride in unfolding his pedigree and muniments of ancient title, and in telling us that his father and brother believed they were younger branches of the Dukes of

Brittany. As emigrant, as royalist, as writer, as debater, as ambassador, you have always before you the unmistakable egotist who commences every other sentence with the personal pronoun I.

The memoirs, to use the words of George Sand in a familiar letter to a friend, are full 'de grandes poses et de draperies.' In the depths of his humility and assumed modesty you can see that Chateaubriand is proud at heart. Independently of this he is full of inconsistencies, political and moral. In the very next pages to those in which he chaunts an *Io triumphe* for that invasion of Spain in 1823, which he calls his Spanish war, he boasts of being and would pass himself off as the most liberal minister of the Restoration. Like almost all Frenchmen, young and old, Chateaubriand speaks in his memoirs of his various flames, but in these recitals there is a double fatuity—the fatuity of being still considered 'dans sa première jeunesse,' and also the other folly of being adored and worshipped by the sex on account of his literary renown. There may be a little cynicism, but there is a good deal of truth in the remark of M. Ste. Beuve, that it was not the affection of this or that object that Chateaubriand sought, it was the souvenir—the dream—the worship of his cherished youth which had long passed away, but which, like many old fools, he believed to be eternal.

Chateaubriand tells us little of his inner life in these eight volumes of 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe; but when in Paris that mode of life was well enough known to all men who lived somewhat in the world. The day of M. de Chateaubriand was divided into a regular series of stations,

to use a word taken from the Roman Catholic Church. So long as he could move about with cane in hand, a flower in his button-hole, and the ruffles of his shirt artistically disposed, he passed from one to two o'clock in such a house—from two to three in such another, from three to four in such another, till the moment arrived that he made a kind of official representation and parade in the open air. In the evening he never went out, dedicating that portion of the day to Madame de Chateaubriand, who made him dine with old Royalists, with preachers, bishops, and archbishops.

The judgment which M. Ste. Beuve passes on Chateaubriand as a political man is severe, but it is merited. The man who in early life writing of Chamfort remarked, 'Je 'me suis toujours etonné qu'un homme qui avait tant de 'connaissance des hommes eût pu épouser si chaudement 'une cause quelconque,' could not have entertained any very fixed principles. This sentiment written at an early age, gives the measure of Chateaubriand's convictions. In 1800 he re-entered France as a returned emigrant, and frankly rallied to the Consulate. In the preface to the first edition of the 'Génie du Christianisme,' in a passage afterwards suppressed, Bonaparte is compared to Cyrus. Yet this was the writer who waged war to the knife against that same Bonaparte in his famous pamphlet 'de Bonaparte et des Bourbons,' published in 1814. From the day he embraced the Restoration, he had nothing but hatred and obloquy to bestow on the fallen government. Nor was his conduct under the Restoration consistent. His political life from 1814 may be divided into three epochs—the

period of pure Royalism, extending from the 30th of March, 1814, to the 6th of June, 1824—the Liberal period from the 6th of June, 1824, the day of his dismissal, down to the fall of the Restoration—and thirdly, the period of Royalism and of Republicanism after July, 1830, when Chateaubriand salved over his conscience in saying to the Duchess of Berri, 'Votre fils est mon roi,' simultaneously giving one hand to Carrel and the other to De Beranger, with a view to conciliate the future Republic. To explain these contradictions, as M. Ste. Beuve suggests, one must have recourse to the literary and political character of M. de Chateaubriand, which was the essential and fundamental portion of his nature.

Above all things Chateaubriand loved popularity; it was his idol as much as literary renown, and both passions combined, the love of popularity and the desire for literary renown, constantly compromised his character as a political man. M. de Vilèle, a sagacious and most able and practical man, said of him, 'On ne peut gouverner avec lui ni sans lui.' M. Ste. Beuve justly blames Chateaubriand for many of the revelations made in his memoirs touching living men. This he attributes to the combination of the 'literary' and political character found in the same man. The observation is, we think, unjust to literary men. It is to the vanity of Chateaubriand that this error is to be traced, and not to the accident of his being a man of letters. M. Ste. Beuve contrasts the reserve, prudence, and caution of Sir Robert Peel in reference to the publishing of his posthumous memoirs, with the indiscretion of Chateaubriand. There can be no doubt that Sir Robert was

all his life a cautious and prudent man, qualities seldom found allied with a genius like that of Chateaubriand.

It has been observed, that the necessity of writing on every Monday on a critical subject has occasionally taxed the ingenuity of M. Ste. Beuve, more especially when there was a dearth of new books. This may have been so, and probably it was one of the reasons why our critic dedicates an article to the Duke de Broglie. Not that there is any reason why the duke should not be sketched and spoken of, for he is not only a learned man, a man of letters, an author, a politician, and a statesman, but one of the most universally respected characters in all France. Royer-Collard, a man highly respected himself, used in his latter days to say, that there was nothing so rare in France as a respected man; yet, if he returned to this earth now, he would perceive, after two Revolutions, which he did not live to witness, that the Duke de Broglie is as much respected as he would have been in the best days of French history.

Victor Duke de Broglie is now in his seventieth year.* He descends from a warlike race, some of whom distinguished themselves in diplomacy, and some in the church; but there was not, till he appeared himself, a writer or a thinker among them.

The father of the present Duke de Broglie was a member of the Constituent Assembly, and he went with the first Revolution so long as it remained within the limits of the constitution. There is this curious about his history, that, whilst his own father, the marshal (the

* This was written in 1852. He is now eleven years older.

grandfather of the present duke), commanded the troops collected around Versailles with a view to intimidate the Assembly, his son was of the constitutional party in that very Assembly. He refused to emigrate after the 10th August, and died on the scaffold at the early age of thirty-four. Before he was executed, he caused his son, the present duke, then only eight years old, to be brought to him, and recommended him never to abandon the cause of liberty. The duke has followed the paternal advice. The boy was brought up by his mother, who afterwards married M. d'Argenson, known under the Restoration for his extreme liberalism. He had, when young, a private tutor, and followed the course of the central schools. But, like all sensible men, the duke chiefly educated himself by the discipline of labour and reflection.

He has been all his life a reading, a reflective, and a laborious man. Every morning of his life, as well now in his seventieth year as when he was younger, he sets himself down in his study to read, to write, or to reflect on some subject or subjects which he has in hand. It is not wonderful that a personage with such a remarkable aptitude for labour and so good a memory, is enabled to enjoy the literature of the principal nations of Europe in the original languages. The Duke de Broglie reads English, German, Italian, and Spanish, with equal facility. Though he served the empire in a civil capacity, he never was deceived or dazzled by it, or believed that such a form of government contained within itself the seeds of stability. In 1809, he entered as auditor into the council of state, and became intendant administrator in Hungary, Croatia,

and the Illyrian provinces. He subsequently passed some time in Spain as secretary-general of the French administration. In 1812, he was attached to the embassy to Warsaw, next to the Viennese embassy, and he accompanied the Count Louis de Narbonne to the Congress of Prague. In the interview which the young De Broglie had with Napoleon, it would appear that the defects of that extraordinary man made a deeper impression on him than his remarkable qualities. In 1816, the Duke married the daughter of Madame de Staël. He had the misfortune to lose this estimable woman in the year 1838.

As a politician M. de Broglie is truly described by M. Ste. Beuve as 'libéral d'instinct et au fond.' No doubt events, and, above all, the events of the last six years, have considerably modified M. de Broglie's opinions; but it ought to be remembered that before the Revolution of 1830, and under the elder branch, the Duke struggled and laboured for every opinion prized by constitutional Englishmen. His earliest speeches and opinions identified him with the 'gauche.' On all questions of individual liberty and the liberty of the press, he was uniformly on the right side. He brought to the consideration of these questions an intimate knowledge of the subject—a familiar acquaintance with history, and the large views of a statesman. His studies have ranged over a multitude of topics, and he is one of those men who love to trace principles to their source. In the tone of his mind and the character of his influence the Duke de Broglie somewhat resembles our own Marquis of Lansdowne.* There is something

* Deceased since this was written.

eminently judicial and dignified in his bearing. There is nothing of vehemence, of passion, or of personality in his oratory. He enlightens and instructs rather than inflames his auditory, and appeals rather to their understanding than to their feelings. He has written a good deal in 'La Revue Française,' and has ever taken a zealous interest in the slavery question. He was named Commissary of the French Government to arrange with Dr. Lushington the question of the final extinction of slavery, and for the last six months of the reign of Louis Philippe he worthily represented that monarch at our own court. Under the Provisional Government the Duke accepted no functions, and he was not a member of the Constituent Assembly. But he was elected to the Legislative Assembly, in which he exercised considerable influence though he never spoke. Since the 2nd of December, 1851, M. de Broglie has temporarily withdrawn from public life, awaiting with a firm hope the period when, on the restoration of constitutional government, he may creditably take a part in the management of public affairs.

There is no living writer—perhaps there never was at any time in France—a writer who more embodied in his works the sentiments, feelings, prejudices, and passions, of his countrymen than De Béranger. This is one of the reasons of his almost miraculous popularity. The pieces of this wonderful 'chansonnier,' as he calls himself, are as much relished in the 'château' as in the 'chaumière,' in the lady's 'boudoir' as in the 'grenier où l'on est si bien a vingt ans.' M. Ste. Beuve has written two criticisms on De Béranger—one in 1835, in the 'Portraits Contempo-

rains,' and the other in 1850, which is now before us. The critic does not deny that they somewhat differ, but he asks candidly and fairly whether one is not to correct and modify one's impressions and judgment by age and by experience. Assuredly that is a privilege which no one will deny M. Ste. Beuve. He has exercised such a privilege judiciously in the case of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. But these eminent men published works unworthy of their former fame between 1830 and 1850, whereas De Béranger has written nothing since M. Ste. Beuve first criticised him in 1835. As De Béranger was in 1835, so he was in 1850, so that there was certainly less justification for the critical remarks on the great 'chansonnier' than in reference to the two other eminent Frenchmen. Far are we from saying that De Béranger is faultless. There are inequalities and feebleness in some of his pieces. Some of them are distinguished, to use the epithet of a learned academician, by 'sécheresse,' and others of them by obscurity. But on the whole his strains are eminently national and popular; they are distinguished by alternate tenderness, pathos, and fire,—by an ardent love of liberty and independence, and a hatred of tyranny and oppression. There is not a Frenchman who has fought the battles of France in any country in Europe or out of it, who does not feel his blood tingle, and his spirit and soul and heart rise within him as he reads 'La Vivandière,' 'Le Cinq Mai,' 'L'Aveugle de Bagnolet,' 'L'Exilé,' 'Le Retour dans la Patrie,' and other songs, in which De Béranger makes allusion to the military glory of his country. When it is considered that this gifted being

never drank of the milk of the schools, and made himself what he is—the glory of France, and the wonder of men in so many nations—his genius will appear the more remarkable.

The history of De Béranger is a curious one, and we may be pardoned, notwithstanding the limited space within which we are confined, for entering a little into detail. Like Molière and others of the greatest geniuses of France, he was born, seventy-four years ago, in Paris, in the house of his father and old grandfather, an honest tailor, of the Rue Montorgueil. The abode in which he was cradled and first saw the light no longer exists, for it was one of those houses recently thrown down to make place for the 'Marché aux Huitres.' Till the boy was nine years of age he remained with his father and grandfather, and led the life of a veritable 'gamin de Paris.' After the taking of the Bastille, an event which he celebrated in song forty years afterwards, in the prison of 'Ste. Pélagie' or 'La Force,' De Béranger was sent from Paris to Peronne to the care of an aunt, a sister of his father, who kept a small inn in the faubourg of the town. This good woman had somewhat to do with the development of his faculties, for she put in the boy's hands a few books purchased at random, among which were a 'Telemachus' and some odd volumes of Racine and Voltaire. In his fourteenth year he was placed as an apprentice with a printer of Peronne, and there, working at case, studied the structure and harmony of his native language, of which he ultimately became so consummate a master. At seventeen years old the young man returned to his father's house at

Paris. He had not been more than a month in the capital when some vague idea of authorship took possession of his mind. He first sketched a species of satirical comedy, in which effeminate men and masculine women were ridiculed; and anon tried his hand at an epic poem, called 'Clovis,' an unfruitful product, on which he spent much time and labour. All this while the young man felt the extreme of penury, and was hard put to it for a subsistence. He had serious thoughts of turning his steps towards Egypt, whither a young general, the favourite of fortune, had wended his way; but he was dissuaded from this project by a member of the expedition who had returned to France. Meanwhile, the young author had forwarded some of his verses to Lucien Bonaparte, who at once authorized the modest 'chansonnier' to receive for his own account the pension to which the generous donor was entitled from the Institute. This was a helpful aid in a pinching crisis. Nor did the good offices and works of Lucien cease with this generous act. He put De Béranger into communication with Landon, who employed him on the 'Annales du Musée,' of which De Béranger contributed five volumes. He also recommended him to Arnault, who employed the humble young man as copying and forwarding clerk at the 'Secrétariat de l'Université.' In this position De Béranger remained full twelve years scribbling with government pens and government ink on government paper, 'La Gaudriole,' 'Fretillon,' 'Le Roi d'Yvetot,' &c. At the end of this period he stood next to or on a level with Désaugiers. But the success of 'Les Gueux' and 'Les Infidelités de Lisette' raised him to the

very highest rank. He was received at the 'Caveau' with open arms as the first lyrist of France. After the appearance of 'Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens,' the famous Etienne * of the 'Constitutionnel' gave a dinner in his honour, to which some of the ablest men were invited; and the host and his company hailed him as the man who had raised the 'chanson' into the dignity of the ode. The first complete collection of the 'chansons' was made and published in 1821. There now wanted but prosecution and punishment, the admirers of Béranger would say,—and they are millions,—but persecution and martyrdom, to make the song-writer the greatest and most popular man in France. He obtained prosecution and persecution. Though most ably defended by Dupin in 1821, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The edition of 1825 escaped the vigilance of the law officers of the crown. But the edition of 1828 procured for its author a sentence of nine months' imprisonment. These nine months were months of ovation and triumph for De Béranger. Notwithstanding the requisitories of partisan attorney-generals, and the fulminations of passionate, partial, and reactionary judges, all Paris—all France went to visit the captive poet. The beauty, the bravery, the eloquence, the grace, the wisdom, the wit, and the enthusiastic youth of the capital and provinces, day after day, jostled and disputed for the honour of placing crowns of flowers on his head, or of laying at the feet of the 'chansonnier' every species of creature comforts. Grapes and pines of the finest

* For an account of Etienne, see 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI. Article, 'Journalism in France.'

flavour—wines of the rarest vintages—vegetables of the earliest season—and all that earth and sea affords of delicacies, were poured on him in almost pitiless profusion. Books in the richest bindings, engravings of the best masters, were lavished on him. Never was the truth of the lines,

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,'

more fully verified. Each and every day he had a levy of visitors. His imprisonment augmented fifty-fold his popularity, already very great, and redoubled his ardour and boldness in the good cause. He married all the finest souvenirs of the first half century of his existence to immortal verse; derided, sneered down, and exposed the faults and crimes of the government, and defended human liberty and humanity itself, with a poetic and religious zeal, the result of profound conviction and of an honest, fervid nature. Sometimes his strains were full of pathos and sadness, sometimes gay and mocking, sometimes sparkling and lively as a glass of 'Aï mousseux.' But whether gay or grave, whether lively or tender, De Béranger always touched the inmost fibre of the national heart of France. He possesses the 'bonhommie' of Montaigne and La Fontaine. Like these great and eminently French authors, he sometimes throws his own individuality before his reader; but the personal pronoun, in his case, is never unpleasing, for you feel that it is not introduced from egregious vanity, as in the case of Chateaubriand.

De Béranger hailed with joy the Revolution of 1830,

and celebrated its results, here and there, in half-a-dozen strophes which live in the memories of Frenchmen in every quarter of the globe. In 1833 he gave the public a new collection of songs, generally of a more grave and serious character than the first two volumes. Since 1833 or 1834 he has published nothing, we believe, but a song written for Chateaubriand, at the request of the ex-minister. Our readers are aware that De Béranger is not of the Academy, though he might easily have obtained his election, had he made the least effort, or expressed the least desire to be one of the forty. But, independent in mind, and a philosopher in the best sense of the word, the poet desires no other title than that of simple 'chansonnier.'

No man in France did more than De Béranger to bring about the Republic. Universal suffrage requited him by sending him unasked to the National Assembly. But the poet sought to decline the honour, and implored the Assembly to accept his resignation. 'The burden is too heavy,' said he, 'for my failing strength.' The tender of his resignation was solemnly and unanimously rejected. The poet, however, was not to be baulked. He solemnly declared to his friends, and gave under his hand, that he would not continue to sit, and the Assembly opposed no further obstacle to his retirement. On the occasion of his taking his seat, he was received with acclamations and cheers. When it was known that he was resolved to retire, the announcement was received with manifestations of regret. At the period of his resignation the poet lived at Passy. He has since transported his household gods

to the Rue d'Enfer, in a remote quarter of Paris, not far from the Luxembourg.

The relations in later years of Béranger with Chateaubriand, with Lamennais, and with Lamartine, are alluded to by M. Ste: Beuve. It must be said, that these eminent men sought the poet and songwriter, and that the simple 'chansonnier' did not make the first advances. Of the three, the most eager to cultivate him was Chateaubriand. Béranger, says Ste. Beuve, equals any one of these eminent men by the richness of his conversation and by the fertility of his ideas, and he surpasses them 'par l'insinuation et l'adresse du détail.'

Béranger is familiarly described, in a letter of 1846, by a friend who went to visit him, as walking after dinner alone in a small square garden, large as a man's hand, without spectacles on his pimpled face, young in mind, lively, agreeable — nay, charming, notwithstanding his sixty-six years, now arrived, by efflux of time, at seventy-four.

Then, as now, De Béranger wished to play the part of adviser to all his friends. He advised Chateaubriand concerning his memoirs; Lamartine, concerning his health, prescribing for him bark; and Lamennais, concerning a legacy which he advised the Abbé to renounce. Béranger, says the writer of the letter, in conclusion, would be perfect if it were not for one pretension—the pretension of wishing to pass as the only sage and philosopher of his time. M. Ste. Beuve considers him as one of the greatest, but not the greatest poet of our age. He places him in the second group with Burns, Horace, and La Fontaine.

Are these last, however, in the second group? We think not; and there we are at issue with M. Ste. Beuve. Burns, Horace, and La Fontaine, says Ste. Beuve, were never the poets of a party, and therefore they are more elevated, and of an order more universal than De Béranger. But De Béranger was never the poet of a party, but the exponent of the feeling of a nation. Neither Horace, in his epistles, nor La Fontaine, in his fables, have played the part of flatterer to any vice or any folly. But has De Béranger? He has chaunted, and, if you will, somewhat too much caressed and cherished the military glory of France, but Frenchmen in general call this patriotism, and an error on virtue's side.

Before the time of De Béranger, the 'chanson' in France was not considered a literary or poetical effort. Gay, amusing, and flowing, it often was, no doubt. But De Béranger threw into it tenderness, pathos, patriotism, the finest sense and the finest feeling in the simplest and fewest words. He introduced into poetry the concision and good sense of Voltaire, without any portion of a scoffing or more malicious spirit than would be accounted zestful. So long as France is a great nation, and so long as its language endures, so long will the poetry of De Béranger be read with pleasure and delight.

We would willingly dwell on other passages in the interesting volumes of M. Ste. Beuve, but we have fully filled the space allotted to us, and must refer the curious reader to the volumes if he wishes to know more of their contents.

NAPOLEONISM.

The Legislative Assembly of 1850–51—The Prince President—Deportation and Prevotal Courts—Lacordaire—His Expatriation—Extinction of Five Newspapers—Suicide of St. Edme, a Newspaper Writer—Forlorn Condition of Hundreds of Writers.

We have not very recently addressed ourselves to the actual condition and prospects of France. For the last twelvemonth—we might, indeed, say for more than the last four-and-twenty months we have specially avoided handling a question environed by difficulties of every sort and kind, and on which it was impossible to write with anything approaching to certainty. So long as it was in our power to accord to the motives and the acts of some of the men connected with the Revolution of 1848 a qualified approval, or even a generous forbearance, we did not cease to hope even against hope itself for some compensating effects to the cause of public liberty, and municipal and self-government, from the movement of February, 1848, sudden and ill-defined in political character as that movement appeared undoubtedly to be. But from the moment of the French invasion of Rome, we began to despair of French politics and politicians, and to think that sooner or later a struggle must ensue between President Bonaparte and the Assembly, since the

2d December, 1851, dissolved and dispersed. Had the Assembly been guided by pure and patriotic intentions, had it earnestly desired the prosperity and happiness of France, there could have been little doubt with whom victory would have finally rested. But, unfortunately, it was split into sections and parties, each struggling for the mastery, and over these discordant factions a crafty, an unscrupulous, a dissembling President obtained, by means of corruption and the army, a complete and yet an inglorious victory.

It is not our intention to go over the events of the 2d December, 1851. These occurrences, notwithstanding that changes, abrupt, sudden, and organic, were expected by some, and a prolonged civil war by others, yet appear, even now, to have the vagueness and unreality of a dream, and at the end of the fifth month from the period of their occurrence, there are not wanting thinking men who ask themselves, Can such things have really happened? and, Is it possible that the French people have submitted to them in the years of grace 1851 and 1852? For it is not merely the form of government which has been changed—it is not merely a Republic which has been converted into an irresponsible despotism and military stratocracy, depending on the caprice and humour of a selfish, profuse, luxurious, self-indulgent ruler—it is the whole frame and condition of civil society which has been altered or altogether uprooted. For laws, ordinances, traditions, and usages, which date from the time of Clovis, of Pepin, of Charles Martel, of Charlemagne, and of Louis the First, and which have been consecrated by a

prescription of thirteen centuries—for laws and ordinances, the products of imperial or royal wisdom, or statesmanlike ability, or philosophic scholarship—for laws and customs which have been the products of provincial states, of assemblies of nobility, of the ancient parliaments, so distinguished and so illustrious at various ages of French history, we have now substituted the irresponsible decrees, the autocratic fantasies of one man, who wishes, in the month of May, 1852, to play the part of his uncle in Europe. Things which were never dreamed of by Hugh Capet, or Charles the Bold, or Louis XI., or Philip Augustus, or Henry IV., or Louis XIV., have been accomplished by one who, a few years ago, was a conspirator in Italy, an exile in Switzerland, and a fast and fashionable man both on the turf and at 'écarte,' at King Street, St. James's. Distinguished by taciturnity, by reserve, by an impassible frigidity, the elect of December nevertheless affects to be a fatalist, to be the favourite of μοῖρα, ἅλσα, κὴρ and εἱμαρμένη, to be the very elect of the Fates, and of an overwhelming Destiny.

Such notions are not without their effect on a people distinguished by the extremes of credulity and incredulity —by a people sensual and materialist in the towns—superstitious, ignorant, or stupid in the country. It is recorded of Mazarin, that he never thought of employing an agent or instrument during the reign of Louis XIII. or Louis XIV. without previously inquiring—'Est il heureux?' And we know that in our own day, another Italian adventurer, who rose still higher than Mazzarini of the Abruzzi—namely, Napoleon Bonaparte—was wont

to select agents possessing what the Spaniards term the 'estrella feliz,' or what is ordinarily, called a happy star. Ideas of this nature easily penetrate through agricultural and pastoral districts: they are conveyed traditionally from father to son; they are naturally cherished by all lovers of the marvellous, by the sanguine, by the credulous, and by the ignorant. It may be that the dictator of France is himself the dupe of an ignorant fatalism, and a faithful believer in his own infallible mission; but looking to the cold, calculating nature of the man, we conceive it much more likely that he has, by his retainers, set afloat the myth of his marvellous destiny, in the hope that the prophecies venturesomely made by his parasites, may in the fulness of time really accomplish themselves.

For now four months* and upwards a neighbouring nation has been scourged with every rod of tyranny. The Chamber has been dissolved, the Constitution has been violated, thousands of men have been imprisoned, thousands have been exiled, or deported to Cayenne, to Sinnamari, to Lambessa; hundreds, tried by military and prevotal courts, have been shot or condemned to the galleys; but such is the abasement and prostration of France, mentally, morally, and physically, that no man within the length and breadth of that once free land dare raise his voice in indignation against these monstrous and inhuman enormities, or the flagrant perpetrator of such abominations. There has now for five months been no freedom of the press, or of speech, or of correspondence in France,—nay, even the freedom of the pulpit has

* Written in 1851.

been violated. In the most despotic days of Louis XIV. Massillon and Bourdaloue thundered,—told severe truths to the king, in the hearing of the people; and one of them, with true Christian boldness, exclaimed 'Le silence du peuple est la leçon des rois.' But under the government now prevailing, the pulpit is forced to be as mute as the press, as guarded as that correspondence sometimes withheld, and always, in cases of suspicion, flagrantly violated. It will scarcely be credited by the English reader, though the fact is undoubtedly true, that the eloquent Abbé Lacordaire, the greatest of modern French Roman Catholic preachers, and who abandoned the bar for the pulpit, was obliged, a few weeks ago, to expatriate himself from the capital of France, because in the exercise of his sacred mission he had used that freedom of speech and of reproof stringently enjoined on a Christian minister in Holy Writ.*

All the democratic newspapers have been suspended or suppressed. The 'National,' the 'Courier Français,' 'L'Ordre,' 'L'Opinion Publique,' 'L'Evenement,' and 'La Republique,' have been arbitrarily extinguished, and the rights of proprietors, editors, contributors, and printers, as well as of subscribers, violently and *manu forti* set aside. To six or seven hundred persons, comprising writers, reporters, compositors, folders, pressmen, distributors, book-keepers, clerks, these journals gave employment, and now, *uno flatu*, the well-being, mayhap the existence, of these individuals is put to hazard. Many of

* Since this was written, Lacordaire is no more. His life has been eloquently written by his friend M. de Montalembert.

them are in prison, some of them have been shot, some of them have been proscribed to Algiers, or to the pestilential swamps of Cayenne or Sinnamari; while others, reduced to poverty, to despair, and to actual starvation, like M. de St. Edme, have committed suicide. On the last day of March, 1852, it was that this unfortunate man, author of the 'Biographie des Hommes du Jour,' of the 'Histoire des Rois et Reines de France,' and a writer in many journals of France for the last thirty-seven years, hanged himself in his lodgings in the Rue des Fossés Monsieur le Prince. There was found on his table a paper, on which he had written that he would have preferred to have put an end to himself with a pistol, but that such was his poverty, produced by the cessation of all periodical writing, that he had not wherewithal to buy one. 'Je choisis donc,' said Saint Edme, 'la pendaison à la Pichegru.' This is, unfortunately, not a solitary instance. There are two other cases in which public writers have had recourse to poison, and one in which a journalist flung himself into the Seine. But in these cases the French newspapers and the police have preserved a discreet and ominous silence. To every man acquainted with London and Brussels it is well known, that between both capitals there are more than sixty French gentlemen, at the present moment, who were connected with the political literature of their country, and some of whom are suffering, while we write, the most poignant distress. Were we to speak of the injury inflicted on capital and credit by the measures of December, 1851, in reference merely to this one branch of industry, the limit of sixteen pages would hardly suffice to give in

detail a catalogue of the miseries and ruin thus wrought. Large establishments connected with the fabrication of paper, of ink, of types, and of presses, have been broken up; joint-stock partnerships and 'sociétés en commandite' have been dissolved, and the relations that subsisted between capital and labour have been at once inconsiderately and mercilessly snapped asunder.

We are not defending or excusing men who rush unbidden into the presence of their Maker, and who forget the duties they owe both to God and to man. We are stating a fact to be deplored and condemned under any circumstances, even under circumstances of calamity so overwhelming as we have just alluded to. In a country in which there is little serious or vital religion, in which animal and sensual existence is more regarded than the inner and spiritual life, it is not wonderful that men being deprived at a blow of occupation and bread should fall victims to gloom, to despondency, and to despair, and resort to self-slaughter for relief, as though the Almighty had not issued his divine prohibition against it. The fearful increase of suicides among literary and thoughtful men is one direct consequence of the events of December, 1851. A general want of confidence, and a sense of insecurity, are some among the other consequences naturally resulting from it. In vain does the tenant of the Elysée vie with the prodigalities of Lucullus and Heliogabalus; in vain do his satraps, his ministers, and his blood relations, give, at his command, dinners and balls, in which, as in the decay of the Roman empire, mullet, lampreys, and carp, are brought from distant cities, and even different

latitudes—in vain are ten thousand francs' worth of the choicest flowers and exotics displayed by the Minister of Police at his ball at the Hotel de Ville—in vain are the profusions and the orgies of the Regent Orleans and his daughter revived, at the cost and charge of an over-taxed people; for, notwithstanding all this expenditure, trade languishes, strangers cease to visit Paris, and there is no confidence between man and man, for every individual, except the most blind and besotted, is of opinion that the phantom must soon pass away, after having strutted its terrific and sanguinary hour. If nothing else were to kill the monstrous system which now reigns in France, it must sooner or later be killed by the financial difficulty. The annual deficit is little less than four millions sterling, while there has been this very year an increase of eight millions of francs in the army estimates. The salaries, or civil list, of the head of the state, having no palaces or public establishments to keep up, has been raised to the incredible sum of twelve millions of francs, or 480,000*l.* a year—a sum far greater than ever was granted to Louis Philippe, far greater than the civil list of Queen Victoria, which amounts to 393,982*l.* 10*s.* The salaries of ministers, of public functionaries, such as ambassadors, prefects, have been, some of them, nearly doubled, while all have been increased a full third.

Independently of this, the head of the state has assumed the right to pension a number of senators; and, already, thirty of these hybrid functionaries, who can propose no amendment to any Bill—who, if any one of them be disposed to be loquacious, cannot print his own or his

colleague's speech without the approbation of the general body,—already thirty of these gentlemen, who have not the power to express within the walls of their place of meeting either approbation or disapprobation, have obtained endowments of 30,000 frs. a year, intended to bind them to their prescribed course of sycophancy; and, at the same time, placing an annual burden of 36,000*l.* per annum on the over-taxed shoulders of an oppressed people. While expenditure is increasing ten or twenty fold, and receipts diminishing, how is an equilibrium to be maintained—how, to use the old Saxon phrase, are both ends to be made to meet, when the financial year closes? To tax and to please, we know, according to Burke, is not given unto man; but to expend largely without an income is still more impossible than to tax and to please. No doubt the Hebrew and Israëlitish interests, combined with the twelve 'agents de change,' may, for a time, mystify and keep the 'rentes' above par, but it is beyond the power of the Rothschilds, the Foulds, and the Hottinguers, even though aided by the governor of the Bank of France, the servile and timid D'Argout, to indefinitely keep up the financial mystification and delusion. The cry of the President and his needy retainers is ever the cry of the horse-leech, 'Give, give,' and, sooner or later, a day of reckoning must come for those traitors who play at demagogy to win despotism—who palter with socialism to clutch supreme power and the command of a stratocracy. It should be remarked, that the President, without ever having served a day in the armies of France, or in any other armies—has of his own mere motion

assumed the rank and dress of a French general officer—has assumed the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and has addressed the military as though he were its head. It is by and through the power of the army—it is by and through the means of the army submitting to this assumption, that the head of the French executive has waded to station, and to the semblance of power, without respect. Many of our countrymen, proud of our own well-balanced liberty, exclaim, that if the French were really a great people—if their character had not been adapted to despotism, they could not have borne, even for a quarter of a year, as they have already done, with a ruler who has exercised the privilege of exiling, imprisoning, or shooting any man obnoxious to him. But they who thus declaim, forget that the nation was taken aback—forget that the national guards had been in great part disarmed—forget that on the night of the 1st December the drums of the battalions of this force had been stealthily removed—forget that the country had been torn for three years by factions—forget that France had been dosed by the specifics of Ledru Rollin, of Louis Blanc, of Proudhon, of that worst of all impostors and quacks, Emile Girardin—forget that France had been subjected to the machinations and intrigues of a Thiers, and the ultramontane bigotry of 30,000 illiterate priests.

Nations have their moments of weakness, of lassitude, and of want of energy; and an unhappy day arose for France, in which, in December, 1851, she yielded more to an intruder than she had ever yielded to her legitimate kings. The history of France, as is well remarked by

M. de Boulainvilliers,* will be found to exhibit as many struggles against despotic power as the history of England itself. The ancient kings of France had neither the right of coining money, of fixing the strength of the army, nor of levying taxes without the consent of the nobles; yet this right is now usurped by the adventurer of Strasburgh, and the disturber of Boulogne. The ancient parliaments of France, as is proved by every constitutional authority, were clearly intended as an habitual limitation of the royal authority, and the states-general, as being superior to parliaments, were considered as a still more powerful barrier. Madame de Staël truly says,† that from 1302 the states-general had in right, if not in fact, equal legislative powers with the English parliament. Their ordonnances of 1355 and 1356 were as much in the spirit of liberty as the Magna Charta of England; but there was no provision for the annual convocation of this assembly, and its separation into three orders, instead of two chambers, gave the king much greater means of setting them in opposition to one another. Henry IV. who, notwithstanding all his errors, was, as a king, both great and well-intentioned, declared in one of his speeches, that the registry by parliament was necessary to the validity of royal edicts, and the parliament of Paris, in its remonstrances against the Mazarin ministry, recalled the promises made by Henry IV. and quoted his words, 'the authority of kings destroys itself

* 'Histoire de l'ancien Gouvernement de la France.' Par feu M. Le Comte de Boulainvilliers. A la Haye. 1727.

† 'Considerations sur la Revolution Française.'

in endeavouring to establish itself too firmly.' Pasquier, under Henry III. said that monarchy was one of the forms of the Republic, meaning by that word, the government whose object is the welfare of the people. That great magistrate, Omer Talon, thus expressed himself under Louis XIII. 'In former years, the orders of the 'king were not received or executed by the people, unless 'signed in the original by the grandees of the kingdom, 'the princes, and the higher officers of the crown. This 'political jurisdiction has now devolved on the parlia-'ments. We enjoy this second power, which the authority 'of time sanctions, which subjects suffer with patience and 'honour with respect.'

Such were the principles of the parliaments which admitted the necessity of the consent of the nation. The claims of the states-general to a truly representative character were superior even to those of the parliaments. Placed by the side of either of these ancient institutions, the Council of State of 1852, the Senate, or the Corps Legislatif, is a delusion and a mockery, the more detestable in this, that the whole thing, from the first inception down to the day of its assembling, has been a gigantic and most palpable fraud. In the first place, the people were not allowed to meet to select candidates, neither were opposition candidates permitted to issue addresses. Prefects in the country and mayors in the towns were directed to use every effort to put down opposition. Printers were not allowed to print the names of opposition candidates—bill-stickers were arrested and imprisoned if they placed opposition addresses on the walls—electors

could neither confederate nor combine without the risk of being dragged before military tribunals, without the certainty of being charged with conspiracy, mutiny, or treason to the head of the state. Even the post was closed to independent candidates who sent letters of canvass announcing their intention of seeking the suffrages of their countrymen.

Is not, then, the pretence of an election and free choice a dishonest mockery and delusion, which no man of an upright heart or an enlightened mind would descend to practice on a nation of coerced or willing dupes? Is it not a thin and too transparent veil to disguise unlimited and arbitrary power, a hypocritical despotism, which, notwithstanding the corruption of the French capital, has not been defended by a single man of talent or character? It is idle and incorrect to say that antecedent to 1789 France had no liberties. The 'Maximes du Droit Public Français,' published in 1775—eighty-eight years ago—by a magistrate of the parliament of Paris, are accordant with those of the constituent assembly on the necessity of obtaining the consent of the people to taxes, on their participation in legislative acts, and in the responsibility of ministers. If we even compare French assemblies from the earliest times (excepting of course, the servile senate and chamber of Napoleon), with the shadow of a representation of 1852, they all appear, however rude and imperfect, tracing them back from the Champ de Mars and the Champ de Mai, free and honest institutions by the contrast.

The corruption of the best things is the worst of all

corruption. A simulated or pseudo representation on a counterfeit plan is but an additional instrument in the hands of tyranny. There is the semblance without the reality of opposition, and the result is, that, under cover of a fictitious and a spurious chamber, an executive can have recourse to any amount of fraud, of corruption, or of force. Perverted from its true and honest intent, a senate or legislative body thus becomes not merely despicable, but deleterious; and one of the worst features in the France of 1852 is, that the Senate and Corps Legislatif are really elaborate shams, meant as mere blinds to deceive France and to delude Europe.* Under the semblance of an affected deliberation there is a real despotism—a real and actual reign of terror. The Government is profoundly hypocritical, and ever in dread; and the people, in turn, have become as hypocritical as the Government. The Frenchman, once so mobile and loquacious, has substituted silence for garrulity. He is condemned to be silent to conceal his real sentiments—to deceive the delators or spies that may be loitering about to denounce him. Thus the French of 1852 are condemned, by the very institutions under which they vegetate, to be distrustful, double-dealers—to be time-servers and sycophants, compressing their thoughts and concealing their opinions. The animation, the intelligence, the fire and eloquence, nay even the moral and the physical courage, once so pre-eminent in Paris, have been suspended—we will not say extinguished—by the destruction of the freedom of the press, by the

* The Senate and Corps Legislatif of 1863 are better, for there are thirty-five independent members.

obliteration of freedom of opinion, and the dissolution of an assembly, in December, 1851, at least freely elected. The Corps Legislatif substituted for the national assembly is, in truth and in fact, a mere record office, in which the decrees of a dictator and the ordonnances of an emperor are servilely registered by a number of legislative lackeys, wearing a state livery. This assembly of puppets and princes, of mutes and marionettes, are moved by the string of the Elysée. The arbiter of Europe, supreme in substance as in form, in essentials as in non-essentials, did not even consult them on the rules for their own governance. Their bye-laws and regulations were composed by that virtuous character so well known at some of the clubs in St. James's Street, and within fifteen years an inhabitant of King Street, St. James's Square. So much does this successful man, with so profound a reverence for oaths, think the Corps Legislatif his own household property, that out of sixty seats for spectators, he has reserved thirty-two for his own aides-de-camp, equerries, led captains, secretaries, and clerks. The remaining places have been set aside for the army; while the National Guard and the Municipal Council of Paris have been both excluded. These self-important gentlemen of the Corps Legislatif are allowed four hours per week to perform the functions allotted to them; and considering how unimportant these functions are, it must be admitted to be sufficient. So wholly nugatory and farcical was the whole proceeding of a legislative corps looked on in 1852, that not one journalist was present at the sitting. Of the sixty spectators present, one-half

were of the female sex, friends of the president, of his ministers, or of the members of his household. No portion of the tame and spiritless proceedings were given in the Paris papers of the day following—not even the discourse of M. Billaut, the president—of that M. Billaut, who, having been under the monarchy an oppositionist of the fiercest and most uncompromising school, and under the Republic an advocate for the 'droit au travail,' has now sold himself for a salary of 80,000 francs or 3,200*l.* per annum. It is a most curious and a most melancholy fact, that France, so long and so honourably in the van of nations, first learned the opening proceedings of this Corps Legislatif in 1852, from the columns of the London newspapers. Two persons connected editorially with the Parisian press —the one, the notorious Dr. Véron, of the 'Constitutionnel,' and the other, M. Delamarre, of the 'Patrie,' are, it is well known, members of the Corps Legislatif. These persons had hoped, in virtue of their representative character, to be enabled to give a summary of the proceedings; but so jealous were the authorities, and so arbitrary the orders emanating from the highest quarter, that not a line appeared in either journal on the subject, till an account had been inserted in the London morning papers of the day previously. Even the summary then tardily given was of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. This circumstance, it need not be stated, produced the very worst effect in the capital and the provinces. Men showed, in 1852, their discontent by a settled gloom and moodiness of manner very foreign to the nature of Frenchmen, but, under the circumstances,

eloquently expressive. It may truly be said of the nation, collectively and individually, *Dum tacent clamant.*

Previous to the promulgation of his mock constitution the coming Emperor had legislated on every possible question by arbitrary decrees having the force of laws. By decrees university professors, as well as judicial functionaries, were declared removable; by decrees the functions and attributions of the Council of State, of the Senate, and the Legislative Body, were regulated and prescribed; by decrees the livery and costume were settled. From the constitution to the coat—from the privilege of members down to the details of an embroidered white waistcoat—from the order of the day down to a button with an eagle impressed thereon, the new Emperor's fertile genius had happily provided. Nor were his ukases limited to the legislative bodies. The Roman Catholic and Reformed Churches, the bar, the army, the navy, were all subjected to his imperious fiat. He fixed the age at which members of the Court of Cassation should retire, at which the judges of the Courts of Appeal, and Tribunals of First Instance, should make their bow to their brethren, or to the bar, and withdraw from the judicial bench, however perfect their faculties. The monarchy, for generations, had supposed the bar of France to be capable of managing its own affairs, and competent to elect its own 'batonnier,' an officer chosen, generally by reason of seniority, out of the order of advocates to protect the rights of the confraternity. But though this right was confirmed to the advocates of France by letters of Philip de Valois in April, 1342, yet the Prince President in 1852 utterly

disregarded more than five centuries of prescription, and decreed by his own goodwill and pleasure, that the selection of the 'batonnier' should no longer be by the general body of advocates, but by the 'conseil de discipline.' In this, as in nearly all other things, the head of the state followed the precedent of his uncle Napoleon, who interfered with and regulated by his ordonnances the bar of France.

On the 14th of December, 1810, there appeared under the title of a decree, a 'reglement sur l'exercice de la profession d'avocat et la discipline du barreau.' The articles were preceded by a pompous, and in Napoleonic fashion, a species, in style at least, of Asiatic preamble in honour of the profession. By the 19th Article the Conqueror affected to restore the order, but its discipline was not restored, and the decree never ceased to excite the remonstrances of the French bar. Napoleon entertained a strong prejudice amounting to aversion for the profession. And why? Because he detested independence in every form and shape. Projects of despotism and universal dominion can never be favourably received by a body distinguished by a spirit of controversy and free inquiry. Napoleon used to say, 'Je veux qu'on puisse 'couper la langue à un avocat qui s'en sert contre le 'gouvernement,' and he showed his spite to the order by throwing various impediments in their way, and not admitting one of them as a member of the legion of honour. The bar, it must be admitted, merited the dislike of the tyrant. It neither fawned on nor flattered him, but exercised its calling without regard to his

threats, and often in express contradiction to his wishes. Bellart had, despite the frown of power, defended Madlle. Cicé; Bonnet had defended Moreau, surrounded by bristling bayonets, with consummate art, rare intrepidity, and powerful reasoning. Scores of eloquent and able men would have also presented themselves to defend the Duke d'Enghien, had he not been precipitately murdered without charge, indictment, or trial, in the ditch of Vincennes, in the misty twilight of the early morning. As the French bar was two-and-fifty years ago, so it is now. Vatismenil and Berryer, royalists attached to the elder branch of the Bourbons; Barrot, an Orleanist; Paillet,* a man of independent mind and opinions, were all forward to lend the aid of their learning and experience to plead against the iniquitous confiscating decrees of the 22d of January, directed against the property of the Orleans family.

Into this question it is not our purpose to enter at any length. But we may remark, that Louis Philippe d'Orleans, before he accepted the crown of France, had, as an individual, an undisputed and indisputable right to dispose of his private property, and to make any settlement of it he pleased in favour of his children. That sagacious prince shrewdly thought that it would be unfair to his family to peril their inheritance by allying it to anything so unstable as the throne of France. But after his decease in exile, after his discrowning, the inviolability of his private disposition of his estates has been disregarded, and by an infamous act of spoliation his chil-

* Paillet died suddenly in court, dressed in his robe of advocate, while preparing to plead a cause, on the 24th August, 1855.

dren have been defrauded of their birthright. This open robbery is attempted to be cloaked over by another decree assigning ten millions of the proceeds to the amelioration of the lodgings of workmen, other portions to the support of poor curates, other portions to the support of a house of education for orphans, and other portions to the support of veterans of the army. But to the eternal honour of the church and the army, they have exhibited a repugnance to receive the unhallowed gift, as though the receipt of the patrimony of the widow and the orphan must bring in its very touch taint and defilement, as well as what old soldiers and sailors call 'the worst of ill luck.' So, in the sight of a continent, of a world, can this man proffer robbery as a burnt-offering. The odious feature of the author of the decrees is to mask over his rapacious spoliation with the veneer of charity. Under the sacred name of charity both army and church were to be bribed to wink at his violation of all law and all justice. But though the decreer has had might, not right, on his side, yet the leading members of the bar are resolved to struggle for, if they cannot maintain, the principles of law and justice.

The decree to regulate the Reformed Churches is fully as intrusive, and more preposterous than the decree in reference to the 'batonnier' of the order of advocates. The commission to regulate this affair consists of two bankers, an admiral, a councillor of state, three deputies, one of the mayors of Paris, one or two merchants, and the postmaster-general. In this there may be some spite against the Pastor Coquerel, or some other Huguenot

pastor. As the decree in reference to the 'batonniers' and 'conseils de discipline' was well known to be directed against Senard, an ex-minister of the Republic, there is no reason why the decree in reference to the Huguenot may not be directed against some recalcitrant pastor who will not bend the knee to authority. The religion of the majority of Frenchmen is as summarily dealt with as the religion of the minority. The head of the state evidently fancies himself the head of the church, and its great legislator. By his *sic voleo* he establishes what are called 'aumoniers des dernïers prières,' and allocates a salary for their support. Nothing is too hot or too heavy for this virtuous man calling himself 'Prince President.' His decrees extend to railroads, to benefit societies, to burial clubs, to the sinking fund, to registries for servants, to the Chapter of St. Denis, to the electric telegraph, to marriages in the Society Islands, to the beards of university professors, who are forbidden to wear mustachios, imperials, and hirsute tufts on the upper or nether lip, or on any portion of the human face divine, where whiskers grow not according to the order of nature.

The lust of the head of the state for personal dominion —his itch for interfering in everything, sacred and profane, is as remarkable as his gross habits of personal profusion. 'I am ready to do everything for France,' he exclaims, 'and nothing for myself!' Amiable and self-sacrificing President! Is it nothing, then, to be in the receipt of an income of 480,000*l.* a year; to be lodged, lighted, and warmed, at the expense of the state; to have to pay nothing to wife or to children, like Louis Philippe,

and to enjoy St. Cloud, Trianon, the Elysée, Meudon, Versailles, Pau, Compiegne, Fontainebleau, and, last, not least, the Tuileries—all kept up at the expense of the state? Is it nothing to exclusively enjoy the 'droit de chasse' in the forests of Fontainebleau, Compiégne, Marly, and St. Germain? The last sovereign of France had out of his civil list to provide for his queen, for his sons, who were profuse in their expenditure, for the keep and repair of his palaces; and in these disbursements he is supposed to have expended three millions more than he received; but his successor has no charge but his personal expenditure, and for this his liveried legislative lackeys have voted him 480,000*l.* per annum. While we write, the ordinary revenue of France is more than seven millions less than the expenditure. How much less than the expenditure will it be if the President should last another 'trimestre,' or if the empire should be proclaimed, as is by many supposed, in this present month of May?

Every discourse of the President since the 2d of December has pointed to an imperial throne, and the retainers of the Elysée have sought to prepare the public mind for the event. Since the 2d of December, the President has rendered no account of his policy, nor has he in any way submitted his conduct to the nation's approval. Indeed, now that he has got a Council of State, a Senate, and a Corps Legislatif perfectly subservient, he seems to have thrown off all restraint. The ex-king, Jerome Bonaparte, as president of the Senate, maintained in his address to that body all the ideas of Bonapartism. He talked of the treachery by which the Empire was over-

thrown, and of the coalition by which the event was brought about, as a crime. This key-note was followed by the 'Prince President,' who, having now irrevocably secured his income, discovers that he is the heir to the Emperor by hereditary right. It is of no earthly use to state that the Empire was not hereditary, that four of the European powers, in congress assembled, at Chatillon,* provided for certain contingencies, and that some of these contingencies arising, Bonaparte, on his return from Elba, was put 'hors la loi' by all of the European powers in their Declaration at Vienna of the 13th March, 1815,—it is of no earthly use to refer to the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris of the 30th May, 1814, or the abdication signed at Fontainebleau by Napoleon himself. Not one of these public acts would be recognised as having the least binding force, albeit their stringency is acknowledged by the whole of Europe. It may, however, be satisfactory for other purposes here to cite, word for word, the proposition unanimously agreed to at Vienna. Here are the very words, drawn up by M. Metternich, which received unanimous adhesion :—

'En rompant ainsi la convention qui l'avait établi à l'ile d'Elbe, Bonaparte détruit le seul titre légal auquel son existence se trouvait attachée, En reparaissant en France avec des projets de trouble et bouleversement il s'est privé lui-même de la protection des lois, et a manifesté à la face de l'univers qu'il ne saurait y avoir avec lui ni paix ni trève. Les puissances declarent en conséquence que Napoléon Bonaparte s'est placé hors des relations civiles et sociales, et que, comme ennemi et perturbateur du repos du monde, il s'est livré à la vindicte publique.'

But that everything now points to empire on the part

* Koch, 'Traités de 1814 et 15,' vol. iii, 322, 438, 439.

of the President and his adherents is abundantly evident. Everything imperial is now aped. The footmen of M. Bonaparte's kinsman and functionary, M. Lucien Murat, are already clothed in scarlet and gold, the livery of Joachim Murat's household when King of Naples. As Napoleon the uncle sought to alarm France in 1803 and the beginning of 1804 with royalist plots and the revival of Jacobinism, so does the putative nephew in 1852 talk of Romanist machinations and the revival of socialism. In 1804 there was a 'Bulletin de Paris,' an organ of the uncle, as there is now of the nephew, one of the editors of which was, eight-and-forty years ago, Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely. The son of this Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely is now a senator and a functionary playing at the same game for empire for his principal as his father played nearly a century ago. Bonaparte the uncle affected to discredit and deny the idea that he was looking for supreme power; but at the very time he was uttering these self-sacrificing protestations, the public criers were directed by his agents to go through the streets selling a pamphlet, written by one of his faithful dependents, entitled, 'Voix d'un Grenadier pour le retablissement d'un Empereur des Gaules,' Identical tactics are practised now. The putative nephew disowns indeed by words that he looks for the purple. But his household, confidents, ministers, and instruments, all plead for empire, talk for empire, write for empire, and struggle for empire. The President is as patient and persevering in his designs, as artful in the development of his thoughts, as his namesake and predecessor. The uncle disclosed his ultimate views

by hints and inuendoes, by half confidences, by Jesuitical words with a double meaning. So does the putative or supposed nephew. In a pamphlet, written by one of the 'entourage' of Napoleon, under the title of 'La Garantie,' in 1804, it was suggested whether emperor and republic were not compatible. The very same thing is suggested now, in the discourses, writings, and official acts of the Prince President and his followers. Francis de Neufchateau, a senator of the uncle, said, after the affairs of Pichegru and Moreau, 'Grand homme, achevez votre ouvrage en le rendant immortel comme votre gloire.' There are servile spirits ready enough now to use words of similar import. When, in 1804, some in the Council of State, deeply imbued with the doctrines of the Revolution, and, among others, Bertier, objected to the hereditary title of emperor, Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, the father of the partizan of the present man, said, 'Rassurez vous, citoyen; l'homme qui governe est enfant de la Revolution.' In 1804, Joseph Bonaparte, in the Council of State, expressed himself in public against the hereditary principle whenever it was mooted, yet worked for it privately. In 1852, Jerome Bonaparte affects in public to discourage all hereditary aspirations, yet co-operates with the coming Emperor in all his deep-laid schemes, In 1804, books of heraldry were consulted with a view to fabricate a noble descent for the son of the Corsican 'avoué.' 'Hincmar de ordine Palatii' was cited by the genealogists and masters of ceremony to the approving aspirant, who created an arch-treasurer, an arch-chancellor and a grand 'veneur.' In 1852 all these projects are revived. M. de Wagram is spoken of

to succeed his father, one of Napoleon's princes, who was grand 'veneur' to the great captain. M. de Pierre is to be 'capitaine des chasses à courre,' and the whole imperial hunting establishment, to be revived before the end of the year, is intended to be placed under Edgar Ney, who has been commissioned to select a pair of stag-hounds in England, and dogs for hunting the wild boar in Poitou. On the 18th May, 1804, 'sire et majesté' were repeated by Cambacéres, a regicide who had proscribed kings, a man who was one of the most zealous members of the Committee of Public Safety. In 1851, M. Billaut, the president of the Corps Législatif, a man who in 1848 and 1849 was an advanced Republican and an advocate for the 'droit au travail,' is ready, whenever he may be required, to address 'the coming man' as 'majesté imperiale et royale.' Cambacéres, the friend of Robespierre, of Couthon, and of St. Just, proclaimed monarchical ideas as the only just and true things in 1804; and Cambacéres, his nephew and a senator of 1852, and Billaut, the friend of Louis Blanc's theories, are jointly and severally prepared to follow in the wake of the arch-chancellor Cambacéres of eight-and-forty years ago. This is one of the many indications that society and the social system in France is rotten, corrupted and putrefied to the very core. There is no such thing as public principle left among the mass of men aspiring to official employment. There is little regard for oaths or promises. Public men have become so lost to the moral sense, so brutified by selfish and sensuous animal enjoyments, that political virtue and consistency are laughed at as antediluvian and ostrogothic.

There is no doubt great profusion and waste in England; but there, at least, men do not wholly disburse all income in 'gourmandise' and the gratification of the senses. In England your men of pleasure, with a couple of thousands per annum to spend, would disburse a considerable portion of it on horses, or dogs, or peradventure on a small yacht; but in Paris your man about town with the same income, would spend a fourth of it, or possibly more, in 'cafés' and 'restaurants,' on luxurious breakfasts and dinners of 'plats fins' and 'vins des meilleurs crus.' This universal crapulousness debases and degrades a nation. Rarely can you depend on the political virtue or private honour of a man who is supremely luxurious and thoroughly self-indulgent. There is a happy medium between the black broth of the Spartan and the 'purée à la Reine,' which those too exquisite 'gourmets,' the modern Gauls, have not hit.

Where the political and official classes are sensualists, they will try to make the people slaves, and be apt instruments to create a momentary empire. But such a creation will be only momentary, for it is not in harmony with the time. A dictator for a quarter of a year may compress hatred and contempt, but he cannot extinguish it. A dictator cannot compel the human mind to retrograde, or give a backward bent to thirty-two millions of people. A power founded on the degradation of mind, intelligence, and wealth, cannot be durable. It is not natural and not possible that any people can long exhibit the frightful singularity of a nation worshipping the name of a living tyrant out of love to a dead one. The Bonaparte who is gone at first imposed upon Europe by jugglery and tricks.

His ambition he called necessity—destiny. He presented himself to every faction and gave hopes to all. To every source of alarm he opposed his own individuality, to the end that he might cause his power to be accepted as the less evil of the two. Thus, to the timorous Royalist he said, Would you have me deliver you over to the Jacobin? while to the Revolutionist he exclaimed, Would you have me surrender you to the Royalist? Am I not myself the child and champion of the Revolution? By these tricks —by satisfying men's interests at the expense of their virtues—by depraving public opinion—by extraordinary commissions—by transportations and by banishments—he terrified and dismayed, and for a time imposed his sway. But at length he was obliged to offer, not merely permanent war, but continuous victories, as a compensation for despotism.

France has now, however, not one compensation for her degradation and disgrace. Insecure at home, she is abhorred abroad. Her ruler has filched away her liberties. He has given her neither strength, nor commerce, nor municipalities, but he has made her a free gift of his own precious person at the profuse price of 480,000*l.* a year. Wishing to command without law, he has sought his support in mere brute force. For a moment he has made himself obeyed, but obeyed in degrading those whom he has subjected.

As his civil authority does not repose upon justice, upon magnanimity, or upon any great quality—as there is not among his counsellors or followers the slightest respect for oaths, for religion, for morality, or for any fact, however

solemn, or any political doctrine—as the dominion of principle is altogether at an end—as he is for self-aggrandizement at the expense of France, of Europe, or of the civilized world—as he proclaims his purpose of subjecting men by degrading them, and spoliating the middle classes of the town to endow the mere peasants of the fields, and the mere socialist and communistic canaille of the 'back slums,'—*cauponibus atque malignis*,—he may be looked upon as the most revolutionary despot the world has yet seen—as a species of a cross betweeen Robespierre, Babouf, and Napoleon Bonaparte. With an ingenious turpitude he proclaims his creed, to which he is bigoted, with a pertinacity, a perseverance, a fanatical hatred of all opposing obstacles. A nation so compact, so supple and self-confident as the French, cannot die or wither under a hand like this. Napoleon the First had his corps of Mamelukes in the cabinet and in the army. Savary said, 'Si l'empereur m'ordonnait de tuer mon père je le tuerais,' and there are Savarys now among the Persignys, the Romieus, and the De Maupas. But blind, bigoted, and conscienceless instruments are the worst of servants, and instead of abutting and propping up, they sap the foundation of all power and of all authority. After all the President remains isolated and alone. Not one statesman, not one orator, has rallied to him.

The army for the present obeys his orders, but feels not the slightest devotion to his person, or the slightest respect for his authority; and his personal friends, counsellors, and adherents, do not widely differ from the profligate, needy, and half-ruined men who attached themselves to

his desperate fortunes when he tried treason at Boulogne and a 'coup de main' at Strasburgh. The protestations of peace made to foreign countries are mere 'paroles dans l'air,' and may be kept or broken just as suits his personal interests. The man who has violated every compact to the French people is not likely to be over-scrupulous in observing foreign engagements if they in any wise conflict with his ambition or his interests. If he cannot continue where he is, or advance to a higher dignity, but by a spirit of licentious glory, he will 'cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,' appealing to the depravity of an army preferring military success to freedom, and to the vanity of a people content to wear fetters at home provided they can impose their chains on any vanquished nation. The people of England put no trust in this state of things. But they separate the man and the army from the people of France—a people who, combining high intellect with undaunted bravery, have nevertheless failed in achieving a well-balanced freedom. Before this chief good is attained, Frenchmen must be determined to look to institutions rather than to men, to sound principles rather than to showy and splendid names, resonant of drum-beating, of despotism, of strife, and of victory. There has been far too much magic for Frenchmen in that latter word. The politicians of England should be watchful and prepared, for we know not the hour the enemy may come.

THE EMPIRE.

FROM 1858 TO 1863.

Hopelessness and Despair of Frenchmen after 1851—The Imperial Will Law—Commencement of Legal Struggles against the Executive in 1858—The Bar of France—Great Effect of Contests in Courts of Justice in Public—Dupin—Mauguin—Berryer, De Martignac, &c.—Suppression of Journals—Confiscation of Orleans Property—L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre—Un Débat sur l'Inde—Le Correspondent—Proceedings against M. de Montalembert determined on in a Cabinet Council, at which the Emperor presided—Berryer's Speech—Villemain's Apostrophe—Seizure of English Newspapers—Fantocenni or Puppet Ministers—Walewski—Finlin—Espinasse—Delangle—Illegal Pardon of M. de Montalembert—Noble Letter of the ex-Peer—Ultramontanism.

AFTER the guilty but successful 'Coup de Etat' of December, 1851, Frenchmen became hopeless, downcast, and woebegone, and ceased to struggle with the Executive, even when they had law on their side. The Imperial will was then all in all—it was the Urim and Thummim—the law and the prophets, and no one dared to dispute its behests. In the long and dreary seven years' interval between 1851 and 1858 the best men in France sighed and suffered in secret, and many despaired of the future fate of their country. Among those who never lost heart or hope, however, was M. de Montalembert, and towards the middle of 1858 he determined to give free expression to his opinions, and to print and publish the views which all men of intellect, education, and intelligence, did not fail

to give expression in private. Well read in the constitutional history of our country, M. de Montalembert was aware of the great results that have been achieved for constitutional freedom among us by contests in the courts of law with the Executive Government. The case of ship money in 1636, with which the name of Hampden is not less gloriously than inseparably connected—the case of William Prynne in 1632—the case of the Seven Bishops in the reign of James II. in which the Nonconformists made common cause with the Church—the cases of Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, John Wilkes, and Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, in the past century—all contributed, he well knew, to the extension of sound doctrine, and to the perpetuation of freedom of discussion and of our general liberties, civil and religious. In Scotland and Ireland also, contests in a legal form have been and are productive of the best effects on public opinion. The speeches of counsel in the cases of Muir, Fyshe, Palmer, and the unhappy Gerald, kept alive a spark of public feeling in Scotland, and prevented that country from becoming a fee-farm of Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. The forensic efforts of Curran, Ponsonby, Bushe, Plunket, Ball, Burrowes, and, later still, of O'Connell, in Ireland, in various cases connected with the liberty of the press and the right of free discussion, elevated and sustained the drooping spirits of Irishmen during the careers of Lords Camden and Castlereagh; and of Lords Liverpool and Sidmouth.

Among our French neighbours, too—the people most resembling ourselves in an advanced civilization—legal

combats have had an immense influence on public liberty. The first great stand made against the Jesuits and their principles in France was by the celebrated advocate, Etienne Pasquier, in the reign of our own Elizabeth. A Royalist by connexion, like M. de Montalembert, Pasquier maintained that the throne should be based on liberty; a Roman Catholic, too, like the celebrated author of 'Un Débat sur l'Inde,' he did not desire, like the majority of his creed, to close the Evangelists, or to make the Bible a sealed book to his countrymen and to the world. The names of Patru and Gerbier may also be cited as having, during the reigns of Louis XIV. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. kept alive in courts of law—when they were extinct elsewhere—the best principles of liberty. The bar of France, like the bar of England, has, in the worst and darkest times of peril for freedom, exhibited the highest moral courage in its contests with arbitrary power. Twenty advocates were ready to defend Louis XVI. at the risk of their heads, and as many would have offered to defend the Duke d'Enghien, had he not been summarily despatched by a military tribunal.

In the most despotic days of Napoleon I. the bar of France, in all judicial contests, neither flattered nor fawned upon him. At the most dangerous risks, French counsel exercised their calling without regard to threats, and in express contradiction to his wishes. Bonnet defended, surrounded by bristling bayonets, Moreau; and Georges Cadoudal, the Polignacs; and De Riviere also found honest and intrepid counsel. All is not lost in a country in which, despite the frowns of arbitrary power, advocates

boldly struggle for, if they cannot successfully maintain, the principles of law and justice. The First Napoleon felt this truth; and he ever regarded advocates with an evil eye.

A spirit of controversy and inquiry into principles and facts, the distinguishing characteristics of the forensic forum, are not favourable to projects of despotism or of arbitrary authority; and it was therefore the First Consul, Consul, and Emperor hated advocates, dreaded their influence, and refused them admission to his Legion of Honour. Probably, if the truth were declared, the eloquent tongues of the advocates Bellart, Bonnet, Dommanger, Garat, Billecocq, and the elder Berryer, contributed as much to the overthrow of the first Bonapartean tyranny, as the eloquent pens of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël.

If we pass from the first Empire to the Restoration, though we must admit the appearance of the elder Bourbons was favourably received by the instructed body of French advocates, who rejoiced in the declaration of St. Ouen, the constitutional charter, and the establishment of representative government, all in harmony with the ideas and principles of legal order; yet so soon as the Executive, departing from its first impressions, entered on a harsh, violent, or despotical course, either as regarded individuals, the liberty of speech, or the liberty of the press, the bar of France performed its duty—remonstrating, warning, and legally protesting, on behalf of its clients—in the face of the tribunals.

Nothing more tended to expose the outrages of the fanatic ultramontane mobs in the south, to whose excesses Marshal Brune fell a victim nearly half a century ago,

than the forensic speech of M. Dupin in a public court of justice. In the affair of Bavoux, in 1819, and in the prosecution of the Abbé de Pradt and M. Jouy, in 1820, the same advocate exhibited so much professional learning, combined with such cleverness and energy, that, under the benign influence of representative institutions, the scope of the bar became enlarged in France, and in the exercise of its noble functions it conferred the greatest benefits in extending civil and religious liberty. Some of the speeches delivered in courts of justice at this epoch, rival, if indeed they do not surpass, the eloquence of the chambers. The number and importance of political trials, in which the greatest questions of state and policy were discussed, may account for the progress made in France in this species of forensic eloquence. A style at once parliamentary and legal was adopted by the most eminent French lawyers, in which historical illustrations and the largest views were combined with close and accurate reasoning.

In the political trials which had occurred during the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. the talents of the bar shone out most brightly. The defence of Paul Louis Courier, by M. Berville, is a fine piece of historical reasoning, and effected more in the interests of free discussion than all that had been previously spoken or written. The efforts of Dupin for De Béranger, in 1821, for the 'Miroir' in the same year, and for the 'Constitutionnel,' in 1825, in which the doctrine of 'tendance' was first broached, did immense public service. In the affair of Count Montlosier, in which Dupin was also counsel,

the liberties of the Gallican Church, the grand doctrines of religious toleration, and the slippery morality of the Jesuits were all involved and thoroughly discussed, and the advocate did as much service in ventilating correct views on those subjects, as he did in 1826, in defending the liberty of the subject against arbitrary arrests, in the case of Isambert. When Polignac, in his blindness, turned on the best friends of the monarchy, and directed a prosecution against the 'Débats,' M. Dupin was employed for the defence, and on the eve of Christmas day, 1829, seven months before the Revolution of July, 1830, uttered in the 'Cour Royale' these prophetic words:—'C'est un 'mauvais jeu que d'employer des soldats a faire des coups 'd'état; les coups d'état qui sont les séditions du pouvoir 'ne lui réussissent pas mieux contre les lois que les seditions 'du peuple contre la royauté.' Indeed, we may say, that the most strenuous struggles for public liberty, and the best efforts to educate, enlighten, and elevate the public mind in France, during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were made in the courts of justice, whether of high or of low degree. The speeches of counsel in the cases of the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Courrier Français,' in the cases of the 'Nain Jaune,' the 'Bibliothèque Historique,' of Lamennais, Fabvier, Canuel, Puyraveau, D'Argenson, and the Chevaliers de l'Epingle Noir, rendered famous the names of Dupin, Mauguin, Berryer, Hennequin de Martignac, Paillet, Odilon Barrot, Teste and Marie. Nearly all of these eminent men became celebrated deputies, and five of them were subsequently ministers of the Crown or of the Republic.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, there were few state prosecutions, if we except that of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, now Emperor of the French, in which M. Berryer as much distinguished himself as he did in 1858, in the case of Count Montalembert. But in the few prosecutions that occurred during the reign of the late King of the French, the speeches of counsel, the comments of the press, and the criticisms that were uttered, both in the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, greatly contributed to warn and enlighten the sovereign and the cabinet, as well as to keep the country wakeful.

Since the era of the 'Coup d'Etat' of the 2d December, 1851, however, the press in France, as we remarked in another chapter, has been to all intents and purposes dead. Journalism, so all-powerful during the reigns of Louis XVIII. Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and during also the first period of the Republic—journalism, which it must be admitted, so often misused and abused its power—is now completely prostrate and powerless, lying at the mercy of the Home Minister, of the Bureau de la Presse, or of any other minion of authority. There is not merely a censorship, but there are private and public warnings, and after three of these public monitions or 'avertissements,' a journal ceases to appear, and is in fact extinguished. In this way, the 'Revue de Paris,' the 'Manuel de l'Instruction Prémiere,' the 'National,' the 'Corsaire,' the 'Assemblée Nationale,' the 'Spectateur, the 'Eco du Pas de Calais,' the 'Progrès du Pas de Calais,' and many other Parisian and provincial journals have been within a few years summarily disposed of, and the properties of

honest citizens, giving employment to editors, reporters, readers, compositors, folders, and hawkers, have been ruthlessly confiscated, without the intervention of judge or jury. In the case of the 'Progrès du Pas de Calais,' what renders the measure the more ungrateful and iniquitous is, that during several years of his imprisonment at Ham, M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, now Emperor of the French, was a democratic contributor, more particularly between the years 1841 and 1845 or 1846, to the pages of the paper, and made use of its columns, as well as of those of the 'Journal de la Somme,' and the 'Journal du Loiret,' to increase his popularity, and to propagate his political views. Hundreds of provincial journals have shared the fate of this northern luminary, and since the Empire has been inaugurated Paris has seen perish the metropolitan journals the 'National,' 'La République,' 'Le Courier Français,' 'L'Evénement,' 'L'Assemblée Nationale,' and many others not necessary to mention here. Nor is this the whole truth. Of the existing journals, probably not one can be said to be independent, and the 'Débats,' as well as the 'Siècle,' have had several unofficial, and one, if not more, official warnings. The 'Constitutionnel,' and other journals of Paris, the servile adulators of despotism, have fallen into the hands of Jews and jobbers, connected either with the Crédit Mobilier, or the Bourse. Independent opinion, indeed, does not exist in the diurnal press. Scarcely a fact or a circumstance displeasing to persons in high authority ever transpires, and the result is, that the correspondents for London newspapers in Paris, are

necessitated to fill their letters with anything in the world but matters concerning France. The Paris correspondent of the leading London journals daily dissertate on the state of Spain, of Italy, and of Turkey, occasionally even on the state of Austria; but very little is said of Paris or France. If, perchance, any measure of the French Government is found fault with, the blame is laid, probably with the view that the correspondent may not be expelled France, on some miserable minion of authority, such as an Espinasse, or a Delangle, or a Persigny; and the *fons et origo* of every measure—namely, the Emperor himself—'who reigns as well as governs,' escapes scot free from the blame to which he is entitled. Under these circumstances, we know little more of France from the press than the Emperor and the police allow us to know. It is impossible, however, to spend a week in any part of France, or to be known to educated Frenchmen in the rank of gentlemen, without hearing on every side complaints of the miserable condition in which the country is placed. There is no freedom of tongue, or pen. A despotism the most absolute, and apparently the most powerful and all pervading—for it is buttressed by 500,000 soldiers, by some millions of ignorant peasants, and by 40,000 or 50,000 intolerant Ultramontane priests, curates, and monks—weighs on the country, and no warning voice is heard in a servile Senate, or in a prostituted Chamber. Should Emile Ollivier or Jules Favre venture to raise their solitary voices, and utter some few stirring sentences, their words are drowned by venal interrupters. At the commencement nearly of the twentieth

century of our era, it will scarcely be credited that the countrymen of Charron and Montaigne, of Voltaire and D'Alembert, of Descartes and Pascal, of Arnauld and Saint Cyran—men who, for three centuries, have scaled the heights of abstract science, and excelled in all systems of philosophy, and in every department of literature—are reduced to such degrading bondage as this. Yet the fact is so, and scores of Frenchmen, who have been imprudent in speech or writing, have been for years, and are now, expiating, at Lambessa, in Africa, or in French Guiana, the heinous crime of having denounced tyranny and called a tyrant by his proper name. In fact, if the truth were told, and the wholesale transportings and expatriations were made known to the world, it would be readily admitted that Louis Napoleon has done more to outrage humanity and to obliterate every trace of mental civilization and independence than any man who has appeared in modern times. Scarcely a day has passed since the 1st of January, 1858, that he has not done something arbitrary, impolitic, unjust, or tyrannous, and yet such is the individual man whom it is sought to screen behind a file of clerks who are called ministers. We can well understand the irresponsibility of the throne under a constitutional system, in which ministers represent a parliamentary majority. But under an autocracy, or a despotism, where a ruler not merely reigns but actually governs and commands every movement throughout France by the telegraphs of his secret cabinet in the Tuileries or the Elysée, such a directing despot ought to be held personally responsible for his system. Every

violent mistake that has been committed—every public infraction of the liberty of Frenchmen—every imprudent or offensive word spoken to foreign nations, has proceeded from Louis Napoleon himself. His system is a purely selfish autocracy, revolving on its own personal egotistical axis. To the Emperor Bonaparte, and his infant child—to his fanatical and intolerant views of government, not merely the hopes and happiness of thirty-five millions of Frenchmen, but the peace and the tranquillity of Europe and the world are altogether subordinated. These things chafe and humiliate the aristocracy of intellect and birth among our neighbours, and irritate the bile of the parliamentary celebrities of Charles X. and of Louis Philippe. Among these latter, none was more conspicuous than M. de Montalembert. He had played a foremost part in the reign of Louis Philippe; he had been one of the most brilliant orators of the National and Constituent Assemblies; and in the early portion of the career of Louis Napoleon, he had shown no antipathy to his views. In fact, it was not until the decree of spoliation and confiscation had gone forth against the estates and property of the Orleans family, that M. de Montalembert, who may be politically mistaken occasionally, but who is above and before all things a man of honesty and a man of honour, wholly broke with the Government of the Empire. Since that period, it is true, he was elected to the Corps Législatif, for the department of Doubs, but it was as an opponent, not as a friend of the Government. His opposition while a member was so dreaded by the partisans of the Government, that every effort was resorted

to, to destroy his chances of success in the elections of 1857 as well as in those of 1863. These efforts were but too successful, and since that first period, now nearly seven years ago, one of the boldest debaters and most eloquent writers in France has been altogether excluded from political and public life. But though not heard in the prostituted Senate, or packed Legislative Assembly of imperialism, M. Montalembert gained the ear and attention of Europe, by his literary work, 'L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre,' and also by the articles and essays which he has contributed to 'Le Correspondant,' a monthly review addressed to the gentry and better intellects of his own country. During the three parliamentary sessions of 1857, 1858, and 1859, the honourable gentleman made a kind of parliamentary pilgrimage to this country, and accompanied either by the Duke d'Aumale, or the Count de Paris, might be found on the night of any important debate seated under the gallery of our own House of Commons. In this wise it was, that he was present in the debate on Lord Canning's proclamation, in May 1859, in the House of Commons, his impressions of which he supplied to the review called 'Le Correspondant,' on his return to France.

We do not altogether agree with M. Montalembert's criticisms or views as to Lord Canning's proclamation, as to the question of retribution in India, or as to Lord Ellenborough's despatch. We believe Lord Canning's government of India to have been courageous, high-spirited, and statesman-like—his proclamation to have been politic, under the circumstances—and Lord Ellen-

borough's despatch to have been rash, undignified, unstatesmanlike, and unjust. We are not now, however, about to enter into the consideration of these differences of opinion. What we are chiefly concerned with is the fine aspirations for the freedom of his own country which the eloquent writer breathes in every page of his article. He tells his countrymen that, while they are sycophantic or stagnant, and breathe an impure atmosphere, tainted with servility and corruption, we in this favoured land enjoy light, and life, and liberty—freedom of thought, of speech, of discussion, of opinion, of printing, and freedom of locomotion. With all this abundance of liberty, there is no country on earth, he proclaims, where law and order reign so pre-eminently, or in which monarchy and legal authority rest on so stable and sure a foundation. So that all the emotions of the heart, soul, and conscience of the British people for liberty, are justly compatible with stability, order, and the hierarchy of authority, while they are directly productive at the same time of our prosperity, power, and predominance in every quarter of the earth. These praises and truths, as soon as they saw the light, were deemed a grave crime and misdemeanor by the Emperor, and the clerks and minions of authority called by courtesy his ministers. At a Cabinet Council, *at which Louis Napoleon himself presided*, it was determined to proceed against him for having attacked the laws of France, for exciting Frenchmen to hatred and contempt of the Government, and for troubling the public peace. The trial came on before judges who are under the *surveillance* of the Procureur

Impérial, *and who are chosen by the Emperor for three years*, on the 24th November, 1858, when M. Courdouen, the Procureur Impérial, opened the case for the Government. He stated, amidst general and incredulous laughter, that the press in France was freer than it believed itself to be—and amidst signs of amazement, proclaimed that no dynasty had ever sustained itself by more liberal and moderate laws than the Government of Napoleon III. He then maintained that, in writing this article M. de Montalembert had aimed a blow at France, and at the Government of the Emperor, for which he deserved punishment, for 'I affirm, gentlemen,' he concluded, 'whatever 'you may say to the contrary, that we live under a free 'government.' Berryer first addressed the court for the defence. This gentleman, now happily again a deputy, when France had a constitution and representative assemblies, was the most eloquent speaker in the Chamber, and one of the very few orators in Europe. Nature has been most bountiful to him. His face, though now in his seventy-fourth year, is still handsome and expressive, and reflects all the passions of his mind. But it is to his incomparable and unequalled voice—to his intonations, now deep, solemn, and serious, now silvery, suave, melodious, and pathetic—it is to his action, so simple yet so imposing, as much as to his quickness, fertility, tact, and wonderful memory—that he owes many of his triumphs.

The advocate fully identified himself with his client, and boldly maintained that M. de Montalembert had stated facts only in proclaiming that liberty no longer

existed in France. M. Berthelin, the judge, interrupted him, saying:—

'I cannot allow you, M. Berryer, to assert that liberty no longer exists in France.' Berryer thus rejoined:—

'Ah! M. le President, if it be really thus—if it be 'necessary to deny that which is palpable as the light 'of day—if it be necessary to lie—to lie only, and to 'do nothing else but to lie on and on, as I proceed—I 'have only to remain silent, to sit down, to renounce 'the defence, and to throw up my brief.' After an explanation from the president, the advocate was permitted to proceed. He demonstrated that M. de Montalembert had not the intentions imputed to him—that he had exercised only the rights of criticism and comparison in a sober and a serious spirit, in having praised certain things in England, and in having held up her free and glorious institutions as a model to his own and other nations. No report of this magnificent discourse, which lasted for two hours, was permitted to appear in the Paris journals, for reporters were not allowed to enter the court. But the effect which it produced on the auditory was wonderful. Notwithstanding the presence of sergents de ville, and Chasseurs de Vincennes, it was impossible to control the expression of enthusiastic feeling, and the auditory broke out at the conclusion into loud applause, which lasted for several minutes. It was at this period that M. Villemain, the learned historian and academician, seizing the hand of Berryer, exclaimed, 'Jamais de votre 'vie vous n'avez été plus grand, soit au barreau, soit à la 'tribune.' The Procureur-General, in a poor reply of a

quarter of an hour, sought to somewhat efface the impression produced by the reasoning and eloquence of Berryer. But he felt the task to be impossible, and sat down abashed and humiliated. The prosecution was now in an infinitely worse position than when the parties came into court. Berryer had repeated and defended the reasoning of the pamphlet, and by new proofs, fresh illustrations, and the happiest arguments, had enforced the views of his client. Every auditor was convinced that the author of 'Un Debat sur l'Inde' had right and reason on his side, and that the Government was wholly in the wrong; thus proving the position with which we set out, that the battle of right and liberty of free discussion has been oftener fought in England and France in courts of law than the uninitiated imagine. M. Dufaure the Minister of the Interior under General Cavaignac, followed, on the same side. No one at the French bar has a higher character, whether as a profound lawyer, as a calm thinker, and powerful reasoner. The unstained character and high integrity of the man give additional importance to his utterances. M. Dufaure maintained that there could be no such thing as a nation without the intercommunication of thought. The article before the court, he contended, only contained vague allusions and insinuations. It was only inferentially and collaterally that it could be said to refer to France at all, and he argued it would be neither law nor justice, but purely arbitrary and despotical, thus indirectly to spell out a criminal conviction. 'M. de Montalembert is reproached,' said M. Dufaure, 'for expressing the conviction that France

'is strong enough and healthy enough to receive the light, 'the laws, and the liberty of England. Is not this the 'aspiration of a good man and a good citizen? Is it not a 'patriotic thought of a man who has been long associated 'with and distinguished in party struggles, to believe that 'his country may be deemed worthy to enjoy the liberties 'of England?' Notwithstanding these brilliant and unanswerable defences, in which the counsel for M. de Montalembert exhausted the subject, servile judges condemned the writer of the article in the 'Correspondant' to six months' imprisonment, simply and solely for having praised England and held her up as a model to the nations. The sentence, so far from proving that France possesses a free government, as maintained by M. Courdouen, on the contrary proves that the liberties and lives of Frenchmen are at the disposal of arbitrary authority. The verdict, in truth, completely demonstrates that freedom of thought and opinion—that criticism and comparison—that the writing of contemporary history and memoirs,—are all incompatible with the existence of the French Empire. The pronouncing of the sentence produced among the educated and instructed classes emotions of regret and indignation, unaccompanied, however, by the slightest feeling of surprise. On the following day the Parisian papers appeared without any report of the trial—any comment on the evidence—without the slightest remark on this remarkable process. It is a curious fact that the only sketch of the proceedings and speeches which appeared, was in the London morning papers of the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th November and these were all

ruthlessly seized and confiscated by the Bureau de la Presse and the police. Not content with this *razzia* on the 'Times,' 'Daily News,' 'Herald,' 'Advertiser,' 'Star,' 'Telegraph,' and 'Standard,' the censors also seized the 'Morning Post,' containing a feeble apology for the French Government. They also seized the whole of the Saturday and Sunday weekly journals, from the 'Saturday Review' down to 'Lloyd's Weekly News. Even the 'Observer,' containing as it did a feeble attack on M. de Montalembert, was laid hands on because it also contained a summary of the trial made up from the morning papers.

During the last days of November and the first weeks in December, 1858, Galignani's reading room presented a perfect wreck. The tables usually garnished with five or six copies of half a dozen London morning and evening papers were completely empty, and some one hundred or one hundred and twenty gentlemen, daily in the habit of frequenting the rooms between eight in the morning and nine in the evening, were clamouring and discontented because they were thus deprived of their daily food. It was not, however, in Paris that the deepest impression was produced. In England, in all the great centres of intelligence, at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Hull, Bristol, and York, the feeling was as deep as in London. People asked each other whether a ruler who had committed so many grave mistakes, so many blunders in addition to crimes, really was that clever and far-seeing individual that his admirers and flatterers represented him to be.

There was first the insensate and frenzied fear originating out of the Orsini plot—there was then the vituperation of this country—then the demand for extraordinary measures of coercion, and a change in our laws—and, lastly, the measures of repression and violence had recourse to in France itself. Following quickly upon these errors, was the open and undisguised protection to the Slave Trade—the coercion practised on our ally, Portugal, in the demanding of the 'Charles et Georges,' and the insult offered to the Portuguese king by a French frigate in the waters of the Tagus. These things, coupled with a menacing and minacious tone, clearly enough proved that Louis Napoleon had wholly overrated his own influence in Europe, and the world, and had forgotten the independence of other States. It should seem, indeed, that the imperial despot was unquiet and ill at ease during the progress of this trial. He knew that his claims were not recognised by the intellect, the learning, or the intelligence of France; he felt that not one man of talent, or character, or honesty —that none of the aristocracy of intellect or birth, would enlist in his service; but he wished to prove, notwithstanding, to the world, that, supported by the army, the peasantry, and the priesthood, he could dictate to other nations, oppress Portugal, threaten Belgium and Switzerland, menace Spain and Naples, checkmate Austria, and hold an exacting tone to England. Experiments of this kind, more especially when put in practice by a man who does not deem himself subject to those laws of morality, honour, conscience, and equity, which all others are called on to respect, are fearfully dangerous for the peace of

the world. The moral blindness and self-willedness of the Emperor, great before the 2nd December, 1851, have been expanded by success and adulation into a cold and unbounded feeling of egotism. The 'Chauvenism' and man-worship of which he has been for twelve years the exclusive object, have taught him to think that follies cease to be follies, or crimes to be crimes, when perpetrated by him. We may judge of his state of mind, of his contempt for his country and kind, by the class of men whom he has chosen as ministers. No man of eloquence, or distinguished in the parliamentary annals of the country, sits in his councils. The man so often minister is a person who, some three-and-twenty years ago, hung about the small theatres and journals of Paris, and who passes—his only title to distinction—for the author of a very mediocre comedy, called 'La Coquette sans le Savoir.' M. Walewski became the noticed of M. Thiers, first, because he had in his veins the blood of the first Napoleon; and, secondly, because he was one of the proprietors of the journal 'Le Messager,' which supported that minister. The unfledged diplomatist, without talent or diplomatic experience of any kind, was sent by the minister of the 1st of March on a mission to Egypt, and subsequently to Buenos Ayres. After the 10th December, 1851, the Bonaparte blood of M. Walewski recommended him to the Elysée. He filled the embassies of Florence and of Naples, and was even, for a short time, the representative of imperialism in this capital. But no one here, or elsewhere, ever discovered in him the least solid or serious talent, or any capacity for the management of great public

affairs. But as he is pliant, and obeys the imperial behests with as much servility as General Espinasse, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, he has been repeatedly in office. M. Delangle is another favourite of the Emperor, and amidst the mean, dependent, and servile magistracy of France, no man, not even his fellow-townsman Dupin, is more mean, dependent, sordid, and servile, than M. Delangle.

As the Emperor of the French has perfectly succeeded in gagging the French press, and in the scheme of blinding the intellect of the French nation, by completely suppressing opinion and the intercommunication of thought, there was, as we have stated, not a word of comment on the trial of M. de Montalembert in the French press. In the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Chaussée d'Antin, however, the affair was the talk of every salon; and the spies of the police had notified to the prefect, that in the provinces, as well as in Paris, the name of M. de Montalembert was in every mouth. Between the last days of November and the 2nd December, the English press still continued to comment on the subject more independently than ever. Under these circumstances, the Emperor, who had presided at the council when the prosecution was determined on, now suddenly recoiled from his own rash act. The very man who had brought back France, by a military despotism, to heavier chains than she had ever broken or borne in the time of Napoleon I. now became affrighted. He saw that though there was no concert, no organization, no demonstration, yet among the better and more intelligent classes of the nation that men understood each other without concert, and were alive to the

significance of what lay beneath this battle in a court of law. There was no loud expression of opinion, it is true, but there were whisperings and murmurings, and the mute eloquence of pantomime, by which so much is suggested and understood. The Emperor, therefore, by his mere volition, resolved, on the anniversary of the execrable and sanguinary 'Coup-d'Etat' of the *2nd December*, 1851—a day of ill omen for France and the world—to pardon the eloquent writer whom he originally meant to become his victim.

This intention was couched in the following words inserted in the 'Moniteur.' 'His Majesty the Emperor, on 'the occasion of the anniversary of the 2nd of December, 'has remitted in favour of Count de Montalembert the 'penalty pronounced against him.' To this announcement, by which the autocrat intimated that the country had surrendered its conscience, intellect, interest, and liberty to the mandate and will of one who had violated his sacred oath, M. de Montalembert replied in the columns of the 'Moniteur' with great dignity. He informed the country that he had appealed, within the time allowed by law, against the sentence pronounced against him, and that no government in France *had up to the present the right to remit a penalty not definitive.* 'I am of those, said M. de Montalembert, in conclusion, 'who still believe in RIGHT, and who do not accept a pardon.' Not content with having written this letter, he also addressed a missive to Cardinal Marlot, Archbishop of Paris, who was stated to have taken steps in his favour with the Empress Eugénie. M. de Montalembert announced that,

if any such steps were taken (which the Cardinal, by letter, denied), that they were not authorized by him. On the contrary, he declared that he was proud and honoured by a condemnation which proved his fidelity to the political principles of his whole life, and justified him in all he had said and thought of France.

There was, indeed, but one course open to any man of honour or principle, and that was to decline a pardon flung to him with a gratuitous insult in defiance of law. Meanwhile, in the language of Sir William Page Wood, at the Fishmongers' Feast, let us congratulate ourselves in England on our having judges who are alike independent of the favours or the frowns of the Crown—judges who administer the law in the face of day, and who would not dare, like the French judges, to exclude the general public or to prohibit the taking of notes. Without publicity, indeed, and doors thrown wide open to the world, there can be no pure administration of justice. It is melancholy, however, to think that, after seventy years of struggles and revolutions, the policy of Torquemada still prevails in France, and that courts of law may, like the halls of the Inquisition, exclude the general public, and do their deeds of evil in the dark. The worst feature in the case is, that all the violations of law and justice take place without the sincerity of honest tyranny. One might have detested the system of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, frank, direct, and brutal as it was—or one may detest the existing system of Ferdinand of Naples. But the men you could not and cannot personally despise, for they are consistent with themselves and the abominable

system. The system of Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, is a hideous hypocrisy, for he announces himself everywhere as the representative of 1789. But the struggle of 1789 was pre-eminently, in theory, and for a time in practice, a struggle for liberty—for the suppression of unjust privileges and monopolies, for equality before the law, and for general publicity. It is true that France was brought back in 1804 by a soldier-despot to heavier chains than she had worn in 1788. But let us also remember that freedom was the watchword of the Restoration, of the Revolution of 1830, and also of the Revolution of 1848. It is said, however, by some large-minded politicians who are attempting to school us in such matters, that we have nothing whatever to do with the affairs of France. The affairs of France, however, affect the whole of Europe—we may say, indeed, the whole world. If France be restless and uneasy the restlessness is simultaneously communicated to Italy, to Belgium, and to Germany. If France be convulsed and agitated from circumference to centre, things will not long remain still in neighbouring countries. When, therefore, statesmen and politicians in this country perceive, within sight of the shores of England, thirty-five millions of human beings brought to the condition of blind and willing slaves to one man's uncontrolled omnipotence—brought, moreover, to be his guilty accomplices in the bondage of the thousands of intelligent, intellectual, and Christian men, who have refused to bow down and prostrate themselves before the idol, it is right they should proclaim a debasement so unaccountable, not merely in the interests of

their own country, but in the interests of humanity itself. Such a debasement of a gallant nation history has never yet recorded, for history had never witnessed such a fact till our own day.

If we descend from this general view of what a mighty and noble nation has become, by means of that panacea for all social evils, Universal Suffrage, to the case of M. de Montalembert, we shall find him in the position of an outlaw in a country which his ancestors have served for many centuries, and which he himself has served and illustrated for more than a quarter of a century. The word outlaw is not a romance, but a reality; for supposing the sentence of the 'Police Correctionelle' to be confirmed in the superior court, M. de Montalembert is liable not only to a six months' imprisonment, which he and his friends regard as nothing, but during the remainder of his life—or perhaps we ought rather to say, during the reign of Louis Napoleon—he is liable to be laid hold of like a felon, without a moment's warning; to be torn away from his family; to be separated from his property, from his literary pursuits, and social duties; to be expelled from France, or, still worse, to be transported to the burning sands of Lambessa, where a friend of the writer of this saw, with his own eyes, a few weeks ago, a poor inhabitant of a small country town in France, who, after being condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment, got added to his sentence, in General Espinasse's handwriting—'dix ans de déportation à Lambessa.'

Louis Napoleon, when President of the Republic, and his friends, succeeded in making people in France and

England believe that society was in need of a terrible champion in 1851; and all considerations of a constitutional nature were then most improperly set aside to secure France against a fancied anarchy, against a fancied Communism, and against a fancied Socialism, which never existed to any formidable extent. The success of Communism and Socialism, if people but reflected, is not to be dreaded in a country which numbers more than six millions of infinitely small proprietors, and more than two millions of very moderate proprietors. That measures of coercion, dictatorship, or even of unmitigated tyranny, might be necessary under very desperate circumstances in France, all will admit. After the days of June, 1848—the worst days France has seen in our time—a temporary Dictatorship was then conferred on the late General Cavaignac, of which that honest and honourable man divested himself when there was no longer an occasion to wield it. But what shall be said of a coercion, a repression, and a tyranny which have extended over eleven years, by which body and mind are alike fettered, by which intelligence is degraded, by which mind has been too long manacled? Despotism, instead of loosening its hold, has intensified itself, and has seized the nation with a deadlier grasp.

It is now admitted that there is no security for individual liberty, and Imperialism is at present a convertible term for the permanency of brute force. Yet, nevertheless, France is neither secure nor tranquil, and the worst feature in the case is, that nearly all the advocates and apologists of this absolutism, are the

bitterest enemies of, and take the strongest part against England, the first country to acknowledge Louis Napoleon. They disparage and vilify our institutions—civil, religious, and political—and cry up those of Russia. The Walewskys, the De Mornys, the Fialin Persignys, the Espinasses, the Fleurys, all belong to this category of political adventurers, and in any moment of exaggerated alarm, no one can say to what measures these men and their master would have recourse. No consideration for the people of France, or for the people of England, would arrest men without political principles or connexions—men paralysed by fear, and rendered desperate by the prospect of personal danger. There is scarcely one of these officials—there is scarcely a subordinate in the French army, who does not take a most disparaging view of the position of England. They believe the glory of our house is departed—that our strength and our prestige are gone, that the conquest of our country would be an easy task. In these views the 'sous officiers' and soldiery are supported by a clergy no longer Gallican and French, but Roman and Ultramontane; by a clergy whose sway is incompatible with any constitutional government, with anything but a military tyranny. In every way this clergy disparages our position, and such writers as M. Veuillot, in their organ, point out how easy it would be to conquer and to humiliate us. The danger to England and to Europe is greatly increased by this element, for there is a Popish priesthood in Ireland, led by the MacHales and the Cullens, sympathizing with Ultramontanism, and considering the French empire as

its type. To this danger, M. de Montalembert significantly points, when he tells us our peril is not internal, but external. Attached to our nation and institutions, and having good English blood in his veins, and loving constitutional liberty, we are thus warned by a friend not to repose in too great or in a fancied security. When the warning comes from one who knows his own country and its ruler well; who knows the opinion of the Roman Catholic clergy, and of the soldiery; who knows England and her public men, we are bound not to disregard his monition. But even without his friendly warning, the statesman or the politician in England must be blind who, in the actual position of France, is not prepared at every side, and who has not already doubled every precaution. At a time when the press is manacled and fettered as it never was before, when nothing whatever can be published without licence and authority; when no dealer can sell a book without a permissive licence from the Government, and no 'colporteur' offer a work without a Government stamp; when the Minister of the Interior and the Bureau de Sureté Générale meddles with everything; at a time when there is a ministerial prohibition to quote the 'Memorial de St. Hélène,' or to cite the published works of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, there appears some pamphlet discussing the facility with which a descent on England could be made and carried by a 'coup-de-main.' Let us remember, too, that at the moment when these missives are published, the dockyards of Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient, Rochefort, and Toulon, are filled with workmen, and that France with

a magnificent army of 500,000 men, possesses a greater number of screw steamers than Great Britain. These facts, whatever the Brights and Cobdens may say to the contrary, are not calculated to restore confidence, or to induce reasonable beings to look with any favour on the men who are preaching the doctrine of peace at any price.

The admiration which the reckless and adventurous course of the French Emperor inspires in the clergy, army, and peasantry of France, is, moreover, the worst of omens. The imperial extravagance in decorating and improving Paris—in municipal and local loans—in the immense civil list—in maintaining hunting-boxes, and giving balls, masquerades, &c. would exhaust the resources of a far wealthier nation than France. It is only by cooking accounts, by the operations of the Crédit Mobilier, and by bolstering up the Bourse, that things have gone on smoothly for so long a time. When, however, the day of reckoning comes, as come it must, the bubble will at length burst, and millions and millions of English capital will be swallowed up in the ruins. The repetition of fault after fault has not yet wholly destroyed the imperial prestige, but has seriously injured it. The opinion once mistakenly entertained by several, of the wisdom or foresight of a sovereign who was regarded as a shrewd, if not a sagacious man, a few years ago, is now no longer held by statesmen and politicians, or even by men of business. Whenever any catastrophe looms over France—whenever an unexpected cloud no bigger than a

man's hand may appear, the intelligence and intellect of Europe will surely proclaim that the greatest crime against society has been that of despoiling a gallant country of its rights and loading it with chains. Austria or Russia without liberty of the press, or freedom, may be said to be in its natural and normal state. But France without liberty is France petrified—France turned to stone—France arrested in a development which has been altogether progressive for one hundred and seventy years, with the exception of the short interval of the first Empire. There was then as now, a momentary obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to great political crimes. But the stupid admiration of a successful tyrant did not last long, and not even the great military genius of the first Napoleon could render his sway endurable to the most military people on earth. Moral greatness, truth, and duty will at length assert their sway over the minds of the people of France, and a day will soon come when adventurers, buffoons, gamblers, and funambulos—to use the expressive phrase of Lord Bacon—will be driven with hisses from the stage of public affairs.

The power of awakening, enlightening, and elevating France, that power which may be called almost divine, resides in a very few hands, resides in the hands of that select band which has held aloof from the present system. The might which is to be exercised by those men, by the De Broglies, the Montalemberts, the Fallouxs, the Guizots, the Villemains, the Cousins, the Berryers and Dufaures, is an intellectual might, calling into existence the moral re-

sources of France against that sordid and sensual materialism of which the nation has been the dupe, and for twelve long and dreary years the victim. As it is, M. de Montalembert has long sounded the trumpet of legal resistance, and with freedom, energy, and moral independence has asserted the right of free political discussion. His able advocates (one of whom is now elected to the Chamber), boldly proclaimed to servile judges that the invader of these invades the most sacred interests of the human race, and deprives Frenchmen of that force, freshness, and independence of thought so prolific in former times, so full of vitality, so ministering to political health, strength, and life.

The man who in our day attempts to fasten on Frenchmen his own arbitrary will is their worst foe, and never can be our sincere friend. A settled despotism in France, if not wholly incompatible with the freedom of this country, would be a standing menace to England and the world. A settled despotism in France must be a government at war with the intelligence, the intellect, and the instincts as well as with the past constitutional history of the nation, and therefore must be utterly unsafe at home, and unreliable as a friend or ally to foreign nations.

We are bound to desire and cultivate peace with all. But above and before all things we are bound to consider our own safety and honour, and rather to rely on our own individual intelligence, effort, and courage, than on any ally, be he never so powerful.

A great man—a man with a head of gold—has recently departed from amongst us. He has not left his like behind him, in intellect, in experience, in courage, or in sagacity. Lord Lyndhurst knew France well, better than any man of his time, with the exception of the late Duke of Wellington; and so late as July, 1859, when in his eighty-eighth year, with one foot in the grave, his words were, 'Beware of France—beware of her rulers! I have, 'my lords,' he said, 'as much reliance on the Emperor 'of the French, as I have on any foreign sovereign; but 'that personage cannot rely upon himself. He is but the 'instrument of the army, and he must do its bidding come 'what may.'

The great props of the present Government of France are the army and the priests. But the army abandoned the conqueror of Lodi and Austerlitz, abandoned Louis XVIII., abandoned Charles X., abandoned Louis Philippe, abandoned the Republic, and helped to consummate the 'Coup d'Etat' of 1851 which made an emperor. So soon as that Emperor ceases to be the slave and servant of the army it will abandon him for some new instrument. It is a necessity, therefore, of his existence to be the slave of the army.

The priests have ever been the servile instruments of any existing authority, with a view ultimately to gain the mastery. In the time of the League they flung themselves at the feet of Philip II.; when Napoleon became emperor they hailed his presence as they did the return of the Bourbons. So soon as the revolution of 1830 was

consolidated they fawned on Louis Philippe. In 1848 they prostrated themselves to the Republic, planting and blessing trees of liberty; and in 1852 they most servilely saluted the autocracy of Louis Napoleon, the present emperor, with the loudest acclaim. Should reverses come on him, or his star wane, this servile clergy would turn to Henry V., to the Count de Paris, or to a republican president, with as *volti subito* a movement as on any former occasion.

But, however the army act, we cannot and ought not to close our eyes to the fact, that it is not only by this arm of her strength that France is formidable and menacing; for during the last five years she has been arming and equipping her fleet with a system and alacrity unparalleled. She is arming not by land merely, but by sea, at a time and in a season when she has completed a rail to that Cherbourg on which millions and millions have been expended since the days of Louis XV.; that Cherbourg called by a minister of that monarch 'the Hotel of the Channel;' that Cherbourg whose works are just now completed—works which command the chops of our own Channel at a time when we are without a very formidable Channel fleet. These are the things that make us anxious, quite irrespective of the creation of a French steam fleet in which every new improvement is developed.

Nothing within France justifies this expenditure and outlay. She has no colonies beyond her frontier to protect or to defend, and no Power in Europe thinks of attacking

her at home. Her finances are in no very flourishing condition—her commerce, and navigation are languishing, and securities of all kinds, whether Crédit Mobilier, Orleans, Southern, Northern, or Western Railway shares, are at a depreciation. Why, therefore, should these expensive preparations be made, if not for aggression, if not to gratify that army of which the Emperor is the child and the champion. The curious inconsequentiality and political profligacy of the Emperor of the French lies in this, that while at the head of absolute monarchy at home, where his will is more peremptory and despotic than that of the Czar in Russia, he is abroad actually the promoter and champion of insurrections and rebellions for independence and nationality among other nations. He is the patron of the Syrians, of the Poles, of the Southern Americans, of the Mexican serviles who cling to the priests, and he would be the patron of the Irish rebels and ultramontanists against Great Britain to-morrow, if he found it his interest to be so. This is the reason why all able and experienced statesmen are doubtful of him, and why no public man of any character for integrity or honour 'trusts him no farther than he can throw him.'

There are but two public men in England who have ever fulsomely fawned upon him. One of these, an ex-official who was his boon companion, is a man of no abilities; the other, a man of ability indeed, is not any more than the author of 'Ten Years of Imperialism in France,' a man of English race or lineage, and he is a

person without convictions of any kind. It may be said that the character of the imperial sway has changed within the last year. In no respect has it changed. In the action brought by H.R.H. Monseigneur the Duke d'Aumale against the Prefect of Police in May last, and in which M. Dufaure made as magnificent a speech for the plaintiff as he delivered for M. de Montalembert, no Parisian journal dared to give an account of the proceedings, and it was not till near a week afterwards some account of the trial was given in the 'Times.' How illegally the then Home Minister, Fialin, demeaned himself at the elections, and in administering the departments, has been already shown.

Since these events, from thirty to thirty-five opposition deputies have been elected to the Chambers, and among these is one great orator, Berryer, and several debaters of great talent and acumen, such as Jules Favre, Thiers, Marie, Emile Ollivier, and others. There are no men on the ministerial benches to compare with Berryer, Favre, and Thiers, and since the elections the Emperor has lost an astute, ready, flexible, and artful advocate in M. Billaut, who, though not an orator or a speaker of the first rank, was yet a servile, dexterous, plausible, and clear-headed man, unstained by political crime, but without a particle of political principle or honour, a self-seeking creature, looking merely to his personal interests. In England such a man would be coldly tolerated, and never rise to office; but so low is the standard of political morality in France, so wretched and stained are the sup-

porters of Cæsarism, that among the De Mornys, Walewskis, and Fialins, M. Billaut appeared somewhat presentable as a minister. He is gone, however, to his account, and a lackey of inferior grade, of less talent, but of as loose and flexible a conscience, will succeed him. It is against such ignoble quarry that the opposition are called upon to do battle, and if there be anything like fair play, RIGHT will at length have something of chance against might.

THE END.

R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018